

VOLUME XXXII

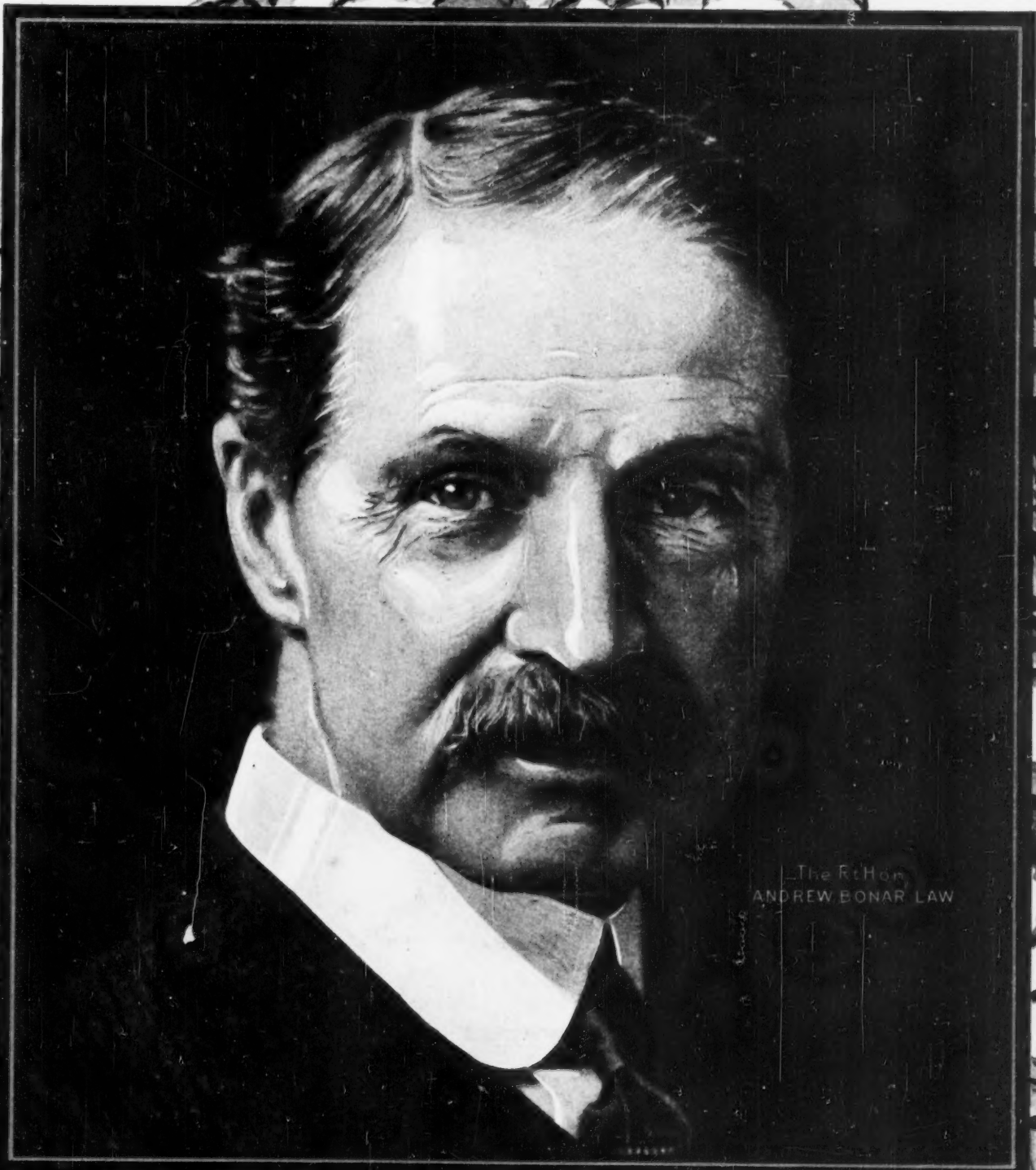
TORONTO, JULY, 1919

NUMBER 7

TWENTY CENTS

MACLEAN'S

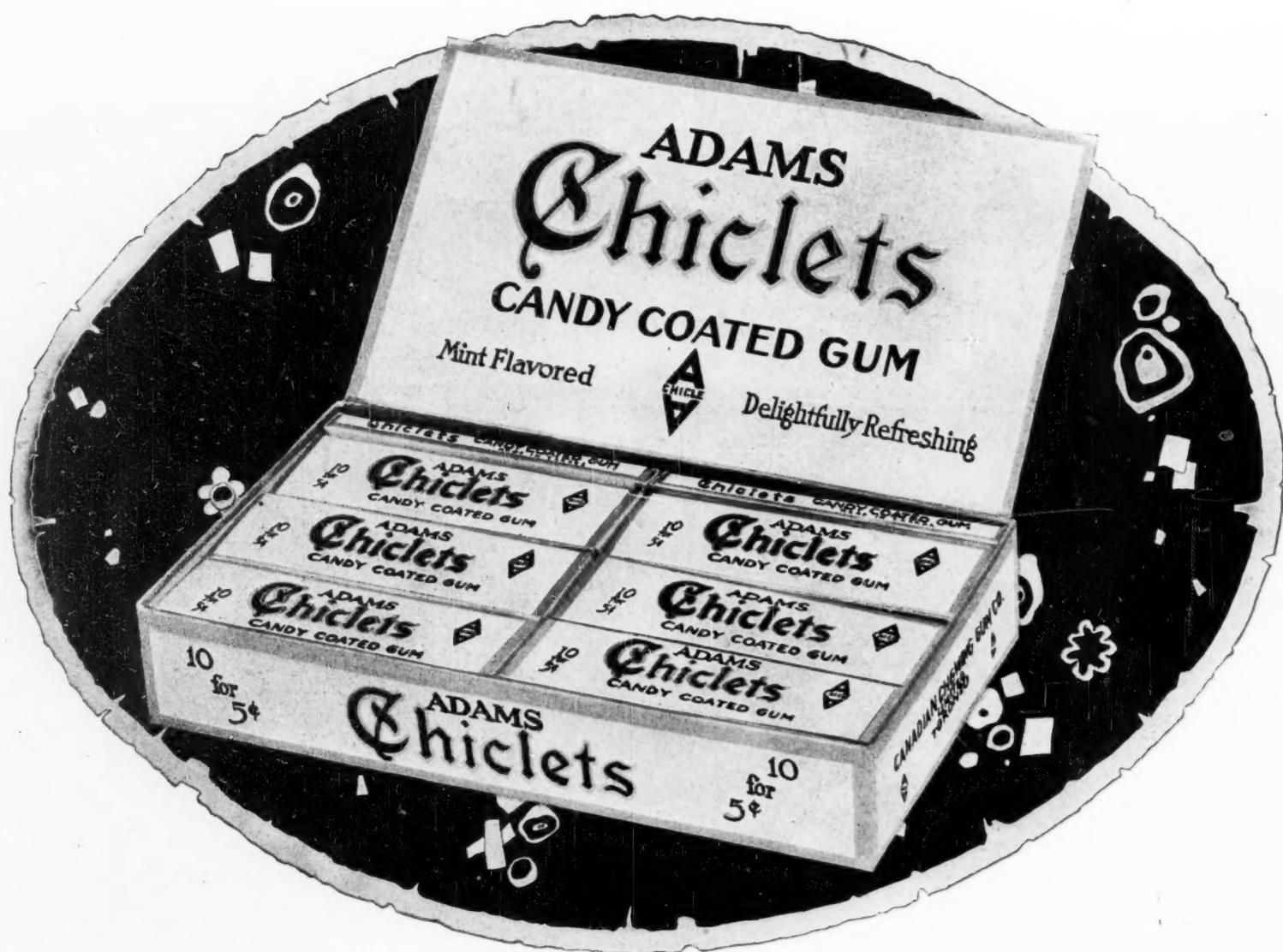
"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"



The Rt Hon
ANDREW BONAR LAW

JULY 1919

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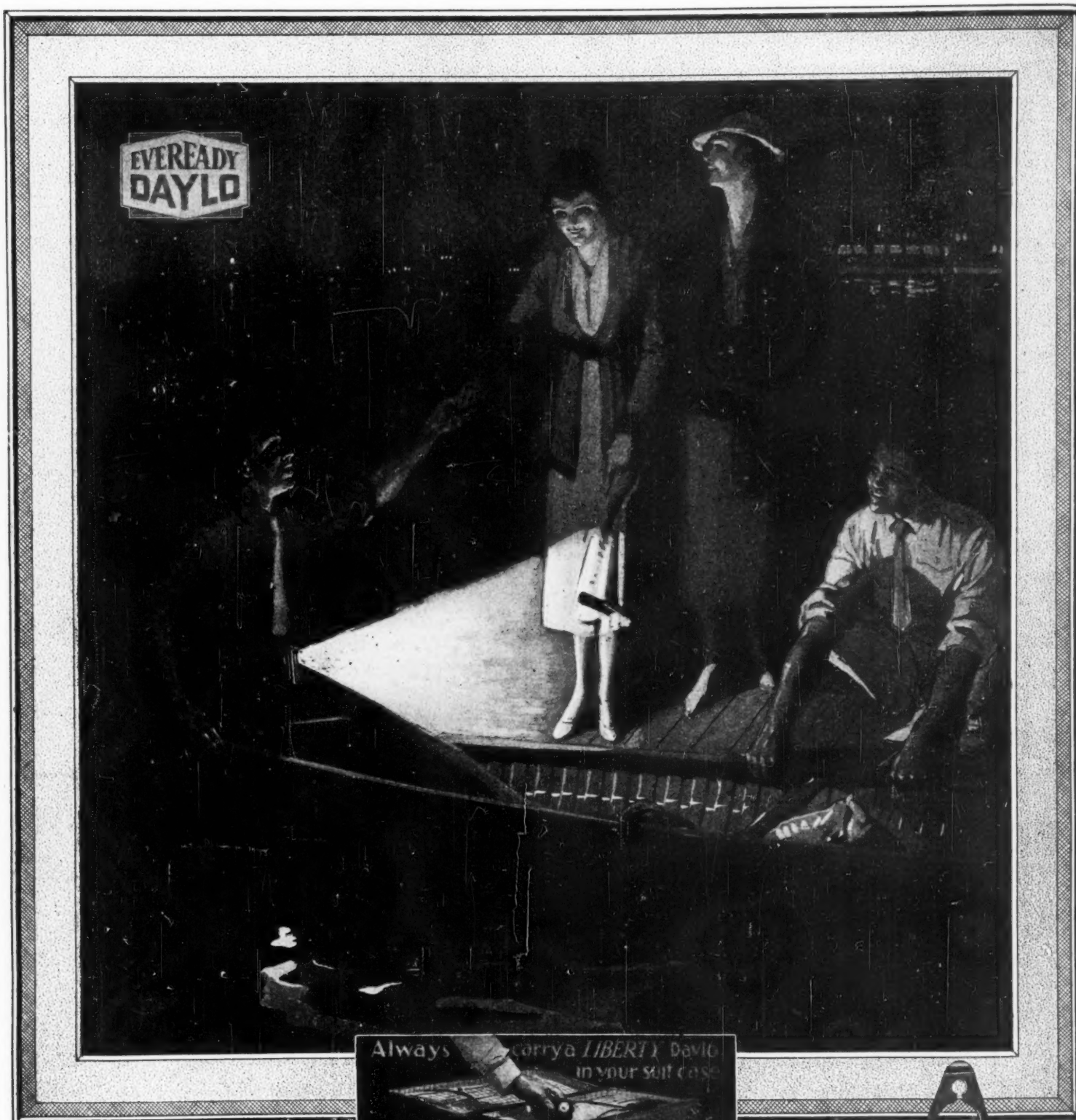
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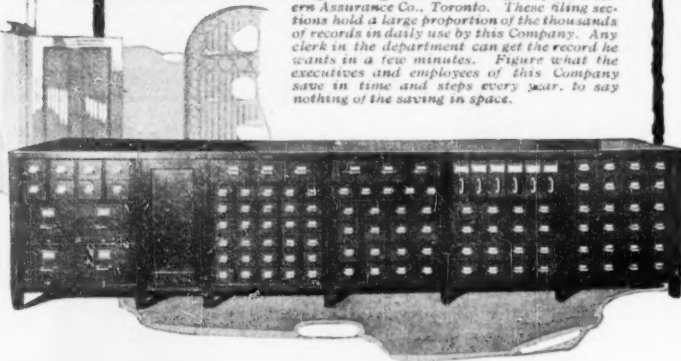
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"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"

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Toronto, July, 1919

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Some Columbia Summer Music Suggestions

Beautiful Songs of Sentiment

The White Squall. A Song of the Sea (Barker). Frank Croxton; and **Larboard Watch** (Williams). Miller and Croxton. A 1134, 10-inch, 90c. **Cemin' Thro' the Rye** and **John Anderson, My Jo**. Mary Garden. A 1199, 10-inch, 82.00.

Harp That Once Through Tara's Hall (words by Moore). Charles Harrison; and **Lament of the Irish Emigrant** (Dempster). Harry McClasky. A 1230, 10-inch, 90c.

Last Rose of Summer (Moore). Grace Kerna; and **The Rosary** (Nevin). Columbia Male Quartette. A 1265, 10-inch, 90c.

Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms. Reed Miller; and **Bendemeer's Stream** (Gatty). Andrea Sarto. A 1272, 10-inch, 90c.

Santa Lucia. Neapolitan Street Song. In English. Reed Miller; and **The Low Back'd Car** (Lover). Andrea Sarto. A 1340, 10-inch, 90c.

Annie Laurie (Words by Scott). Columbia Stellar Quartette; and **Meet Me by Moonlight** (Wade). Columbia Mixed Quartette. A 1491, 10-inch, 90c.

Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes. Walter Whentley; and **All Through the Night**. Columbia Stellar Quartette. A 1718, 10-inch, 90c.

Sweet and Low (Barnby). Columbia Stellar Quartette; and **Goodbye, Sweet Day** (Vannah). Columbia Mixed Quartette. A 1741, 10-inch, 90c.

Juanita (May). Columbia Mixed Quartette; and **The Two Roses** (Werner). Columbia Stellar Quartette. A 1793, 10-inch, 90c.

Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon and **Bonnie Wee Thing** (Words by Robert Burns). Henry Burr. A 1799, 10-inch, 90c.

Vacant Chair, The (Rout); and **Tenting To-night on the Old Camp Grounds** (Kittredge). Columbia Stellar Quartette. A 1808, 10-inch, 90c.

Old Oaken Bucket (Geibel); and **Carry Me Back to Old Virginny** (Bland). Columbia Stellar Quartette. A 1820, 10-inch, 90c.

Funiculi Funicula (Denza). Charles Harrison and Columbia Stellar Quartette; and **Estudiantina** (Lacome). In English. Kerns and Potter. A 1851, 10-inch, 90c.

Scots Wha Hae (Burns); and **Bonnie Dundee** (Scott). Albert Wiederhold. A 1875, 10-inch, 90c.

Robin Adair and **Just a Wearyin' for You** (Carrie Jacobs-Bond). Columbia Stellar Quartette. A 1958, 10-inch, 90c.

When the Corn is Waving, Annie Dear (Blamphin); and **Old Black Joe** (Foster). Columbia Stellar Quartette. A 2051, 10-inch, 90c.

Swanee River (Foster); and **Nellie Was a Lady** (Foster). Carroll Clark. Banjo accompaniment by Fred Van Eps. A 2250, 10-inch, 90c.

How Can I Leave Thee (Thuringian Folk Song); and **Stars of the Summer Night** (Woodbury). Columbia Stellar Quartette. A 2325, 10-inch, 90c.

My Laddie (Thayer); and **My Old Kentucky Home** (Foster). Margaret Woodrow Wilson. A 2416, 10-inch, \$1.00.

Way Down Yonder in the Cornfield and **S. R. Henry's Barn Dance** (Down at the Huskin' Bee). (Henry). Columbia Stellar Quartette. A 2427, 10-inch, 90c.

Home, Sweet Home (Payne); and **Santa Lucia** (Neapolitan Boat Song). Columbia Stellar Quartette. A 2465, 10-inch, 90c.

Bring Back My Bonnie to Me. (Composers unknown); and **Larboard Watch** (Williams). Columbia Stellar Quartette. A 2504, 10-inch, 90c.

Ever of Thee I'm Fondly Dreaming and **Long, Long Ago**. Barbara Maurel. A 2608, 10-inch, \$1.00.

A Banjo Song (Homer); and **All Through the Night**. (Old Welsh Air). David Bisham. A 3320, 12-inch, \$1.50.

Blue Bells of Scotland and **The Hills o' Skye** (Harris). Margaret Keyes. A 3351, 12-inch, \$1.50.

Banks of Allan Water and **Off in the Stilly Night** (Moore). David Bisham. A 3377, 12-inch, \$1.50.

Loch Lomond. (Old Scottish Song); and **Hedge Roses** (Schubert). David Bisham. A 3420, 12-inch, \$1.50.

Annie Laurie and **The Arrow and the Song** (Balfie). David Bisham. A 3437, 12-inch, \$1.50.

Irish Love Song (Lang); and **Last Rose of Summer**. Carolina White. A 3488, 12-inch, \$1.50.

Silver Threads Among the Gold (Danks); and **Those Songs My Mother Used to Sing** (Smith). Harry McClasky. A 3618, 12-inch, \$1.50.

Love's Old Sweet Song and **Bendemeer's Stream** (Gatty). Alice Nielsen. A 3670, 12-inch, \$1.50.

Love's Old Sweet Song and **Ye Bank and Braes of Bonnie Doon** (Burns). Corinne Rider-Kelsey. A 3733, 12-inch, \$1.50.

Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming (Foster); and **Carry Me Back to Old Virginny** (Bland). Oscar Seagle. A 3779, 12-inch, \$1.50.

Home, Sweet Home (Bishop); and **Off in the Stilly Night** (Arranged by Stevenson). Maggie Teyte. A 3841, 12-inch, \$1.50.

Kathleen Mavourneen (Crouch); and **Loch Lomond**. (Traditional Scotch melody). Columbia Stellar Quartette. A 3899, 12-inch, \$1.50.

The Banks of the Daisies. My Love's An Arbutus. (Old Irish Airs); and **The Meeting of the Waters** (Moore). Oscar Seagle. A 3916, 12-inch, \$1.50.

The Kerry Dance (Molloy); and **Down by the Sally Gardens**. Helen Stanley. A 3958, 12-inch, \$1.50.

When the Swallows Homeward Fly (Abt); and **The Dear Home Land** (Claghter). Oscar Seagle. A 3976, 12-inch, \$1.50.

Last Rose of Summer and **Bohemian Girl** (Balfie). I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls. Lucy Gates. A 3993, 12-inch, \$1.50.

Darling Nelly Gray (Hanby); **My Old Kentucky Home** (Foster). Lucy Gates and Columbia Stellar Quartette. A 4030, 12-inch, \$1.50.

Last Night (Kjerulf). Corrine Morgan; and **Wearing of the Green**. Baritone solo. A 325, 10-inch, 90c.

Low Back'd Car (Lover); and **Maryland! My Maryland!** George Alexander. A 328, 10-inch, 90c.

Battle Hymn of the Republic (Julia Ward Howe). George Alexander; and **Old Folks at Home** (Foster). Henry Burr. A 335, 10-inch, 90c.

Some Columbia Dance Records that make a good vacation great

Aloma (Medley Fox-trot) and **Full o' Pep** (One step). Jockers Brothers. A 2708, 10-inch, 90c.

Bluin' the Blues (Fox-trot) and **Ringtail Blues** (Fox-trot). Sweetman's Band. A 2882, 10-inch, 90c.

Dallas Blues (Medley Fox-trot) and **Has Anybody Seen My Corinne?** (Medley Fox-trot). Sweetman's Jazz Band. A 2665, 10-inch, 90c.

The Darktown Strutters' Ball (Medley Fox-trot) and **Good-bye Alexander** (Medley One-step). Wilber C. Sweetman's Original Jazz Band. A 2596, 10-inch, 90c.

Everything Is Peaches (Medley Fox-trot) and **You're in Style**. Prince's Band. A 6073, 12-inch, \$1.50.

Hindustan (Fox-trot) and **Meow** (One step). Jockers Brothers. A 2639, 10-inch, 90c.

I'm Always Chasing Rainbows (Medley Fox-trot) and **Oh! Frenchy** (Medley One-step). Prince's Band. A 6064, 12-inch, \$1.50.

Indianola (Medley Fox-trot) and **Oh! You La La!** (Medley One-step). Wilber C. Sweetman's Original Jazz Band. A 2611, 10-inch, 90c.

In the Land of Beginning Again (Medley Fox-trot). Col. Band; and **Madelon** (I'll be True to the Whole Regiment) (Medley One-step). Col. Band and Peerless Quartette. A 4006, 12-inch, \$1.50.

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I Wonder Whether (I've Loved You All My Life) (Medley Fox-trot) and **Thousands of Years Ago** (Medley Fox-trot). Waldorf-Astoria Orchestra. A 2896, 10-inch, 90c.

Ja-Da! (Fox-trot) and **Rainy Day Blues** (Fox-trot). Sweetman's Jazz Band. A 2707, 10-inch, 90c.

Mama's Blues (Medley Fox-trot) and **Some Shape** (One-step). Jockers Brothers. A 6066, 12-inch, \$1.50.

Mickey (Medley Fox-trot) and **Here Comes America** (Medley One-step). Earl Fuller's Rector Novelty Orchestra. A 2205, 10-inch, 90c.

Muslin Rag (Fox-trot) and **It's a Long Way to Dear Old Broadway** (Medley One-step). Prince's Band. A 6084, 12-inch, \$1.50.

On the Level You're a Little Devil (Medley Fox-trot) and **What Yankee Doodle Says He'll Do, He'll Do** (Medley One-step). Prince's Band. A 6079, 12-inch, \$1.50.

Ostrich Walk (Fox-trot) and **Jazz Band Ball** (One-step). Guido Delro, Accordion. A 2648, 10-inch, 90c.

Out of the East (Fox-trot) and **Singapore** (Fox-trot). Fuller's Rector Novelty Orchestra. A 2886, 10-inch, 90c.

Pickaninny's Paradise (Medley Fox-trot) and **My Baby Boy** (Medley One-step). Prince's Band. A 6086, 12-inch, \$1.50.

Rock-a-Bye Your Baby With a Dixie Melody (Fox-trot) and **Those Draftin' Blues** (Medley One-step). Sweetman's Jazz Band. A 2615, 10-inch, 90c.

Smiles (Medley Fox-trot) and **When You Come Back** (Medley One-step). Prince's Band. A 6077, 12-inch, \$1.50.

Spaniola (Fox-trot) and **Sand Dunes** (One-step). Fuller's Rector Novelty Orchestra. A 2897, 10-inch, 90c.

Stick in the Mud and Out, Out, Marie (Medley One-step). Yerkes Jazambra Orchestra. A 6088, 12-inch, \$1.50.

Sweet Siamese (Fox-trot) and **Ruspiana** (One-step). Fuller's Rector Novelty Orchestra. A 2712, 10-inch, 90c.

Texas (Fox-trot) and **Oriental** (One-step). Fuller's Rector Novelty Orchestra. A 6075, 12-inch, \$1.50.

Tishimingo Blues (Medley Fox-trot). American Marimbaphone Band; and **Hear Dem Bells** (Medley One-step). Jazambra Orchestra. A 2631, 10-inch, 90c.

While the Incense is Burning (Medley Fox-trot) and **Tres Bien** (Very Good) (One-step). Jockers Brothers, violin and piano duet. A 6082, 12-inch, \$1.50.

What Yankee Doodle Says He'll Do, He'll Do (Medley Fox-trot) and **On the Level You're a Little Devil** (Medley Fox-trot). Prince's Band. A 6079, 12-inch, \$1.50.

When You Come Back (Medley One-step) and **Smiles** (Medley Fox-trot). Prince's Band. A 6077, 12-inch, \$1.50.

When I Am Crying For You and Gold and Silver (Waltz). Gypsy Orchestra. A 4038, 10-inch, 90c.

You're in Style When You're Wearing a Smile (Medley One-step) and **Everything Is Peaches Down in Georgia** (Medley Fox-trot). Prince's Band. A 6073, 12-inch, \$1.50.

At the Cotton Pickers' Ball and **There's a Lump of Sugar Down in Dixie** (Medley One-step). Marimbaphone Band. A 2530, 10-inch, 90c.

Broken Doll ("London Taps") and **Biltmore Waltz**. Prince's Band. A 2919, 12-inch, \$1.50.

Darktown Strutters' Ball and **Indiana** (One-step). Original Dixieland Jazz Band. A 2297, 12-inch, \$1.50.

Fascination (Fox-trot) and **Classic** (One-step). Medley No. 2). Jockers Brothers, violin and piano duet. A 6022, 12-inch, \$1.50.

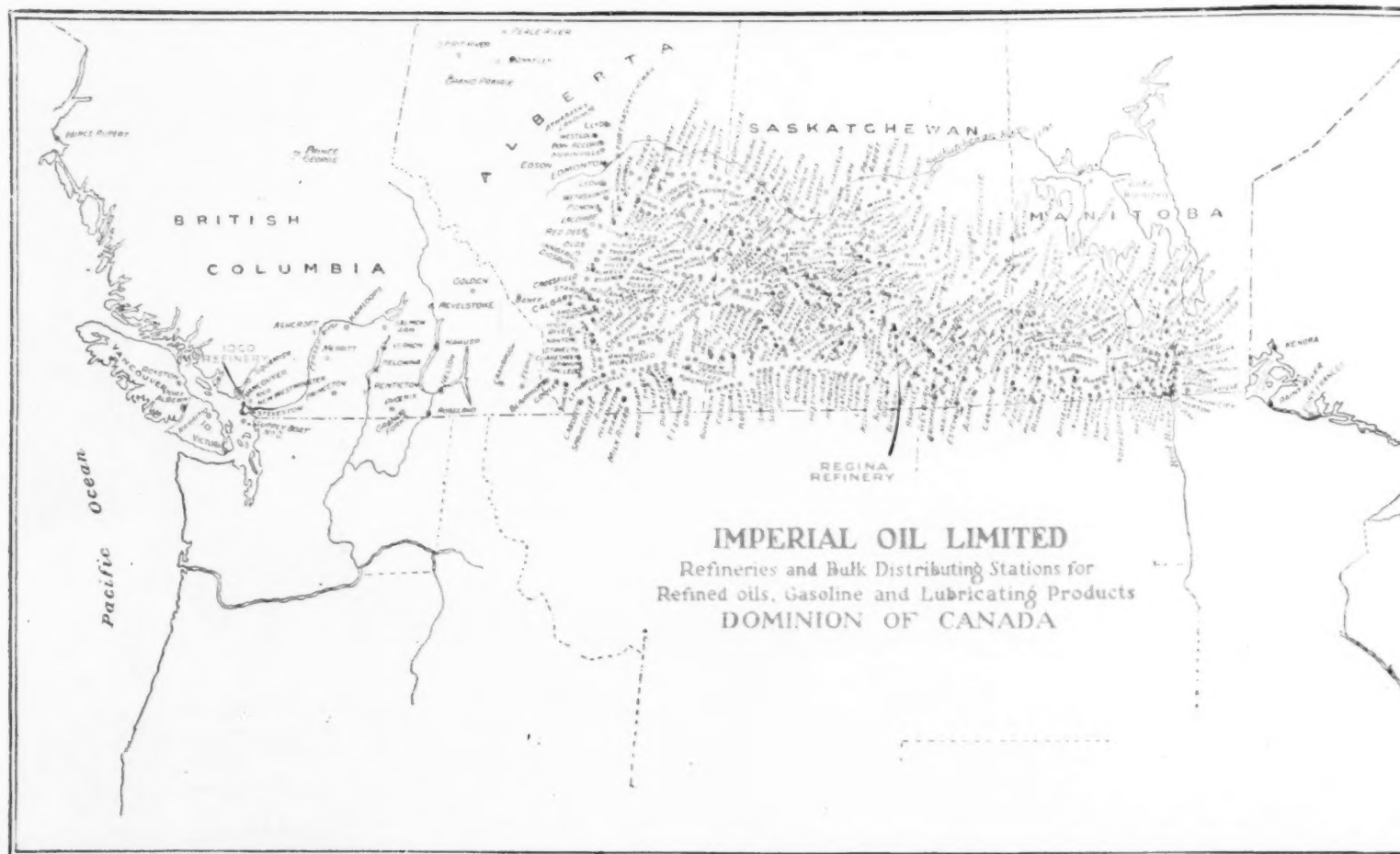
Hello, Aloha, Hello! (Medley Fox-trot) and **Sailin' Away on the Henry Clay** (Medley One-step). Prince's Band. A 3906, 12-inch, \$1.50.

Hello, Hawaii, How are You? (Medley Fox-trot) and **Underneath the Stars** (Fox-trot). Prince's Band. A 3780, 12-inch, \$1.50.

Hill and Dale (Syncopated Fox-trot) and **Daly's Reel**. Van Eps Trio, banjo, saxophone and piano. A 2034, 10-inch, \$1.50.

I Didn't Know That Lovin' Was so Good (Medley Fox-trot) and **Honky Tonky** (One-step). Prince's Band. A 5352, 12-inch, \$1.50.

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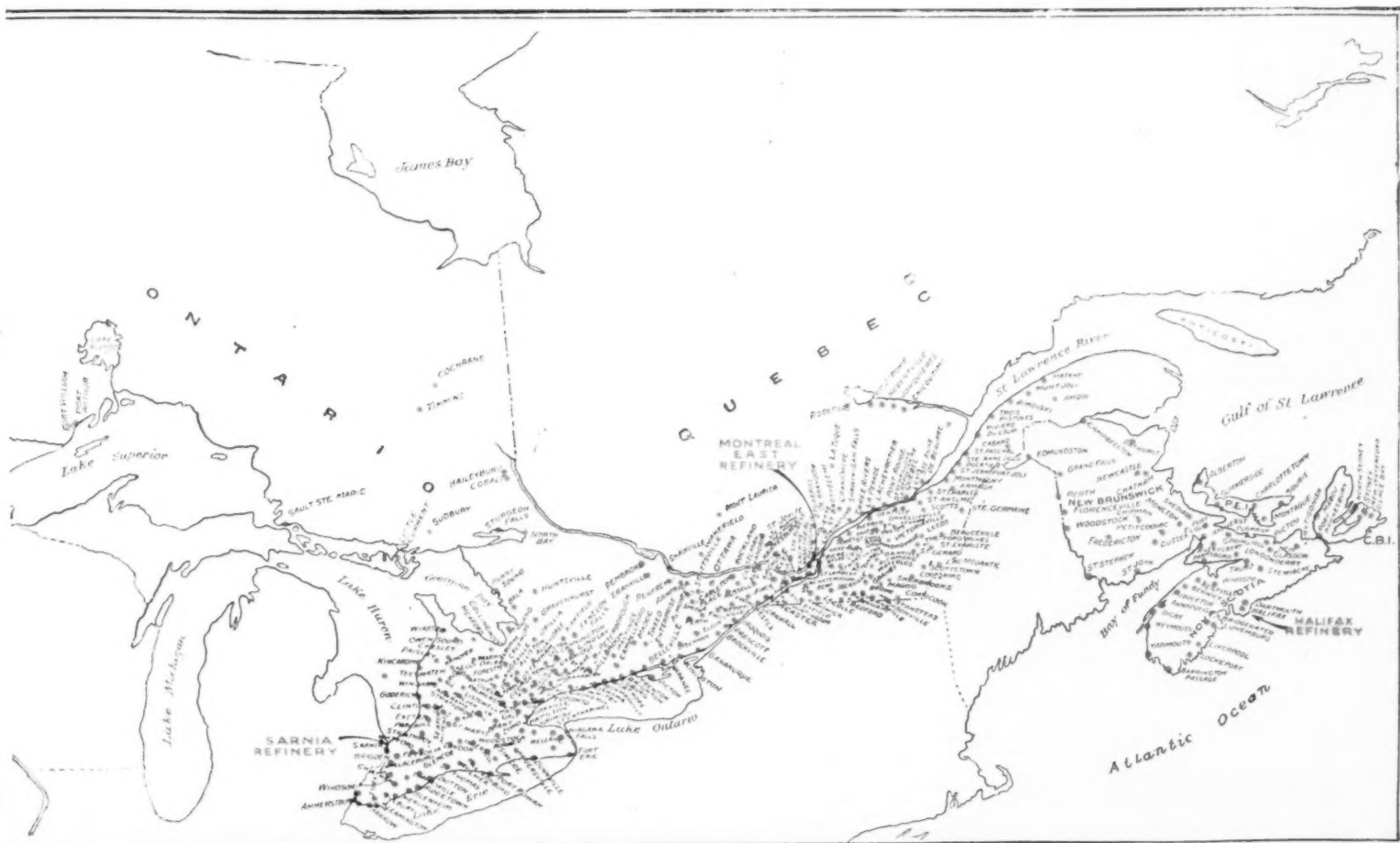
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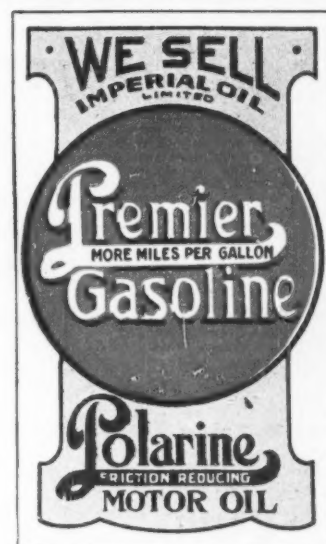
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The INVESTMENT SITUATION

By H. H. BLACK, Montreal Editor *The Financial Post*.

WHILE there has been a tendency for months past for constructive plans in business circles to await the long-expected and long-deferred decline in commodity prices, the stock market has sailed gaily on. For those who, rightly, look upon this market as one of the most reliable symptoms in a diagnosis of business, the steady upward movement of securities has provided cheering grounds for confidence. The threatening labor situations at Winnipeg and Toronto, as zone centres, brought only the slightest pause, a mere tremor of temporary distrust, then on it went again, and once more the stock market won credit for its remarkable gift of foresight. Whether the height has been reached, no one can predict safely. A well-known financial writer of New York remarked: "The period of inflation is still in full blast. This is not to say that one should plunge in recklessly. Many securities are now selling for as much or more than they are worth. On the other hand, others are not, and while there is a greater risk involved than there was three months ago, we do not believe this period will come to an end until there is a more general levelling of prices. Under the present stimulus, this should be a levelling upward and not downward." Just afterwards New York was sobered by drastic action of the banks in raising call loans to 11 per cent., to restrain wild speculation. The Canadian market is never so volatile, but the month showed, out of active traders, that 59 had advanced, 9 were unchanged, and 8 were down. The declines were almost negligible. The advances ran as high as 53 points on a single stock, with the milling stocks leaders on an average of 22 points each, and the paper group following with nearly 17 points of a gain each. Then the steels come in for a much protracted rise. Nearly four times as many shares were sold as in the same period one year ago.

But, apart from transitory influences, there would appear to be two main influences at work, covering a lengthy period: lower rates of interest in general, which would tend to move stocks of a fixed or increasing dividend up to higher levels; second, a tendency to smaller profits, which might force reductions in dividends, or leave so small a margin as to make the stock seem less desirable as an investment.

In reference to the former point, *The Bache Review* says: "The long outlook is for cheaper money. If money becomes permanently cheaper, the price of bonds and of assured dividend-paying securities must go higher. This is one reason why the preferred stocks of old-established industries, most of them paying 7 per cent. cumulative dividends, seem so attractive to buy and hold. Such stocks do not relatively receive much attention in a bull market. Their rise does not depend upon the current upward movement, which is induced by competition in buying and hopes of a quick profit."

The tendency—shall I say the necessity—for lower profits has been referred to for some months past in this department. Recent labor upheavals in Canada are forcing this point to the front and the more far-seeing of industrial leaders are coming to recognize it. "High prices" have been assigned as the reason for labor unrest of the past few months, culminating in strikes, and an attempt to set up "One Big Union." Much as we may deprecate the latter phase, one must be blind not to recognize the failure of prices of food and clothing to come down after war ended, as the underlying cause for the discontent. It was the "hope deferred." While the student of economics will assign world-scarcity and demand that is greater than available supply, as the cause of prices holding up, the average

man charges, and believes, that "profiteering" is rampant. Hence the tendency to scrutinize closely now and hereafter individual reports of industrial concerns, and the demand has arisen for a limitation of profits or a definite fixing of profits. To this widespread feeling the average industrial company, I feel, must bow so far as to modify the average profits made during the war: "Abnormal," they were termed, and this means simply, "abnormally high for times of peace."

An incident that has just come to my attention will illustrate this. A certain company was able by increased production, and lessened competition, in part, to show a high rate of profit this past year, by far the highest in its record. The figures were quoted all over the West by agents who were striving to foment labor unrest and promote sympathetic strikes. The use to which the high figures of profits were put by propagandists does not condemn these profits; but it is safe to say they will not "occur again" in a long while. Once again, the Government cut off a portion of the custom duties on food and clothing in an effort to reduce prices on vital commodities, and a Parliamentary committee is investigating why the price of bread is so high in an Eastern city; and why dozens of other prices are so high. The situation just about amounts to this: if the prices on many lines—and the profits behind them—are not reduced, political events will precipitate a wide-embracing system of Government control of prices that would be far more inimical to industrial development in Canada than voluntary preventive efforts on the part of the heads of industry. Whichever happens, the high percentage mark of profits has been reached.

The Budget did more than start a movement towards a lessening of profits in increasing income taxes, it gave a new impetus to the values of tax-exempt Victory bonds. Since last issue—chiefly as the result of higher taxation on ordinary incomes, Victory bonds have risen from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ points, so that at time of writing the past two months compare as follows:

	May	June
1922	100 -100½	101¼-101½
1923	100¼-100½	101¼-102
1927	102 -102¼	103¼
1933	104¼-105	105½-106
1937	106 -106½	106½-106¾

Some very interesting replies have been received from investment houses in answer to the reference in last issue to an inquiry for the best list of securities for a reader of *MACLEAN'S* who had \$10,000 to invest. Only a few can be given in this issue. The replies came both from brokers and bond houses. As a rule there is almost as great a variety of recommendations as those who have replied. This is hardly to be wondered at, but in addition some safeguards for the investor are presented that are worth careful consideration by all.

Osler and Hammond, Toronto, submitted the following:

It would, of course, be necessary to know something of the financial position of the investor. We might, however, suggest the following securities, which we consider should make a satisfactory investment for the \$10,000:

\$3,000 1937 Victory bonds, 5½%	
at 106	\$3,180 \$165
\$2,000 Ogilvie Flour Mills, 6% bonds, 103	2,060 120
25 shares MacKay common, 6%, 80	2,000 150
10 shares Steel of Canada, pref., 7%, 97	970 70
100 shares Can. Permanent Mort. Corporation, 10%, 175	1,750 100
	\$9,960 \$605

Bringing in a return of slightly better than 6%. Continued on page 95

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THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Statement of Liabilities and Assets at 30th April, 1919

LIABILITIES		
1. To the Shareholders	1919	1918
Capital Stock paid in	\$ 7,000,000.00	\$ 7,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	7,000,000.00	7,000,000.00
Dividends declared and unpaid	194,194.00	176,900.00
Balance of Profits as per Profit and Loss Account	574,043.32	437,973.92
	<u>\$ 14,768,237.32</u>	<u>\$ 14,614,873.92</u>
2. To the Public		
Notes of the Bank in Circulation	13,316,033.00	12,327,168.00
Deposits not bearing interest	43,552,214.61	34,886,747.83
Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date of Statement)	91,904,993.37	75,946,985.48
Balances due to other Banks in Canada	2,614,696.64	1,400,941.75
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents in the United Kingdom and foreign countries	105,076.96	1,161,976.79
Bills payable	464,153.05	598,851.20
Acceptances under Letters of Credit		
Liabilities not included in the foregoing		
	<u>\$166,725,404.95</u>	<u>\$140,937,544.97</u>
ASSETS		
Current Coin	\$ 4,946,946.33	\$ 4,890,061.36
Deposit in the Central Gold Reserves	7,000,000.00	6,000,000.00
Dominion Notes	8,405,602.50	5,912,092.50
Notes of other banks	985,044.00	893,076.00
Cheques on other banks	6,082,616.99	5,311,786.12
Balances due by other Banks in Canada	3,215.80	4,704.37
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents in the United Kingdom	123,496.50	82,580.53
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada and the United Kingdom	1,903,040.10	1,357,843.03
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities, not exceeding market value	6,005,573.65	5,435,464.66
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks, not exceeding market value	4,119,705.32	4,060,204.70
Canadian Municipal Securities and British Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian	15,238,399.32	14,589,065.54
Call Loans in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	5,134,690.71	5,223,953.88
Call Loans elsewhere than in Canada	2,801,857.72	3,906,648.93
	<u>\$62,750,188.94</u>	<u>\$57,667,481.62</u>
Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less Rebate of Interest)	95,874,426.04	76,194,016.15
Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less Rebate of Interest)	332,918.12	339,987.29
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit as per contra	464,153.05	598,851.20
Real Estate other than bank premises	782,326.64	312,928.11
Overdue Debts, estimated loss provided for Bank premises at not more than cost (less amounts written off)	386,973.56	272,226.60
Deposit with the Minister for the purpose of the Circulation Fund	5,253,269.48	4,886,438.98
	366,000.00	355,000.00
Other Assets not included in the foregoing	515,149.12	310,615.02
	<u>\$166,725,404.95</u>	<u>\$140,937,544.97</u>
H. MONTAGU ALLAN, President	D. C. MACAROW, General Manager	

Report of the Auditors to the Shareholders of the Merchants Bank of Canada

In accordance with the provisions of sub-Sections 19 and 20 of Section 56 of the Bank Act, we report to the shareholders as follows:

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books of Account and other records at the Chief Office of the Bank and with the signed returns from the Branches and Agencies and have checked the cash and verified the securities of the Bank at the Chief Office against the entries in regard thereto in the books of the Bank at 30th April, 1919, and at a different time during the year and found them to agree with such entries. We also attended at some of the Branches during the year and checked the cash and verified the securities held at the date of our attendances and found them to agree with the entries in regard thereto in the books of the Bank.

We have obtained all the information and explanations we have required. In our opinion, the transactions of the Bank which have come under our notice have been within the powers of the Bank, and the above Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs, according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us, and as shown by the books of the Bank.

VIVIAN HARCOURT, } Auditors
GORDON TANSLEY, }
(Of the firm of Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths & Co.)

Montreal, 23rd May, 1919.

Six Post Readers in New Cabinet

FORMER Finance Minister Cashen, who, following the crisis which led to the resignation of Premier Lloyd, of Newfoundland, has been called upon to form a Ministry, has already selected nine members to act with him.

Six of these, including the Premier himself, have been regular readers of THE FINANCIAL POST for some time.

This does not only indicate the quality as well as the extent of our circulation, but indicates also that men who carry big responsibilities find THE POST of value to them. It indicates, therefore, the approval which is meeting the effort of our editors and the great importance and value of the business information to which subscribers have access through the columns of THE FINANCIAL POST.

When the Government of Newfoundland was recently arranging the flotation of a \$5,000,000 bond issue THE POST'S opinion as regards some methods of marketing was quoted by members of the Cabinet.

The Financial Post at Ottawa

IN the Dominion House of Commons the other week the attention of the Government was drawn to an article in THE FINANCIAL POST containing a reference to the financing of Roumanian orders through an agency established in London by Sir Clifford Sifton. Sir Thomas White mentioned that in reading his FINANCIAL POST that week, he had formed the opinion that the reference was to private marketing of bonds.

Keen Business Men and Cabinet Ministers Read the Post

SIR THOMAS White, with other Cabinet Ministers and prominent Canadian men of affairs, have found THE FINANCIAL POST of swift and sure business service. When you "get down to business" you want the plain facts—all of them—without frills—and quickly. You get them like that in THE POST. THE FINANCIAL POST will keep you informed on Canadian business matters in a way unrivalled by any other publication. Send for a subscription to-day. The price is \$3.00 per year, and you have only to fill in this form:

The MacLean Publishing Co.,
143-153 University Ave., Toronto.

Send me THE FINANCIAL POST every week till further ordered. I will pay subscription price, \$3.00 per year, on receipt of bill, or you may draw on me for this.

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Address.....
MM. July.

Treasure Island Re-discovered

The Treasure Island of old was full of gold, coin and precious stones in the rough—all very valuable—but not beautiful—hence only appealed to pirates and buccaneers.

The Treasure Island of modern days possesses far greater valuables in gold and jewels—combined with wonderful beauty and attractiveness.

This modern Treasure Island is "Ryrie's," Toronto.

How often have you wished that you could purchase direct from the big city store where the choice is so extensive and the variety so great; or thought of the big saving you could make by buying from big distributors and having your order delivered to your home.

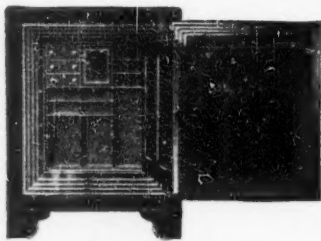
You will find shopping from the Ryrie 1919 Year Book satisfactory and pleasant in every respect. There are articles from twenty-five cents upwards and each is guaranteed to be as represented.

Write to-day for this beautiful book containing over 112 pages and showing many of the articles in natural colors—it's free.

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The BUSINESS OUTLOOK

Commerce • Finance • Insurance

Strikes in the West—Prices Remain High

IT is difficult to discuss the situation to-day for, as these lines are written, the strike at Winnipeg is still on and evidences of a sympathetic break are apparent all over the West. The Toronto general strike has been declared off, although a number of unions are staying out. It is clear that the threatened labor storm is not likely to break in the East. In the West the situation is still ominous. It will either have improved by the time this issue is out or become very much worse; at time of writing it is impossible to make any prediction as to which way things are shaping, toward a settlement or toward a strike war.

With labor in such an unprecedented state of unrest, the business situation is necessarily unsettled. How things are going in the West is not known, for the news that has seeped through has been meagre. It is clear, however, that business as a whole in the larger cities has been to a great degree paralyzed. The stores in Winnipeg have been open to some extent but wholesale activity has been stopped and the wheels of the factories have not turned. Building operations have been completely suspended. As soon as communication by mail is completely opened up again with the West it will be possible to estimate the loss to business that has been sustained. It will be found to have been very serious.

There seems good reason to expect that a few weeks will see the crisis past in labor matters. The general strike idea is being tried out in Winnipeg and there are no indications that it is going to score the sweeping and decisive victory that it was thought would be the inevitable result of the use of this tremendous weapon. Moreover it is being found by the strikers that the use of the weapon is a costly one from their standpoint. At present writing it looks as though the result would be a cessation of the strike after negotiations leading to a degree of compromise. It may be found possible to reach some mutual ground of agreement between extremes which will be reasonably satisfactory both ways.

It is the opinion of the writer that, if the general strikes can be ended before irreparable damage has been done to business and before any blood has been shed, they will have done some good. They will have cleared the air. Things were reaching an ugly pass. Capital was on the defensive, suspicious and belligerent. Labor was seething with dissatisfaction, and showing symptoms of a leaning toward Bolshevism. The strikes will have tended to demonstrate to capital the tremendous power of labor, but at the same time will have shown to labor that the power, after all, has limitations. The appreciation of these results should inevitably lead to a clearing up of present labor unrest. The fair demands which labor has made will be met and at the same time labor will purge itself of the poison that it has absorbed.

It is significant of the soundness of business conditions that the threat of a nation-wide industrial tie-up has not created any kind of a panic. Business has slowed up or stopped only when contact has been had with the actual strike. Otherwise, things have gone right along. There seems to be reasonable ground for believing that, as

soon as the strikes are over, business generally will settle right back into its stride; provided, of course, that the strikes are not protracted too long.

Prices Will Stay Up

IT is possible now to state definitely that the cost of living is not coming down. Whatever the outcome of the strikes now in progress it will not be a case of lower wages. As long as wages stay up, prices will remain at high levels. As a matter of fact it looks certain at this stage that the cost of most commodities will go up. Clothing and boots and shoes are climbing not only continuously but rapidly. The returned soldier gets an awful shock when he walks into a clothing store and pays \$60.00 or more for a ready-to-wear suit; but those who come back later in the year will get a worse shock still. Tailors say that higher prices are inevitable.

Even in food the tendency seems to be toward higher costs. Sugar will come down because the supply is becoming very bountiful but this will not be until December, for the price of sugar has been fixed until the new Cuban crop comes on the market then. Flour will be higher. There is grave doubt as to whether there is enough wheat left in the country to grind enough flour to meet the normal demands of the country and at the same time supply the Wheat Export Co. The Canadian millers could almost certainly sell abroad every bag of flour that they can make. This pressure of demand from overseas is bound to be reflected in the price of flour.

Look at a small item such as home-grown strawberries. In Ontario, the fruit-growers are selling their crops in advance at 17 cents a box, crates and boxes to be returned. Pre-war prices ran around 7 or 8 cents. This means that, on the most favorable consideration, strawberries will not sell much below 35 cents, if any, to the public.

Meat prices may shade down a little during the summer but this is not at all certain. It must be accepted as a definite fact that the cost of living is going to remain as high as at present. This in a sense is an evidence of continued business stability.

What Cash You Need When Travelling

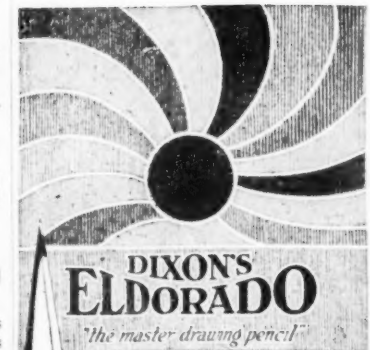


22

THE MERCHANTS BANK

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ELDORADO**

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No matter how heavy or light your hand—or what kind of work you do—you will find *your* pencil among the 17 perfect leads of Dixon's Eldorado.

Made in **17 LEADS**
one for every need or preference - -

The long wearing, delightfully smooth and rapid gliding leads will ease and quicken your work and make for genuine pencil economy.

Get a trial dozen from your dealer, or write us for our grade chart, enclosing 15c if full length samples worth double the money are desired. Please mention your dealer's name, and whether very soft, soft, medium, hard or very hard lead is desired.

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.

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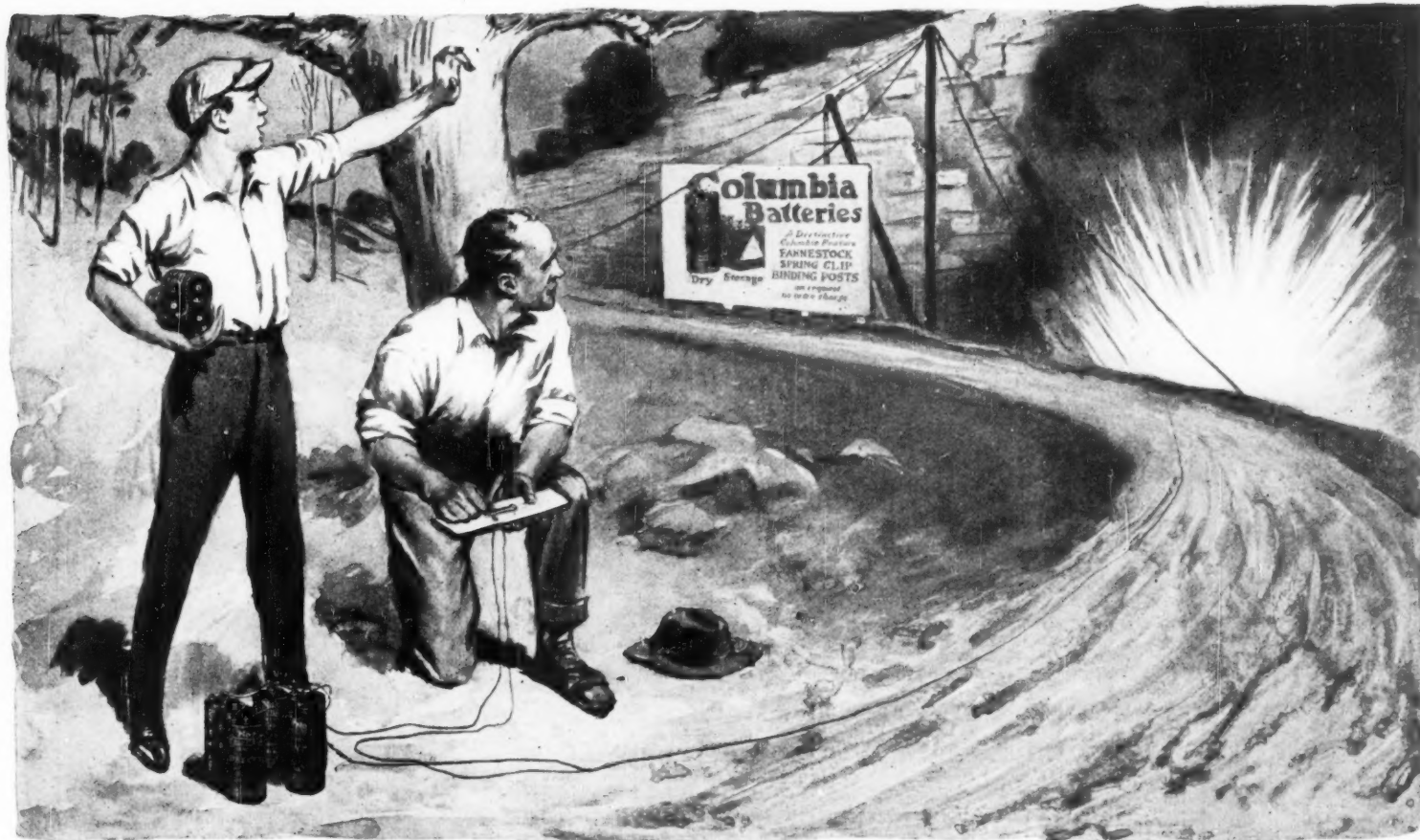
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A. R. MacDougall & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.
There is a Dixon-quality Pencil, Crayon, and Eraser for every purpose.

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"Bingo!...The Fiery Little Columbia is Always There With the Ignition Punch!"

QUARRY BLAST CHARGE and auto engine gas are alike to the Fiery Little Columbia. The power's in the fuel; but it takes the Columbia hot spark to set it to work.

That's a regular Columbia job---releasing energy by ignition.

THE DRY BATTERY

WHAT a marvelous little bundle of big ability the Columbia Dry Battery is! And what a multitude of uses! It makes bells jingle and buzzers buzz; whirls the youngsters' toys into a riot of fun; gives snap to telephone talk; puts a swift kick into the ignition of autos,

trucks, tractors, farm engines, and motorboats. Columbia meets every battery need---costs no more---lasts longer.

THE STORAGE BATTERY

IN the storage battery field the name Columbia means *definite power and long life*---the inevitable product of an institution long famous in battery history.

There's a Columbia Service Station or a Columbia Dealer near you.

Step in and let them tell you how the Columbia Storage Batteries are distributed, and how the Columbia Service Plan provides the full service to which the motorist's original purchase entitles him.

Columbia

Storage and Dry Batteries

Try this famous treatment tonight

Wring a soft cloth from very hot water, lather it well with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive*. Then finish by rubbing the nose for thirty seconds with a *piece of ice*. Always dry your skin carefully.



Conspicuous Nose pores -

How to reduce them

DO you know what it is that causes conspicuous nose pores, the bugbear of so many girls? The pores of the face are not as fine as on other parts of the body.

On the nose especially, there are more fat glands than elsewhere, and there is more activity of the pores.

These pores, if not properly stimulated and kept free from dirt, clog up and become enlarged.

That is the reason why conspicuous nose pores are so common.

Try the special treatment for this trouble given above and supplement it with the steady, general use of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist who de-

voted his life to a study of the care and treatment of the skin.

After ten days or two weeks of this Woodbury treatment, you will begin to see an improvement in your skin. But do not expect to change immediately a condition resulting from long-continued exposure and neglect. Make this special treatment a daily habit. Before long you will see how it gradually reduces the enlarged pores until they are inconspicuous.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. You will find Woodbury's on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. A 25 cent cake will last a month or six weeks.



Sample cake of soap, booklet of famous treatments and sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream for 15 cents.



For 6c we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream.

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 7007 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



If your skin is marred by blackheads

It is because the pores have become clogged with oil, dry cuticle and the dirt and dust of the air. A special treatment for this skin trouble is given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

T. B. COSTAIN, Editor

J. VERNON MCKENZIE, Associate Editor

Volume XXXII.

TORONTO, JULY, 1919

Number 7

With the SNOWBALL BRIGADE

A Canadian's Impression of the Land of "Nitchevo"

By CAPT. LOUIS KEENE

Author of "Crumps."

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR



A common type in Siberia.

OUR chief occupation on the steamer *Madras* which carried us from Vancouver to Vladivostok was in picking up a little Russian. Some of the soldiers knew a few words and we industriously conned them over. It proved to be waste effort, however, for we found later that one only needed half a dozen of the most commonly used Russian words in Vladivostok, where a conglomeration of languages is spoken. The only really essential word, I soon decided, was nitchevo—"nothing matters." Nitchevo is the keynote of life in Siberia. Nothing matters in that country—happiness or sorrow, health or sickness, life or death. They take things as they come with an Oriental fatalism. Nitchevo!

This explanation I am making at the start as it alone can render understandable the conditions of life in Siberia.

I'm not going to attempt any detailed statement of the activities or the lack of activities, of the Canadian Siberian Expeditionary Force, which soon gained the sobriquet of the Snowball Brigade. Such a narrative would, I am afraid, be unbearably dull; for it had been decided to keep us doing nothing. We were there, apparently for the moral effect of our presence. We found ourselves, however, in a land which absolutely beggars description, amid surroundings which may never be duplicated again. Vladivostok is the bottom of the glass where the dregs of war collect. It is the gathering place of refugee nobleman, Bolshevik, cut-throat, thief and demi-mondaine. There are more scoundrels, more vice, more sheer physical and moral filth in Vladivostok than in any other part of the world, because the stream of crime filters East, getting muddier and more sluggish as it goes—and Vladivostok is the last stopping place. Superimpose on this the presence of half a dozen armies—Japanese, British, French, Italian, American and Czechoslovak—and it will readily be seen that the far Eastern part of Siberia is at present a land of unusual interest and color. Life there is not all sordid and wicked. There are lighter sides. I shall attempt, therefore, to present some impressions of it and to give an idea of the conditions which prevail.

First of all, there are more atrocities committed there still than in Belgium in the heat of the con-

flict. The Slav race has a streak of cruelty and the typical native of Vladivostok, who is more than half Oriental, is a regular butcher. He not only kills with relish but he delights in torturing his victims.

Bolshevik bands are still operating all through that part of the country and the city itself is full of them. The only authority left in the land is that of the armies of occupation; and so under our very eyes a species of civil war is carried on. Murders occur under cover of night and it is distinctly unsafe to go out alone at any time.

My first contact with death of the Vladivostok variety came when I saw the body of a dead man on the steps of the cathedral. He had been murdered rather peacefully I judged, and there his body sprawled while the stream of city life rolled by without giving heed. The body had been there a day perhaps, certainly many hours, and no one had taken any interest in the matter. Nitchevo!

Then the following memorandum was sent all units from headquarters:

Vladivostok, March 21, 1919.

Two days ago two Russian officers were murdered in the vicinity of Fall River.

Their bodies were afterwards submitted to mutilation of the worst description, their ears having been cut off and their hands nailed to their shoulder blades. Signs of torture before death were evident.

All ranks must be warned to guard against murderous attacks of this kind. No officer or man should be allowed to go around singly between the hours of 6 p.m. and 6 a.m.

Between these hours officers should carry revolvers and if it is necessary to leave the main crowded thoroughfares they must not proceed singly.

The same applies to the men who must at least carry the bayonet and may if considered necessary carry rifles.

(Signed) R. K. STAYNER.

Lieut.-Col., A.A.G. & Q.M.G.

C. E. F. Stoeria.

Death on the Wholesale Plan

THIS seemed conclusive evidence of the kind of country we were quartered in, but I had proof later of the wholesale nature of the murdering that was going on when it became necessary for us on one occasion to visit the morgue.

It overlooks the city and the bay, a mean, clapboard affair like an oversized, shabby garage. The morgue keeper lives in a house a few yards away which he shares, by the way, with a leper. On the floor of the morgue were at least thirty bodies, heaped together as they had been thrown from the conveyances. There were two women battered beyond description; a Japanese who had been badly mutilated; two Russians who had attempted to interfere with a Czech patrol; a Chinese coolie who had been trussed up like a fowl, his knees under his chin and thrown out naked into the snow to freeze to death. Many of the bodies were so decomposed as to be quite unrecognizable.

In another room the bodies were piled four feet deep. And this was the normal condition of the institution! As soon as one lot was removed, there were plenty more to take their places.

The mutilation of bodies, as practised thereabouts,



Nitchevo!

was so common as to be accepted as a matter of course; and so gruesome that no details can be given here. The most common form, however, arose through the hatred the common people feel toward the old army officer. This hatred centered in the insignia of rank and the epaulet. There is at least one authentic case where an officer was taken by the Bolsheviks and his epaulets cut off and nailed to his shoulders!

One night at Konkin's, five Russian soldiers walked in drunk. They went up to four different officers who were seated in various parts of the cafe and cut their epaulets off with jackknives. In no case did the officers protest. They accepted the indignity quietly, though, as one could see, with suppressed passion.

Then the soldiers went on. Apparently they were out on an epaulet-cutting expedition.

AMONG pedestrians, long intervals were fashionable in Vladivostok. Footsteps too close behind made one nervous. They were danger signals. I know that I made it a rule whenever a foreigner was treading in my wake to stop, turn partially around, and casually break open my revolver. This always had a good effect. I would hear the footsteps slow down perceptibly and the distance between us would rapidly lengthen out. Perhaps the footsteps would turn precipitately or strike off in another direction. The person following me might be quite innocent of wrong intents, but I was not taking any chances, and neither was he!

Human life in fact was about the only thing that was cheap. To kill a man did not seem to involve one in any trouble unless in committing the deed some other regulation was broken. For instance, a Czech officer killed a Chinese coolie and threw his body into a well.

He was brought before the court and fined—for polluting the well.

Worse Than the Black Hole

WHAT was unquestionably the most fiendish atrocity of the whole war occurred in Siberia during the term of the Allied occupation. The Bolsheviks opened the prison in Samara and took out all the prisoners. Not knowing what to do with them, they put the lot into box cars, sealed them up and sent them on to the next town. They were too much of a problem for the next town to handle so the cars were sealed up again and sent along. This kept up for a long time, just how long the records do not show. The prisoners began to die and at each town the authorities—if the term can be used—took the dead bodies out of the cars, shoved in a little food, sealed the cars up again—and on to the next place.

Can the conditions which existed be imagined? Men and women crowded in together in bare box cars, with little food and no warmth, with the weaker among them succumbing and lying underfoot until dragged out at the next stop, jolting endlessly on and on! The torture of the Black Hole of Calcutta pales into insignificance besides this hideous Odyssey.

When the cars finally reached a town where Allied soldiers were in charge, nearly all the victims were dead and all that were left were raving mad. They all died ultimately.

Extermination is Feared

THERE is a background of respectable, law-abiding population in Vladivostok, though the people who make it up are not much in evidence. How they live is a problem, for prices have gone to unprecedented levels. They live unobtrusively, for, of course, they are "bourgeoisie," and subject to the hatred of the Bolshevik element. The Allied occupation serves as a protection for them. When the Allies all go, there will be terrible times in the city and the gutters will run with blood. The better class of people know this; but they cannot leave. There is no place for them to go.

"When you go," said an elderly Russian, of obviously gentle extraction, to me one day, "they will kill us all, these filthy rogues. We shall be wiped out."

"Can't anything be done?" I demanded. "You ought to be organized. Surely you can prepare yourselves for this struggle."

The old man shook his head. "There is nothing we can do." Then he added, as I had expected he would, "Nitchewo."

Siberia a Future Storm Centre

THE situation in Siberia is fraught with grave possibilities for the future. Anyone who has studied the situation at close hand will agree that it promises to provide plenty of international complications for the future. The eyes of the world will some day turn to Siberia.

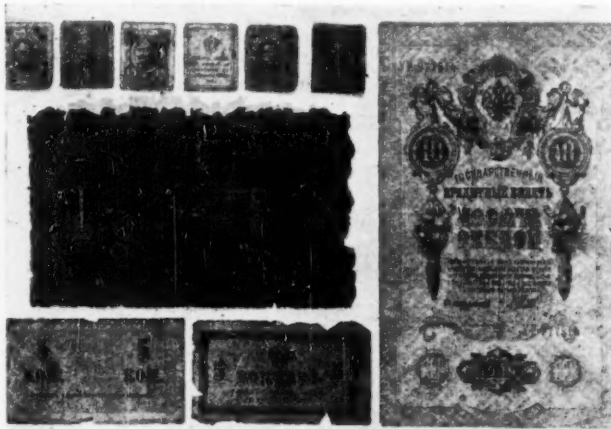


The situation was, and is, a very complicated one from every angle. First there were the Czecho-Slovaks who fought their way across the continent from their home in Bohemia before the end of the war. The story of this famous march is too well known to require retelling here, but it ended with the Czechs, who are a fine, vigorous and square race, holding the upper hand in Siberia and successfully damming back the flood of Bolshevism. The Czechs cleaned up Vladivostok before any of the other Allied forces arrived, driving the Bolsheviks out and setting up a sort of police supervision. They were very thorough in their methods. When reports reached them of trouble in any quarter they sent up a squad and cleaned it out with the bayonet. They were not backward or squeamish about such things; with the result that the unruly element in Vladivostok had been eventually cowed by the time the other forces arrived, and no organized show of resistance was attempted. The undercurrent of crime and violence ran as deep and red as ever of course, and efforts were made at all times to "snipe" Allied soldiers. There was one occasion when six Japanese officers were knifed in their beds. But it was guerilla warfare purely and simply after Vladivostok had tasted the Czech steel.

Dissension at the Start

THEN the Japanese forces, seventy thousand strong, were landed to protect the tremendous stores of material at Vladivostok. In order to make a sure-enough Allied enterprise of it, the other Allied nations also sent contingents and, in due course, along came Canada's delegation.

The story ran in the officers' messes to the effect



Russian paper money. Note the worn edges and general delapidation.

that in the early stages of the joint occupation—before we Canadians arrived on the scene—there was a certain amount of jealousy. None of the contingents wanted any other to get a preponderance in numbers or to take too active a hand in things. In fact, the following incident was cited:

A party of officers from one contingent went as guests for dinner to the mess of another nationality. During the meal one of the visitors remarked:

"To-morrow I'm going to get a steam launch and run over to the other side of the bay. There ought to be plenty of partridges there at this season."

"No, you'll be disappointed if you try it," answered one of his hosts quickly. "There are no partridges to be had there at this time of year. We tried it not so long ago." He seemed very insistent about it.

Nothing more was said at the time but the officer in question went on his outing nevertheless. He saw plenty of partridges; and he saw something else that made him gasp. Troopships belonging to the other nation were lined up along the coast, unloading troops with great expedition.

However, all that was long ago and, when the Canadians arrived on the scene, the situation had been clarified. The Czechs and the Japs were doing all the work and the rest of us, British, French, Yankees, Italians and Canucks, just stood around, much to our mutual disgust. The Czechs were not a little disgruntled at this development. They thought when we first arrived that there was going to be a drive back through Russia and, being first-class fighting men, they were keen for it. They wanted above everything else to get back to their beloved Bohemia and were ready to fight their way through all the hordes of Bolshevism to

get there. How enthusiastic they were when we first arrived! They saluted us with gusto, even saluting our privates.

After a time, when it became sure that we were not going to do anything they gradually cooled off and their salutes became less punctilious and cordial. Finally, they never saluted us at all. We had become in their eyes, apparently, just so much excess baggage.



Willingness of Japan

HOWEVER, the arrangement suited the Japanese. They were keen to do everything that came along and to leave the rest of us out of the running. If there was any fighting to do, the Japs would rush up enough troops to handle the situation. It was almost as though they said to us:

"Now, look here, you fellows have been working hard at the fighting business over in France and we haven't been doing anything. Just let us attend to this little scrap."

There was one occasion at least when a joint demonstration was arranged and the Japs announced that the attack would be made at a certain hour; but when the other troops arrived bright and early they found that it was all over. The Japs had started a few hours earlier and finished the job.

Their activity gave them the upper hand in most things. They controlled the telegraphs and telephones. The trade of the country was beginning to come their way. Wherever the Japanese troops went, the business man from Nippon followed close in their wake. Japanese stores, Japanese restaurants, Japanese places of business of all descriptions sprang up everywhere. Japanese goods were flooding the market and Japanese money became a common medium of exchange.

If the period of occupation continues for any length of time, the country will become pretty thoroughly Japanned. It may in any case. Our Eastern Allies have marked the country down as their own in a trade sense and they are proceeding about it with a thoroughness that promises results.

They are very efficient. When the burning of a building robbed the Canadian forces of a number of motor transports, it was the Japanese who supplied the information as to how the cars could be replaced most rapidly and cheaply and who secured the cars for us. They had all the information within two days.

The Generosity of the Jap

AS usual, there were bickerings between the soldiers of various nationalities, but on the whole we got along as well among ourselves as could be expected. Here is an incident that is significant. The Japanese soon learned that the Canadian, officer or private soldier, is an inveterate souvenir-hunter, and when we went over to the Jap mess, they took it for granted that we would like to take some sort of souvenir away with us.

One of our officers wanted a sword, and a Jap officer at once politely presented him with one.

"I don't like to accept such a valuable gift," said the Canadian.

The Jap officer merely smiled, and shrugged his shoulders.

"But I want to buy it," exclaimed the Canadian.

The Jap shook his head. "I give you," he said.

"Well, now, I know it's valuable, and I'll give you 120 roubles for it, although I know it is worth much more."

The Jap didn't want to take the money, but the Canuck persisted, so the Jap said:

"You want to give me money for it; all right." He took the money, lifted the lid of the stove, dropped the whole 120 roubles in the fire—and bowed!

The Tangled Skeins of Finance

THE currency situation is a remarkable and complicated one. A rouble varies so much from day to day—and there are so many kinds of roubles!

The Russian used to be worth nearly fifty cents in Canadian money; when we arrived in Siberia, we got nearly ten roubles for a dollar, and before we left we had to pay twenty roubles, and even higher, to get a real, honest-to-goodness "buck." There is only one British bank in Vladivostok, and that is the Royal Bank of Canada. This bank endeavors to accommodate its customers, particularly any Canadians, but it is up against a foreign exchange condition which is so abnormal that at times the manager was unable to say what the rate of exchange was.

The original pre-Revolution notes—Romanoff money—are still in circulation and quite valid. As these were never renewed you can readily imagine what a filthy and dilapidated condition they would now be in. The Romanoff money has this advantage, however: owing to a peculiar water-mark it was difficult to counterfeit, and therefore a Romanoff rouble usually was worth a little more than a Kerensky rouble.

Kerensky money consists of an issue of small bills, about three inches by two, and in twenty and forty rouble denominations. Thus they are smaller than ten-cent cigar store coupons, and not so well-made. They are hard to change because all the small change is being hoarded by the peasants. A case is on record where a contractor had to pay his men in 500-rouble notes.

Some Yankee troops, as a joke, decided to pass cigar store coupons as money. The coupons were readily accepted.

Postage stamps, for ten, fifteen and twenty kopecks, are used as money. On the reverse side they have a surcharge, but, fortunately for all of us, there is no gum on the back. Imagine carrying around a pocket-full of gum-backed "money" such as this!

Another kind of currency which we met was coupons clipped from Government bonds, usually for some odd value, 2 roubles 75 kopecks or 3.25. On pay days we received our money in Kerenskies, and after the first month our mess secretary always made out our bills in multiples of 20 or 40 on account of the scarcity of change. On our last pay day we received our pay in American bills, which usually were worth about 5% more than Canadian bills. Japanese and Chinese money was also current. Some of the "Wisenheimers" in our outfit took their money to Siberia in gold, but found that they couldn't get any more even for that. I never quite decided what was the best way to carry money, but think there is no safer way than in English five-pound notes.

To make the currency confusion worse confounded

some private concerns issue their own "money"—which is, of course, of no value anywhere else. At Konkin's famous restaurant you will get your change in "fiat" money, redeemable only at Konkin's. A similar practice prevails at other large restaurants and stores. The first time I encountered this custom I raised quite a holler, until it was explained to me that this was the prevailing method of manufacturing small change.

Some of the money is almost falling apart, it is so tattered. When we were coming home on the boat, one of the officers emptied out his pockets and threw away on the floor what he considered rubbish.

"Better look over that again," I said. "There might be some money in the scraps."

"I guess not," he said. But he looked, and found a total of several roubles in bond coupons!

Business methods are very peculiar—to us. Very few things can be done in the business world without bribery—and nothing can be done quickly. If you want any goods to come through the customs house without undue delay the chances are that you will have to "slip something" to almost every man that handles your package, box or bale.

I met one man who wanted to get a freight car hitched on to a train. All other ordinary methods having failed, he went to the conductor and offered him 500 roubles. The train-man became indignant, and threw the money at his "corrupter," saying:

"Don't you dare try to bribe; there's altogether too much graft around here. I am a patriot!"

Half an hour later my friend returned with 1,000 roubles. This the conductor pocketed, and said:

"Now you're talking; where's your car?"

Many of the contractors cannot get it into their heads that our officers can't be bribed. The country is honey-combed with the "backsheesh" method of business-getting, and they are so inured to the habits of Russian officers, that they imagine all officers, irrespective of nationality, to be equally venal.

A "gentleman" by the name of Naumoff wanted a certain contract very badly. To help along the good cause he put a 500-rouble note in an envelope, and slipped it unostentatiously under the corner of the blotter of the colonel who had the awarding of contracts. The colonel picked up the envelope, opened it, threw the money and the contractor out of his office—and went on with his work.

Next morning there was a tap on the door, and in walked Naumoff smiling his greasy, ingratiating smirk, he sidled up to the colonel, placed on his desk another envelope—this time containing 10,000 roubles. Ten thousand, mark you! He had learned his lesson the day before; Canadian officers come high!

The colonel had a grouch on that morning, anyway. He threw Naumoff out of the room again, and kicked him right down a short flight of stairs, almost on top of a sentry, stationed at the turn. The sentry took his cue from the colonel, and booted Naumoff down the rest of the way.

Naumoff waxed "virtuously" indignant, and took legal action against the colonel. He took the case to the commander of the Czechs, who acts in all cases of dispute between members of the allied forces and civilians. The Czecho-Slovak commander thought it was strange that a British officer should kick a man downstairs, and sent over to make a few enquiries. When they heard what really had happened Naumoff was threatened with a jail term for attempting to corrupt an Allied officer.

General Elmsley, the "Snowball Brigade" commander, heard rumors and asked for a full account of the affair. The colonel concluded his report by saying:

"..... in putting this man out my boot accidentally caught in his coat-tails."

Handling the Natives

IN dealing with the native people it is necessary to remember that they are as childlike almost as aborigines. There was one case where a ragged and very greasy fellow was caught in the act of stealing gasoline from one of the Canadian stations. The sentry told him to "beat it," but the thief went right on without paying any heed so the soldier jabbed him with his bayonet.

The thief created a tremendous hubbub and volubly demanded redress. He drew aside his rags and showed where the point of the bayonet had penetrated his skin. He was indignant.

"But," he was told, "you were stealing. And you were warned once to go away."

The man looked at the Canadians with a dull, non-comprehending stare.

"The Czar is dead," he said. "Everything belongs to us, the people. I was helping myself. I have as much right to it as you."

The Russian peasant woman is big, strong and



A North-West Mounted Policeman. The N.W.M.P. made up the Cavalry force.

stolid—quite capable of taking care of herself. One night an officer of the 259th battalion was in charge of the guard at Eggerscheldt when a man rushed up to him and tried to drag him in the direction of a house on a near-by hill-side.

An interpreter was sent for, and the Russian told him he was a bachelor, living all alone on a little-tenanted slope of the hill. Eight women had come into his house, and were taking all the furniture away.

"Why don't you clear them out?" asked the officer.

"There are eight of them," said the Russian, with tears of fright in his eyes.

"Then get a Russian policeman to help you."

"That's no good; he's afraid of them, too."

All the coolies are thieves, and have to be handled in a way that they understand. In unloading the stores they will tear a piece of wood out of the top of a case just big enough to get one hand through. Whatever a coolie gets his hand on is his. At the ordnance stores if they find a coolie stealing they tell the head coolie. This chap gets a couple of men to hold the culprit down, while he thrashes him almost into a pulp. Then the coolie doesn't steal anything else until his back has healed, and the memory of the thrashing has passed away. They are very simple and childlike, even in their thefts.

One day two of our officers were superintending the unloading of some freight, and were particularly exasperated with the coolies' petty thieving. Finally, they caught a coolie stealing redhanded, and one of the officers was so "fed up" with the wholesale thefts that he didn't wait to report the man, but proceeded to beat him up rather severely with his crop. The coolie ran away, but was back on the job next day, black and blue.

General Elmsley, who believes in surprise visits to see for himself exactly how things are progressing, called around to the freight unloading siding, carrying a crop. The officer was explaining to him how things were done when suddenly one of the coolies in the nearby group caught sight of the General's crop, gave a yell like an Oriental imitation of a Redskin war-whoop, and ran away for dear life, as if the nineteen devils of Confucius were on his trail.

"What on earth is the matter with that man?" asked the General.

"I can't think what could be wrong with him; probably heat stroke," quickly lied the subaltern.

It was the coolie who had been thrashed the day before, and he distrusted even generals—if they carried riding crops.

The "Snail Express" runs from Vladivostok to Omsk, Admiral Kolchak's quarters. Before the war the trip, about 2,500 miles, was usually accomplished in eight or nine days. Now it takes about six weeks. Once Kolchak wanted to send a bullion train east and he asked for a British guard to go along.

Continued on page 81



A "Kamatski" (Canadian) in full winter kit.

HIS MAJESTY'S WELL-BELOVED

A Romantic Novel of the Time of Charles II

By BARONESS ORCZY

Author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "Flower of the Lily," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. F. PETERS

I
FROM Mr. John Honeywood, clerk to Mr. Theophilus Baggs, attorney-at-law, to Mistress Joyce Saunderson of the Duke's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields:

1662. October the 10th at 85, Chancery Lane, in the City of London. Honoured Mistress.

May it please you that I, an humble clerk and scrivener, do venture to address so talented a lady; but there is that upon my conscience which compels me to write these lines. The goodness and charity of Mistress Saunderson are well-known and 'tis not as a suppliant that I crave pardon for my presumption but rather as one whose fidelity and loyalty have oft been tried and never been found wanting. 'Tis said, most gracious Mistress, that your fancy hath been touched by the tenderness and devotion of a man who is as dear to me as if he were mine own brother, but that you hesitate to bestow upon him that for which he craves more than for anything in the world, your hand and heart. And this because of many rumors which have sullied his fair name. Mr. Betterton, Madam, hath many enemies. How could this be otherwise seeing that so vast a measure of Success hath attended his career, and that the King's most gracious Majesty doth honour him with friendship and regard to the exclusion of others who are envious of so great a fame? Those enemies now, Madam, seeing that your heart hath been touched with the man's grace and bearing, rather than with his undying Renown, have set themselves the task of blackening Mr. Betterton's character before your eyes, thus causing you mayhap grievous sorrow and disappointment. But this I do swear, by all that I hold most sacred, that Mr. Betterton hath never committed a mean act in his life nor done ought to forfeit your Regard. Caustic of wit he is, but neither a Braggart nor a Bully; he hath been credited with many good Fortunes, but so hath every gentleman in the Kingdom, and there is no discredit attached to a man for subjugating the hearts of those that are both frail and fair. My Lady Castlemaine hath bestowed many favors on Mr. Betterton, so hath the Countess of Shrewsbury, and there are others, at least the Gossips do aver it. But on my soul and honour, he hath never ceased to love you, until the day when a certain great Lady came across his path for his misfortune and his undying Regret. And even so, Madam, though appearances are against him, I own, let me assure you that the swerving of his allegiance to you was not only transitory but it was never one of the Heart—it was a mere aberration of the senses. He may never forget the Lady—he certainly will never forget her cruelty—but he no longer loves her, nor did love her as he loves you, with his heart and mind, with tenderness and devotion. The other was only a Dream—a fitful fancy; his

Love for you is as immortal as his Fame. Therefore, gracious Mistress, I, the humble Friend of so great a man, have ventured to set forth for your perusal that which he himself would be too proud to put before you—namely, his Justification. For reasons which are obvious, I have kept the name of the Lady hidden under the guise of one suggested by mine own Fancy. You, no doubt, will read between my lines and guess at the identity which I have been at pains to conceal. As for the rest, what I am about to relate is the true Historie of Mr. Betterton's Romance, the only one which might give you cause for sorrow, yet none for uneasiness, because that Romance is now a thing of the past, like unto a Flower that is faded and without fragrance, even though it still lies pressed between the pages of a great man's Book of Life. Everything else is mere episode. But this which I have here set down will show you how much nobility of heart and grandeur of Character lies hidden beneath the flippant and at times grim exterior of the Man whom you have honoured with your regard.

The writing of the Historie hath caused me much anxiety and deep thought. I desired to present the Truth before you, and not the highly-coloured effusions of a Partisan. I have slurred over nothing, concealed nothing. An you, gracious Mistress, have the patience to read unto the End, I am confident that any hesitation as to your future which may still linger in your heart will vanish with the more intimate knowledge of the true Facts of the case, as well as of the Man whose faults are of his own time and of his entourage, but whose merits are for the whole World to know and to cherish, for as many cycles of years as there will be Englishmen to speak the words of English poets.

II

DARE I take you back, honoured Mistress, to those humble days, five years ago, when first I entered the household of your worthy Uncle, Mr. Theophilus Baggs, and of his still more worthy spouse, Mistress Euphrosine, where for a small—very small—stipend, and free board and lodging, I copied legal documents, Leases, Wills and Indemnities for my employer?

You, fair Lady, were then the only ray of sunshine which illumined the darkness of my dreary life. Yours was a Gaiety which nothing could damp, a Courage and Vitality which not even the nagging disposition of Mistress Euphrosine succeeded in crushing. And when, smarting under her many chidings, my stomach craving for a small Measure of satisfaction, my bones aching from the hardness of my bed, I saw your slim

Figure flitting elf-like from kitchen to living-room, your full young Throat bursting with song like that of a bird at the first scent of spring, I would find my lot less hard, the bread less sour, even Mistress Euphrosine's tongue less acrimonious. My poor, atrophied Heart felt the warmth of your smile.

Then sometimes, when my work was done and my Employers occupied with their own affairs, you used to allow me to be of service to You, to help You wash the dishes which your dainty hands should never have been allowed to touch.

Oh! how I writhed when I heard Mistress Euphrosine ordering you about as if You were a kitchen-wench rather than her husband's Niece, who was honouring his house with her presence! You, so exquisite, so perfect, so cultured, to be the handmaid of a pair of sour, ill-conditioned Reprobates who were not worthy to tie the laces of your dainty shoes. With what joy I performed the menial tasks which never should have been allotted to You, I never until now have dared to tell. I did not think that any Man could find dish-washing and floor-scrubbing quite so enchanting. But then, no other Man hath ever to my knowledge performed such tasks under such happy circumstances; with You standing before me, smiling and laughing at my clumsiness, your shapely arms akimbo, your Voice now rippling into song, now chaffing me with words full of kindness and good humour.

I have known many happy hours since that day, Mistress, and many hours full of sorrow, but none so full of pulsating life as those which outwardly had seemed so miserable.

And then that wonderful afternoon when, Mr. Theophilus and his Spouse being safely out of the way, we stole out together and spent a few hours at the Play! Do you remember the day on which we ventured on the escapade? Mr. Baggs and Mistress Euphrosine had gone to Hampton Court; he to see a noble Client and she to accompany him. The day being fine and the client being a Lady possessed of well-known charms, Mistress Euphrosine would not have trusted her Lord alone in the company of such a forward Minx—at least, those were her Words, which she uttered in my hearing two days before the memorable expedition.

Memorable, indeed, it was to me!

Mr. Baggs left a sheaf of Documents for me to copy, which would—he thought—keep me occupied during the whole course of a long day. You too, fair Mistress, were to be kept busy during the worthy couple's absence, by scrubbing and polishing and sewing—Mistress Euphrosine holding all idleness in abhorrence.

I marvel if you remember it all!

I do, as if it had occurred yesterday! We sat up half the Night previous to our Taskmasters' departure; you polishing and sewing, and I copying away for very life. You remember? Our joint savings for the past six months we had counted up together. They amounted to three shillings. One shilling we spent in oil for our lamps, so that we might complete our tasks during the night. This left us free for the great and glorious Purpose which we had in our minds and which we had planned and brooded over for days and weeks.



Mr. Baggs had gone to Hampton Court.



I knew that a brilliant future lay before you.

We meant to go to the Play!

It seems strange now, in view of your renown, fair Mistress, and of mine own intimacy with Mr. Betterton, that you and I had both reached an age of Man and Womanhood without ever having been to the Play. Yet You belonged from childhood to the household of Mistress Euphrosine Baggs, who is own sister to Mr. Betterton. But that worthy woman abhorred the Stage and all that pertained to it, and she blushed—aye, blushed!—at thought of the marvelous fame attained by her illustrious Brother.

Do you remember confiding to me, less than a month after I first entered the household of Mr. Baggs, that You were pining to go to the Play? You had seen Mr. Betterton once or twice when he came to visit his Sister—which he did not do very often—but you had never actually been made acquainted with him, nor had you ever seen him act. And You told me how handsome he was, and and your dark eyes would flash with enthusiasm at thought of the Actor's art and of the Actor's power.

I had never seen him at all in those days; but I loved to hear about him.

Strange what a fascination the Stage exercised over so insignificant and so mean a creature as I!

III

WILL you ever forget the dawn of that glorious day, fair Mistress?

Mr. Baggs and his Spouse went off quite early, to catch the chaise at La Belle Sauvage which would take them to Hampton Court. But however early they went, we thought them mighty slow in making a start. An hundred recommendations, orderings, scoldings, had to be gone through ere the respectable Couple, carrying provisions for the day in a Bandana Handkerchief, finally got on the way.

It was a perfect Morning early in March, with the first scent and feel of spring in the air. Not a cloud in the sky. By Midday our tasks were entirely accomplished and we were free! Free as the Birds in the air, free as two 'prentices out for a holiday! But little did we eat, I remember. We were too excited for hunger, nor had Mistress Euphrosine left much in the larder for us. What did we care? Our enthusiasm, our eagerness, were Cook and Scullion for us, that day!

We were going to the Play!

Oh, how we tripped to Cockpit Lane, asking our way from passers-by, for we knew so little of London—fashionable London, that is; the London of gaiety and laughter, of careless thoughts and wayward moods. Holding hands, we hurried through the Streets. You wore a dark Cape with a Hood to hide your pretty face and your soft brown hair, lest some acquaintance of your Uncle's should chance to see You and betray our guilty secret.

Do you remember how we met Mr. Rhodes, the bookseller, and friend of Mr. Baggs?—he to whom young Mr. Betterton was even then apprenticed. At the corner of Princess Street we came nose to nose with him, and but for great presence of mind on my part when, without an instant's hesitation, I ran straight at him and butted him in the stomach so that he lost his balance for the moment and only recovered complete Consciousness after we had disappeared round the corner of the Street, he no doubt would have recognized us and betrayed our naughty secret.

Oh, what a fright we had! I can see you now, leaning, breathless and panting, against the street corner, your hand pressed to your bosom, your Eyes shining like stars!

As for the rest, it is all confusion in my mind. The crowd, the bustle, the noise, this great Assembly, the like of which I had never seen before. I do not know how we came to our seats. All I know is that we were there, looking down upon the moving throng.



"I am a soldier, sir," he said, "and not a politician."

I remember that some worthy of obvious note was sitting next to me, and was perpetually treading upon my toes. But this I did not mind, for he was good enough to point out to me the various Notabilities amongst the audience or upon the stage; and I was greatly marvelled and awed by the wonderful familiarity with which he spoke of all these distinguished People.

"There sits General Monk. Brave old George! By gad! 'twere interesting to know what goes on inside that square head of his! King or Protector, which is it to be? Or Protector and King! George knows; and you mark my words, young Sir, George will be the one to decide. Old Noll is sick; he can't last long. And Master Richard hath not much affection for his Father's Friends—calls them reprobates and ungodly. Well! can you see George being rebuked by Master Richard for going to the Play?"

And I, not being on such intimate terms with the Lord Protector's son or with General Monk, could offer no opinion on the subject. And after awhile my Neighbor went on glibly:

"Ah! here comes my Lady Viner, flaunting silks and satins. Aye, the fair Alice—his third wife, mark you!—knows how to spend the money which her Lord hath been at such pains to scrape together. By gad! who'd have thought to see red-haired Polly Ann so soon after the demise of His Grace! See, not an inch of widows' Weeds doth she wear in honour of the old dotard who did her the infinite favour of dying just in the nick of time —"

And so on, the man would babble in a continuous stream of talk. You, Mistress, listened to him open-mouthed, your great brown Eyes aglow with curiosity and with excitement. You and I knew but little of those great Folk, and seeing them all around us, prepared for the same enjoyment which we had paid to obtain, made us quite intoxicated with eagerness.

Our Neighbor, who of a truth seemed to know everything, expressed great surprise at the fact that Old Noll—as he so unceremoniously named the Lord Protector—had tolerated the opening of the Cockpit. "But," he added sententiously, "Bill Davenant could wheedle a block of ice out of the devil, if he chose."

IV

OF the Play I remember but little. I was in truth much too excited to take it all in. And sitting so near to you, Mistress—for the place was overcrowded—my knee touching yours, your dear little hand darting out from time to time to grip mine convulsively during the more palpitating moments of the entertainment, was quite as much as an humble Clerk's brain could hold.

There was a great deal of Music—that I do remember. Also that the entertainment was termed an opera and that the name of the piece was "The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru." My omniscient Neighbour told me presently that no doubt the Performance was an artful piece of flattery on the part of Bill (meaning, I suppose, Sir William Davenant) who, by blackening the Spaniards made Old Noll's tyranny appear like bountiful mercies.

But I did not like to hear our Lord Protector spoken of with such levity. Moreover, my Neighbour's incessant chatter distracted me from the Stage.

What I do remember more vividly than any-

thing else on that memorable day was your cry of delight when Mr. Betterton appeared upon the stage. I do not know if you had actually spoken with him before; I certainly had never even seen him. Mr. Betterton was then apprenticed to Mr. Rhodes, the bookseller, and it was entirely against the judgment and wishes of Mistress Euphrosine Baggs, his Sister, that he adopted the stage as an additional calling. I know that there were many high words on that subject between Mr. Betterton and Mistress Euphrosine, Mr. Rhodes greatly supporting the young man in his desire, he having already formulated schemes of his own for the management of a Theatre, and extolling the virtues of the Actor's Art and the vastly lucrative state thereof.

But Mistress Euphrosine would have none of it. Actors were rogues and vagabonds, she said, ungodly Reprobates who were unfit, when dead, to be buried in consecrated ground. She would never consent to seeing a Brother of hers follow so disreputable a calling. From high words it came to an open quarrel, and though I had been over a year in the house of Mr. Theophilus Baggs, I had never until this day set eyes on young Mr. Betterton.

HE was not taking a very important part in the Opera, but there was no denying the fact that as soon as he appeared upon the Stage his handsome appearance did throw every other Actor into the shade. The Ladies in the boxes gave a deep sigh of content, gazing on him with admiring eyes and bestowing loud applause upon his every word. And when Mr. Betterton threw out his arms with a gesture expressive of a noble Passion and spoke the ringing lines: "And tell me then, ye sons of England —" his beautiful voice rising and falling with the perfect cadence of an exquisite harmony—the uproar of enthusiasm became wellnigh deafening. The Ladies clapped their hands and waved their handkerchiefs, the Gentlemen stamped their feet upon the floor; and some, lifting their hats, threw them with a flourish upon the Stage, so that anon Mr. Betterton stood with a score or more Hats all around his feet, and was greatly perturbed as to how he should sort them out and restore them to their rightful owners.

Ah, it was a glorious day! Nothing could mar the perfection of its course. No! not even the rain which presently began to patter over the Spectators, and anon fell in torrents, so that those who were in the pit had to beat a precipitate retreat, scrambling helter-skelter over the benches in a wild endeavour to get under cover.

This incident somewhat marred the harmony of the ending, because to see Ladies and Gentlemen struggling and scrambling to climb from bench to bench

under a deluge of rain, was in truth a very droll spectacle; and the attention of those in the boxes was divided between the happenings on the Stage and the antics of the rest of the Audience.

You and I, fair Mistress, up aloft in our humble place, were far better sheltered than the more grand folk in the pit. I put your cloak around your shoulders to protect You against the cold, and thus sitting close together, my knee still resting against yours, we watched the Performance until the end.

V

HOW we went home that afternoon I do not remember. I know that it was raining heavily and that we got very wet. But this caused me no inconvenience, because it gave me the privilege of placing my arm around your shoulders so as to keep your cloak from falling. Also my mind was too full of what I had seen to heed the paltry discomfort of a wetting. My thoughts were of the Play, the Music, the brilliant Assembly; yours, Mistress, were of Mr. Betterton. Of him you prattled all the way home, to the exclusion of every other topic. And if your enthusiastic eulogy of that talented Person did at times send a pang of sorrow through my heart, You at least were unaware of my trouble. Not that I took no share in your enthusiasm. I did it wholeheartedly. Never had I admired a man before as I did Mr. Betterton on that day. His Presence was commanding, his Face handsome, his Voice at times masterful and full of power, at others infinitely sweet. My officious and talkative Neighbour, just before the rain came down and rendered him dumb, had remarked to me with a great air of knowledge and of finality:

"Mark my word, young Sir, England will hear something presently of Tommy Betterton."

It was not until we reached the corner of Chancery Lane that we were forced to descend to the Realities of Life. We had had a glorious Day, and for many hours had wholly forgotten the many annoyances and discomforts with which our lives were beset. Now we were a little tired and exceedingly wet. Mistress Euphrosine's scoldings, our oft empty stomachs, hard beds and cheerless lives loomed once more largely upon the Horizon of our mental vision.

Our pace began to slacken; your glib tongue was stilled. Holding hands now, we hurried home in silence, our minds stirred by a still vague sense of fear.

Nor was that fear unjustified, alas! as subsequent events proved. No sooner had we entered the House than we knew that we were discovered. Mr. Baggs' cloak hung up in the hall, revealed the terrifying fact that he and his indomitable Spouse had unaccountably returned at this hour. No doubt that the weather was the primary cause of this untoward Event: its immediate result was a volley of abuse poured upon our heads by Mistress Euphrosine's eloquent tongue. We were Reprobates' Spawns and Children of the Devil! We were Liars and Cheats and Thieves! We had deserved God's wrath and eternal punishment! Heavens above! how she did talk! And we, alas! could not escape that vituperative torrent.

We had fled into the kitchen as soon as we had realized that we were fairly caught; but Mistress Euphrosine had followed us thither and had closed the door behind her. And now, standing facing us, her large, gaunt body barring every egress, she talked and talked until You, fair Mistress, gave way to a passionate flood of tears.

All our pleasure, our joy, had vanished; driven hence by the vixenish tongue of a soured Harriidan. I was beside myself with rage. But for your restraining influence. I could have struck that shrieking Virago, and for ever after have destroyed what was the very essence of my life. For she would have turned me out of doors then and there, and I should have been driven forth from your presence, perhaps never to return.

The sight of your Patience and of your Goodness helped to deaden my wrath. I hung my head and bit my tongue lest it should betray me into saying things which I should have regretted to the end of my days.

And thus that memorable day came to a close. Somehow, it stands before my mind as would the first legible page in the Book of my Life. Before it, everything was blurred; but that page is clear. I can read it now, even after five years. For the first time, destiny had writ on it two names in bold, indelible characters—yours, Mistress, and that of Mr. Betterton. Henceforth, not a day in my life would pass without one of You looming largely in its scheme.

Joyce Saunderson! Tom Betterton! My very pulses seem to beat to the tune of those two Names! I knew then, by one of those subtle intuitions which no Man has ever succeeded in comprehending, that Heaven itself had intended you for one another. How

then could I stand by and see the wickedness of Man striving to interfere with the decrees of God?

CHAPTER TWO

The Rift Within the Lute

I

AFTER that memorable day, Mistress, we were like naughty children who were being punished for playing truant out of school. For weeks and months our lives went on with dreary monotony, with never a chance of seeing Something of that outside world of which we had caught a glimpse. You continued to sew and to scrub and to be at the beck and call of a Scold. I went on copying legal Documents till my very brain appeared atrophied, incapable of a single happy thought or of a joyous hope.

Out there in the great world, many things were happening. The Lord Protector died; his son succeeded. And then England woke to the fact that she had never cared for these Regicides, Republicans and Puritans, that in her heart she had always loved the Martyred King and longed to set his Son once more upon his Throne.

I often thought of my loquacious Neighbour at the play, with his talk of Old Noll and Master Richard and of George. For George Monk in truth had become the man of the hour; for he it was who was bringing King Charles back into his Kingdom again.

Two years had gone by since our memorable day at the play, and as that same Neighbour had also foretold, England was hearing a great deal about Tom Betterton. His name was on everyone's lips. Mr. Rhodes, the bookseller, had obtained a license from General Monk to get a Company of Actors together, and the palmy days of the Cockpit had begun. Then it was that some faint echo of life of our great City penetrated as far as the dull purlieus of Mr. Baggs' household; then it was that the ring of the fame of Mr. Betterton even caused Mistress Euphrosine to recall her former arbitrary judgments.

Everyone now was talking of her illustrious Brother. General Monk himself had made a friend of him, so had Sir John Grenville, who was the King's own Envoy; and those who were in the know prophesied that His Majesty Himself would presently honour the eminent Player with his regard. My Lord Rochester was his intimate friend; Sir George Etherege was scarce ever seen in public without him. Lord Broghill had vowed that the English Stage was made famous throughout the Continent of Europe by the superlative excellence of Mr. Betterton.

To such eulogies, coming from the most exalted Personages in the land, Mistress Euphrosine could not turn an altogether deaf ear; and being a woman of character and ambition, she soon realized that her antagonism to her illustrious Brother not only rendered her ridiculous, but might even prove a bar to Mr. Theophilus Baggs' advancement.

The first step towards a reconciliation was taken when Mr. Baggs and his Spouse went together to the play to see Mr. Betterton act Solymen in a play called "The Siege of Rhodes." You and I, Mistress, were by great favour allowed to go too, and to take our places in that same Gallery where two years previously You and I had spent such happy hours. We spoke little to one another, I remember. Our hearts were full of memories; but I could see your brown eyes lighten as soon as the eminent Actor walked upon the stage. The same glamour which his personality had thrown over You two years ago was still there. Nay! it was enhanced an hundredfold, for to the magnetic presence of the man was now added the supreme magic of the Artist. I am too humble a scrivener, fair Lady, to attempt to describe Mr. Betterton's acting, nor do I think that such art as his could be adequately discussed. Your enjoyment of it I did fully share. You devoured him with your eyes while he was on the stage, and the charm of his voice filled the crowded Theatre and silenced every other sound. I knew that the world had ceased to exist for You and that the mysterious and elusive god of Love had hit your heart with his wayward dart.

I thank God that neither then nor later did any feeling of bitterness enter into my Soul. Sad I was, but a gentle sadness which made me feel mine own unworthiness even whilst I prayed that You might realize your heart's desire.

Strangely enough, it was at the very moment when I first understood the state of your feelings that mine eyes, a little dimmed with tears, were arrested by the sight of a young and beautiful Lady, who sat in one of the boxes not very far from our point of vantage. I wondered then what it was about her that thus enchaind my attention. Of a truth, she was singularly fair, of that dainty and translucent fairness which I for one have never been able to admire, but which is

went to set Men's pulses beating with an added quickness—at least, so I've heard it said. The Lady had blue eyes, an exquisitely white skin, her golden hair was dressed in the new modish fashion, with quaint little ringlets all around her low, square brow. The face was that of a Child, and yet there was something about the firm chin, something about the forehead and the set of the lips which spoke of character and of strength not often found in one so young.

Immediately behind her sat a young Cavalier of prepossessing appearance, who obviously was whispering pleasing words in the Lady's shell-like ear. I confess that for the moment I longed for the presence of our loquacious Neighbour of two years ago. He, without doubt, would have known who the noble young Lady was and who was her attentive Cavalier. Soon, however, the Progress of the Play once more riveted mine attention upon the Stage, and I forgot all about the beautiful Lady until it was time to go. Then I sought her with mine eyes; but she had already gone. And I, whilst privileged to arrange your cloak around your shoulders, realized how much more attractive brown hair was than fair, and how brilliant could be the sparkle of dark eyes as against the more languorous expression of those that are blue.

II

I WAS not present at the time that you, Mistress, first made the acquaintance of Mr. Betterton. He came to the house originally for the sole purpose of consulting with his brother-in-law on a point of Law, he having an idea of joining Sir William Davenant in the management of the new Theatre which that gentleman was about to open in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The season in London promised to be very brilliant. His Majesty the King was coming into his own once more. Within a month or two at the latest, he would land at Dover, and as even through his misfortunes and exile he had always been a great patron of the arts of Drama and Literature, there was no doubt that he would give his gracious patronage to such enterprises as Sir William Davenant and Mr. Killigrew, not to mention others, had already in view.

No doubt that Sir William Davenant felt that no Company of Actors could be really complete without the leadership of Mr. Betterton; and we all knew that both he and Mr. Killigrew were literally fighting one another to obtain the great Actor's services.

In the end, of course, it was Sir William who won, and thus Mr. Betterton came to visit Mr. Theophilus Baggs to arrange for an Indenture whereby he was to have a share of the profits derived from the performances at the new Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

You, Mistress, will remember that day even better than I do, for to me it only marked one more stage on the dreary road of my uneventful life, whilst for You it meant the first pearl in that jeweled crown of happiness which Destiny hath fashioned for You. Mr. Baggs had sent me on that day to Richmond, to see a client of his there. Whether he did this purposely, at the instance of Mistress Euphrosine in order to get me out of the way, I know not. In her estimation I was supposed to have leanings for the Actor's profession in those days—surely a foolish supposition, seeing how unprepossessing was my appearance and how mediocre my intellect.

Without doubt, however, could she have read the secrets of your soul, Mistress, she would have sent You on an errand too, to a remote corner of England, or had locked you up in your room, ere you came face to face with the great Man whose personality and visage were already deeply graven upon your heart.

But her futile, unamiable mind was even then torn between the desire to make a brave show of prosperity before her illustrious Brother and to welcome him as the friend and companion of great Gentlemen, and the old puritanical spirit within her which still looked upon Actors as rogues and vagabonds, men upon whom God would shower some very special, altogether terrible curses for their loose and immoral lives.

Thus Mistress Euphrosine's treatment of the distinguished Actor was ever contradictory. She did her best to make him feel that she despised him for his calling, yet nevertheless she fawned upon him because of his connections with the Aristocracy. Even subsequently, when Mr. Betterton enjoyed not only the patronage but the actual friendship of His Majesty the King, Mistress Euphrosine's attitude towards him was always one of pious scorn. He might be enjoying the protection of an earthly King, but what was that in comparison with his sister's intimacy with God? He might consort with Dukes, but she would anon make one in a company of Angels, amongst whom such reprobates as Actors would never find a place.

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The black had swerved full in on the buckskin; they saw Texas clutch at the rider.

CLATAWA had put racing in Walla Walla in cold storage. You can't have any kind of sport with one individual, horse or man, and Clatawa had beaten everything so decisively that the gamblers sat down with blank faces and asked: "What's the use?"

Horse racing had been a civic institution, a daily round of joyous thrills—a commendable medium for the circulation of gold. The Nez Perces Indians, who owned that garden of Eden, the Palouse country, and were rich, would troop into Walla Walla, long rolls of twenty-dollar gold pieces plugged into a snake-like skin till the thing resembled a black sausage, and bet the coins as though they were nickels.

It was a lovely town, with its straggling clap-boarded buildings, its U.S. Cavalry post, its wide-open dance halls and gambling palaces: it was a live town was Walla Walla, squatting there in the centre of a great luxuriant plain, twenty miles or more from the Columbia and Snake Rivers.

Snaky Dick had roped a big bay with black points that was lord of a harem of wild mares; he had speed and stamina, and also brains; so they named him "Clatawa," that is "The-one-who-goes-quick."

When Clatawa found that men were not terrible creatures he chummed in, and enjoyed the gambling, and the racing, and the high living like any other creature of brains.

He was about three-quarter warm blood. How the mixture came nobody knew. Some half-bred mare, carrying a foal, had perhaps escaped from one of the great breeding ranches, such as the "Scissors Brand Ranch" where the sires were thoroughbred, and dropped her baby in the herd. And the colt, not being raced to death as a two-year-old, had grown into a big, up-standing bay, with perfect unblemished bone, lungs like a blacksmith's bellows, and sinews that played through unruptured sheaths. His courage, too, had not been broken by the whip and spur of pin-head jocks.

Owners Up

Another Bulldog Carney Story

By W. A. FRASER

Author of "Thoroughbreds," "Mosses," "The Three Sapphires," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. WRENN

There was just lute, that dilution wasn't a thor- until his measure some other equine looked him in the eye as they fought it out stride for stride, no man could just say what the cold blood would do: it was so apt to quit.

AT first Walla Walla rejoiced when Snaky Dick commenced to make the Nez Perces horses look like pack mules; but now had come the time when there was no one to fight the "champ," and the game was on the hog, as Iron Jaw Blake declared.

Then Iron Jaw and Snaggle Tooth Boone, and Death-on-the-trail Carson formed themselves into a committee of three to ameliorate the monotony.

They were a picturesque trio. Carson was a sombre individual, architecturally resembling a leafless gaunt-limbed pine, for he lacked but a scant half-inch of being seven feet of bone and whip-cord.

Years before he had gone out over the trail that wound amongst sage bush and pink-flowered ball cactus

one rift in the of cold blood. He oughbred, a n d, was taken, until

Iron Jaw's directions were specific, lengthy; going into detail. He knew that a thoroughbred, even a selling plater, would be good enough to take the measure of any cross-bred horse, no matter how good the latter apparently was, running in scrub races. He also knew the value of weight as a handicap, and the Walla Walla races were all matches catch weight up. So he wrote to Reilly to send him a tall, slim rider who could pad up with clothes and look the part of an able-bodied cow puncher.

IT was a pleasing line of endeavor to Reilly—he just loved that sort of thing; trimming "come-ons" was right in his mitt. He fulfilled the commission to perfection, sending up, by the flat river steamer, the Maid of Palouse, what appeared to be an ordinary black ranch cow-pony in charge of Texas Sam, a cow puncher. From Lewiston, the head of navigation, Texas Sam rode his horse behind the old Concord coach over the twenty-five miles of trail to Walla Walla.

The endeavor had gone through with swift smoothness. Nobody but Iron Jaw, Death-on-the-trail, and

up into the Bitter Root Mountains with "Irish" Fagan. Months after he came back alone: more sombre, more gaunt, more sparing of speech, and had offered casually the statement that, "Fagan met death on the trail." This laconic epitome of a gigantic event had crystallized into a moniker for Carson, and he became solely "Death-on-the-trail."

Snaggle Tooth Boone had a wolf-like fang on the very doorstep of his upper jaw, so it required no powerful inventive faculty to rechristen him with aptitude.

Blake was not only iron-jawed physically, but all his dealings were of the bull-headed order; finesse was as foreign to Iron Jaw as caviare to a Siwash.

So this triumvirate of decorative citizens, with Iron Jaw as penman, wrote to Reilly at Portland, Oregon, to send in a horse good enough to beat Clatawa, and a jock to ride him.

Snaggle Tooth knew of the possibilities that lurked in the long chapp-legged Texas Sam and the thin, rakish, black horse that he called Horned Toad.

As one spreads bait as a decoy, Sam was given money to flash, and instructed in the art of fool talk.

Iron Jaw was banker in this game; while Snaggle Tooth ran the wheel and faro lay-out in the Coeur d'Alene Saloon. So, when Texas dribbled a thousand dollars across the table, bucking the tiger, it was snow money; a thousand that Iron Jaw had passed him earlier in the evening, and which Snaggle Tooth would pass back to its owner in the morning.

There was no hurry to spring the trap. Texas Sam allowed that he himself was an uncurried wild horse from the great desert, that he was all wool and a yard wide; that he could lick his fighting weight in wild cats; and bet on anything he fancied till the cows came home with their tails between their legs. And all the time he drank; he would drink with anybody, and anybody might drink with him. This was no piking game, for the three students of get-it-in-big-wads had declared for a coup that would cause Walla Walla to stand up on its hind legs and howl.

Of course Snaky Dick and his clique cast covetous eyes on the bank roll that Texas showed an inkling of when he flashed his gold. That Texas had a horse was the key to the whole situation; a horse that he was never tired of describing as the king-pin cow-pony from Kalamazoo to Kamschatka; a spring-heeled antelope that could run rings around any cayuse that had ever looked through a halter.

But Snaky Dick went slow. Some night when Texas was full of hop he'd rush him for a match. Indeed the Clatawa crowd had the money ready to plunk down when the psychological pitch of Sam's Dutch courage had arrived.

IT was all going swimmingly, both ends of Walla Walla being played against the middle, so to speak, when the "unknown quantity" drifted into the game.

A tall, lithe man, with small, placid gray eyes set in a tanned face, rode up out of the sage brush astride a buckskin horse on his way to Walla Walla. He looked like a casual cowpuncher riding into town with the laudable purpose of tying the faro outfit hoof and horn, and, incidentally, showing what could be done to a bar when a man was in earnest and had the mazuma.

As the buckskin leisurely loped down the trail-road that ran from the cavalry barracks to the heart of Walla Walla, his rider became aware of turmoil in the suburbs. In front of a neat little cottage, the windows of which held flowers partly shrouded by lace curtains, a lathy individual, standing beside a rakish black horse, was orating with Bacchanalian vehemence. Gathered from his blasphemous narrative he knew chronologically the past history of a small pretty woman with peroxidized hair, who stood in the open door. He must have enlarged on the sophistication of her past life, for the little lady, with a crisp oath, called the declaimer a liar and a seven-times misplaced offspring.

The rider of the buckskin checked his horse, threw his right leg loosely over the saddle, and restfully contemplated the exciting film.

The irate and also inebriated man knew that he had drawn on his imagination, but to be told in plain words that he was a liar peeved him. With an ugly oath he swung his quirt, and sprang forward, as if he would bring its lash down on the *decolleté* shoulders of the woman.

At that instant something that looked like a boy shot through the door as though thrust from a catapult, and landed, head on, in the bread basket of the cantankerous one, carrying him off his feet.

The man on the buckskin chuckled, and slipped to the ground.

But the boy had shot his bolt, so to speak; the big man he had tumbled so neatly soon turned him, and, rising, was about to drive a boot into the little fellow's ribs. I say about to, for just then certain fingers of steel twined themselves in his red neckerchief, he was yanked *volte face*, and a fist drove into his midriff.

Of course his animosity switched to the newcomer; but as he essayed a grapple the driving fist caught him quite neatly on the north-east corner of his jaw. He sat down, the goggle stare of his eyes suggesting that he contemplated a trip to dreamland.

THE little woman now darted forward, crying in a voice whose gladness swam in tears: "Bulldog Carney! You always man—you beaut!" She would have twined her arms about Bulldog, but the placid gray eyes, so full of quiet aloofness, checked her.

But the man's voice was soft and gentle as he said: "The same Bulldog, Molly, girl. Glad I happened along."

He turned to the quarrelsome one who had staggered to his feet: "You ride away before I get cross."

The man addressed looked into the gray eyes switched on to his own for inspection; then he turned, mounted the black, and throwing over his shoulder, "I'll get you for this, Mister Butter-in!" rode away.

The other party to the rough-and-tumble, winded, had erected his five feet of length, and with a palm pressed against his chest was emitting between wheezy coughs picturesque words of encomium upon Bulldog, not without derogatory reflections upon the man who had ridden away.

In the midst of this vocal cocktail he broke off suddenly to exclaim in astonishment:

"Holy Gawd!"

Then he scuttled past Carney, slipped a finger through the ring of the buckskin's snaffle and peered into the horse's face as if he had found a long-lost friend.

Perhaps the buckskin remembered him too, for he pressed a velvet mouse-colored muzzle against the lad's cheek and whispered something.

The little man ran a hand up and down the horse's cannon-bones with the inquisitiveness of a blind man reading raised print.

Then he turned to Carney who had been chatting with Molly and asked: "Where the hell d'you get Waster?"

A faint smile twitched the owner's tawny mustache, chased away by a little cloud of anger, for in that land of many horse-stealings to ask a man how he had come by his horse savored of discourtesy. But it was only a little wizen-faced, flat-chested friend of Molly's. So Carney smiled again, and answered by asking:

"Gentle-voiced kidaloon, explain what you mean by the Waster. That chum of mine's name is Pat—Patsy, boy, often enough."

"Pat nothin'! nor Percy, nor Willie; he's just plain old Waster that I won the Ranch Stakes on in Butte, four years ago."

"Guess again, kid," Carney suggested.

"Holy Mike! Say, boss, if you could think like you can punch you'd be all right. That's Waster. Listen, Mister Cowboy, while I tell you 'bout his friends and relatives. He's by Gambler's Money out of Scotch Lassie, whose breedin' runs back to Prince Charlie: Gambler's Money was by Spendthrift; and his sire was imported Australian, whose grandsire was the English horse Melbourne. D'you get that, sage-brush rider?"

"I hear sounds. Tinkle again, little man."

MOLLY laughed, her white teeth and honest blue eyes discounting the false-tinted yellow hair until the face looked good.

The little man stretched out an arm, at the end of it a thin finger levelled at the buckskin's head:

"Have you ever took notice of them lop ears?"

"Once—which was continuous."

"And you thought there was a jackass strain in him, eh?"

"Pat looked good to me all the time, ears and all."

"Well them sloppy listeners are a throw-back to Melbourne—he was like that. I've read he was a mean-lookin' cuss, with weak knees; but he was all horse; and aint Waster got bad knees? And don't he get that buckskin from Spendthrift, who was a chestnut, same's his dad, Australian?" This seemed a direct query for he broke off to cough.

"Go on, lad—"

"Excuse me, sorry—" Molly was speaking—"this is Mackay, Billy. My old Vassar chum, Bessie, his sister, wished him on me a month ago to see what God's country could do for that busted chest."

The little man was impatient over the switch to himself—the horse was the thing.

"If it wasn't for them dicky forelegs—Gawd! What a horse Waster'd been! And if his owner, Leatherhead Mike Doyle, had kept the weight off him he'd 've stood up anyway, for he was the truest thing. Say, Bulldog—don't mind me, I like that name, it talks good—Waster didn't need no blinkers; he didn't need no spurs; he didn't need no whip—I'd as lief hit a child with the bud as hit him. He'd just break his heart tryin'. Waster was Leatherhead's meal ticket, dicky knees and all, till he threw a splint. It was the weight—a hundred and thirty-six pounds the handicapper give him in the Gold Range Stakes at a mile-and-a-quarter; and he was leadin' into the stretch and finished, fightin', on three legs. He was beat, of course, and Leatherhead was broke, and I never see Waster again. A trombone player in a beer garden would have known the little cuss with them hot-jointed knees couldn't pack weight, and would 've scratched him."

CARNEY put a hand caressingly on Jockey Mackay's shoulder, saying: "You stand pat with me, kid—your heart is about human, I guess. What was that Grandfather-of-maverick's, the hostile person's game?"

Molly explained with a certain amount of asperity: "He'd seen me down in the Del Monte joint, and thought—well, he was filled up on Chinese rum. He wasn't none too much like a man in anything he said or done, but I was standin' for him so long as he don't get plumb Injun."

"Injun? Cripes! An Injun's a drug-store gent compared to that stiff, Slimy Red," Billy objected.

"Yes, that's what started it, Bulldog—Billy knew him."

"Knew him—huh! Slimy Red was the crookedest rider that ever throwed a leg over a horse. He used to give his own father the wrong steer and laugh when the old man's money was burnt up on a horse that finished in the ruck."

"He comes in here palmin' off the moniker of Texas Sam, a big ranch guy that sees blood on the moon when he's out for a time," Molly helped with.

"I didn't know him at first," the little man admitted, "his face bein' a garden of black alfalfa, till I sees that the crop is red for half-an-inch above the surface where it had pushed through the dye. Then he says, 'I'll bet my left eye agin your big toe,' and I'm on, for that's a great sayin' with Slimy Red Smith—he was Slimy Red hisself. And politely, not givin' the game away, but callin' him 'Texas,' I suggests that me and Molly is goin' to sing hymns for a bit, and that he'd best push on."

"Soon's Billy warbles, 'Good-bye, stranger,'" Molly laughed, "this Texas person goes up in the air. Well, you see the finish, Bulldog."

THE little man had wrestled a coughing spell into subjection and with apparent inconsistency asked: "Did you ever hear of it rainin' bulldogs, Mr. Carney?"

Carney nodded, a suspicion flashing upon him that the weak chest was twin brother to a weak brain in Billy the Jock.

"Well, it's been rainin' discard race-horses about Walla Walla."

"Much of a storm?"

"They're comin' kind of thick. There's yours, Waster, and Slimy Red has got Ding Dong; he's out of Weddin' Bells by Tambourine."

"Are you in a hurry, Bulldog?" Molly asked, fancying that Carney's well-known courtesy was perhaps the father of his apparent interest.

"I was, Molly, till I saw you," he answered graciously, a gentle smile lighting up his stern features.

"Oh, you gentleman knight of the road—always the silver-tongued Bulldog. There's a bottle inside with a gold necktie on it, waitin' for a real man to pull the cork. Come on, kid Billy."

The boy looked at Carney, and the latter said: "It's been a full moon since I pattered with anybody about anything but fat pork and sundown. We'll accept the little lady's invitation."

"I can give Waster four quarts of oats, Mr. Carney; I've been ridin' in the way of a cure."

Carney laughed. "You're a sure little bit of all right, kid; the horse first when it comes to grub—that's me; but I'll feed Pat when he's bedded for the night."

Inside the cottage Molly and Bulldog jaunted back over the life trail upon which they had met at different times and in divers places.

But Jockey Mackay had been thrown back into his life's environment at sight of Waster. He was as full of racing as the wine bottle was full of bubbles; like the wine he effervesced:

"You been here in Walla Walla before?" he asked Carney, breaking in on the memory of a funny something that had happened when Molly and Bulldog were both in Denver.

"Some time since," Carney replied.

"D'you know about Clatawa?"

"Is it a mine or a cocktail, Billy?"

"Clatawa's a horse."

"I might have known," Carney murmured resignedly.

Then the little man narrated of Clatawa, and the fatuous belief Walla Walla held that a horse with cold blood in his veins could gallop fast enough to keep himself warm. He waxed indignant over this, declaring that boneheads that held such crazy ideas ought to be bled white, that is in a monetary way.

CARNEY, being a Chevalier d'Industrie, had a keen nose for oblique enterprises, but up to the present he had enjoyed the little man's chatter simply because he loved horses himself; but at this, the Clatawa disease, he pricked his ears.

"What is your unsavory acquaintance, Slimy Red, doing here with Ding Dong?" he asked.

A cunning smile twisted the lad's bluish lips as he lighted a cigarette.

"Slimy Red is padded," he vouchsafed after a puff at the cigarette.

"Padded!" Molly exclaimed, her blue eyes rounding. "Sure thing. That herrin' gut can ride at a hundred and twenty pounds. He's a steeplechase jock, generally, though he's good on the flat, too. He's got a couple of sweaters on under that corduroy jacket to make him look big."

Carney laughed. "That explains something. When I pushed my fist against his stomach I thought it had gone clean through—it sank to the wrist; it was just as though I had punched a bag of feathers."

"But the upper cut was there all right Mr. Carney; it was a loolapalcosa."

"Why all the clothes?" Molly asked.

"I've been dopin' it out," the boy answered. "It's all match races here, catch weights; there aint one of them could ride a flat car without given' it the slows, but they know what weight is in a race; they know you can pile enough on to bring a cart horse and a winner of the Brooklyn Handicap together."

"I see," Carney said contemplatively; "Slimy Red, if he makes a match, figures to get a big pull in the weights."

"Sure thing, Mike; Walla Walla will bet the family plate on Clatawa; they'll go down hook, line, and sinker, and then some. They'll fall for the clothes and think Slimy weighs a hundred and seventy. D'you get it?"

"Fancy I do," Carney chuckled. "The avaricious Mister Red is probably here on a missionary venture; he aims to separate these godless ones from the root of evil through having a trained thoroughbred, and an ample pull in the weight."

"Now you're talkin'," Jockey Mackay declared. Then he relapsed into a meditative silence, sipping his wine as he correlated several possibilities suggested by the rainfall of racing horses in Walla Walla.

CARNEY and Molly drifted into desultory talk again. After a time Billy spoke.

"It aint on the cards that a lot of money is comin' to Slimy Red—he don't deserve it; he ought to be trimmed himself."

"He sure ought," Molly corroborated.

"Hell!" the little man exclaimed; "nobody could never trim Red 'cause he never had nothin'. I got it! Somebody in Walla Walla is the angel; and Red'll get a rake-off. He don't own Ding Dong; he couldn't own a lead pad; booze gets his."

"Billy," Molly's face went serious; "I can guess it in once—Iron Jaw! Oh, gee! I've been blind. Iron Jaw, and Snaggle Tooth, and Death-on-the-trail aint men to cotton to a coot like Slimy Red; they're gamblers, and don't stand for anything that aint a man, only just while they take his roll. They've been nursin' this four-flusher. It's been 'Hello, Texas!' and 'Have a drink, Texas.' I've got it."

"Fancy you have, Molly," Bulldog submitted.

"Gawd! that's the combination," Billy declared. "I was right."

"And Iron Jaw has got a down on Snaky Dick that owns Clatawa over some bad split in bets," Molly added.

"The old game," Carney laughed. "When thieves fall out honest men win a bet. It would appear from the evidence that Iron Jaw Blake—I know his method of old—has sent out and got some one to ship in a horse

and rider to trim Clatawa, and turn an honest penny."

"You're gettin' warm, Bulldog, as we used to say in that child's game," Molly declared. "I know the pippin; one Reilly at Portland. I heard Iron Jaw and this Texas talkin' about him."

Carney turned toward the little man. "What are we going to do about it, Billy—do we draw cards?"

Billy sprang from his chair, and paced the floor excitedly. "Holy Mike! there never was such a chance. Waster can trim Ding Dong to a certainty at a mile-and-a-quarter. See, Bulldog, that's his distance; he's a stayer from Stayville; but he can't pack weight—don't forget that. If you rode him—let's see—"

THE little man stood back and eyed critically the tall package of bone and muscle, that, while it suggested no surplus flesh, would weigh well.



Choking, spluttering, he found himself looking into the bore of a gun.

"You're a hundred and seventy-five pounds, and you ride in one of 'em rockin' chairs that'll tip the beam at forty pounds. What chance? Slimy'll have a five pound saddle; he could weigh in, saddle and all, a hundred and twenty-five. You'd be takin' on a handicap of ninety pounds. What chance?"

"I might get an Indian boy," Carney suggested.

"You might get a doll or a pet monkey," Billy sneered. "What chance?"

"And they all work for Iron Jaw," Molly advised; "they'd blow it; he'd bribe them to pull the horse."

"What chance?" Billy repeated with the mournful persistency of a parrot. "Guess I'll go out and tell Waster to forget he's a gentleman and go on pluggin' among the sage brush as a cow-pony."

Carney rose when Billy had gone, saying: "Fancy I'll drift on to the rest-joint, Molly. I rather want to hold converse with one Jack the Wolf while the seein's good, if he's about."

"Good-bye, Bulldog," Molly answered, and her blue eyes followed the figure that slipped so gracefully through the door, their depths holding a look that was beautiful in its honest admiration.

BILLY was tickling a lop ear on the buckskin.

"Mr. Carney," he said in a low voice, one eye on the cabin door, "you heard what Molly said about Bessie wishin' me on her, didn't you?"

"Uh-huh!"

"Let me give you the straight info. Molly sent the money to Bessie to bring me here; we was both broke. Then I found out Bessie had been gettin' it for a year from her, 'cause I was sick and couldn't ride. I hadn't saved none, thinkin' I'd got Rockefeller skinned to death as a money-getter. It was the wastin' to make

weight that got me. I don't have to sweat off flesh now," he added pathetically; "I'm a hundred and two."

"That's Molly Burdan all over—I know her. But don't worry, kid. I haven't got anybody to look after, and having money and no use for it makes me lonesome. You give me Bessie's address, and don't tout off Molly that you're doing it."

"I can get it myself, Mr. Carney—you just listen now. I didn't spring it inside 'cause Molly'd get hot under the collar; she'd say that if I rode in a race I'd bust a lung. Gee! ridin' to me is just like goin' bye-bye in a hammock; it'd do me good."

Carney put a hand gently on the boy's shoulder, saying, "The size of the package doesn't mean much when it comes to being a man, does it, kid? Spring it; get it off your chest."

BILLY made a horseshoe in the sand with the toe of his boot meditatively; then said:

"Slimy Red, of course, will be lookin' for a match for Ding Dong. Most of the races here is sprints, the old Texas game of half-a-mile; and weight don't cut much ice. He'll make it for a mile, or a mile-and-a-quarter, 'cause Ding Dong could stay that distance pretty well himself. If you was to match Waster against the black, and let me ride him I'd bring home the bacon. He's a fourteen-pound better horse than Ding Dong ever was; a handicapper would separate them that much on their form. Gee! I forgot somethin'," and Billy, a shame-faced look in his eyes, gazed helplessly at Bulldog.

"What was it dropped out of your think pan, kid?"

"The roll. I've been makin' a noise like a man with a bank behind him. A match aint like where a feller can go into the bettin' ring if he knows a couple of hundred-to-one chances and parley a shoe-string into a block of city houses; a match is even money, just about. And to win a stake you've got to have the long green."

"How much, Billy?"

"Well, the Iron Jaw bunch, bein' whisky men and gamblers, naturally would stand to lose twenty thousand at least."

"I could manage it in a couple of days, Billy, by keeping the wires hot."

"Before I forget it, Mr. Carney, if you do buck this crowd make it catch weights. Slimy Red don't own a hair in Ding Dong's tail, of course, but he'll have a bill of sale right enough showin' he's the owner, and as he can ride light they'll word it 'owners up'."

Carney was thinking fast, and a glint of light shot athwart his placid gray eyes.

"Happy thought, kid; we'll string with them on that; we'll make it owners up."

"I said catch weights," Billy snapped irritably.

Carney answered with only a quizzical smile, and the boy, turning, walked around the horse, eyeing him from every angle. He lifted first one foot and then the others, examining them critically, pressing a thumb into the frogs. He pinched with thumb and forefinger the tendons of both forelegs; he squeezed the horse's windpipe till the latter coughed; then he said:

"Please, Mr. Carney, mount and give him half a furlong at top speed, finishin' up here. Make him break as quick as you can till I see if he's got the slows."

As obedient as a servant Bulldog swung to the

saddle, cantered the buckskin down the road, wheeled, brought the horse to a standstill, and then with a shake of the rein and a cry of encouragement came tearing back, the pound of the horse's hoofs on the turf palpitating the air like the roll of a kettledrum.

"Great!" the boy commented, when Carney, having gently eased the horse down, returned. "He's the same old Waster; he flattens out in that stride of his till he looks like a pony. His flanks aint pumpin' none. He'll do; he's had lots of work—he's in better condition than Ding Dong, 'cause Slimy Red's been puttin' in most of his trainin' time at the bar. I got a three pound saddle in my trunk that I won the Kenner Stakes at Saratoga on. Slimy Red will be givin' me about ten pounds if you make the match catch weights; it'll be a cinch; like gettin' money from home. But don't tell Molly."

"We'll split fifty-fifty," Carney said.

"Nothin' doin', Mister Mug; you cop the coin for yourself—how much are you goin' to bet?"

"Five or ten thousand."

"Well, you give me ten per cent. of the five thousand—five hundred bucks if we win. That'll square Molly's bill for bringin' me up here."

"Come inside, kid," Carney said; "I want to write out something."

Inside Carney said: "Molly, I'm going to give Pat to Billy for a riding horse—"

"What?"

BUT the little man's gasp of astonishment was checked by a frowning wink of one of Bulldog's gray eyes.

"Pat's getting a little old for the hard knocks I have to give a horse," Carney resumed; "that's partly what I came in to Walla Walla for, to get a young horse. Let me have a sheet of paper and a pen; it doesn't do for a man to own a horse in this country without handy evidence as to how he came by him; and though this is a gift I'm going to make it out in the form of a bill of sale."

Carney drew up a simple bill of sale, stating that for one dollar paid in hand, he transferred his buckskin horse "Pat" to William Mackay. Molly signed it as witness.

"I'll have to keep Pat for a day or two till I get a new pony," Bulldog declared; "also rather think I'll leave this bill of sale with a friend in town for safe keeping, Billy might lose it." And a wink closed one of the gray eyes that were turned on the boy's face.

As Carney sat the buckskin outside, he whispered: "Do you get it, Billy—owners up?"

"Gee! I get you."

The little man had been mystified.

"Don't be in a hurry over the race," he advised; "make it for one week away. That'll give me a chance to give Waster a few lessons in breakin' to bring him back to the old days. I'll put a heavy blanket about his neck for a gallop or two and sweat some of the fat from about his pipes. I can get a set of racing plates made for him too, for a pound off his feet is four pounds off his back. We'll give him all the fine touches, Mr. Carney, and Waster'll do his part."

The little man watched the buckskin lope down toward Walla Walla, then he turned in to the cottage where he was greeted by Molly's:

"Aint Bulldog some man, Billy?"

"Will you tell me something, Molly?" the boy asked hesitatingly.

"Shoot," she commanded.

"Is he—was he—the man—Bessie told me something?"

"There aint no woman on God's footstool, Billy, can say Bulldog Carney was the man that fell down. That's why we all like him. There aint a woman on the Gold Coast that ever lamped Bulldog that wouldn't stake him if she had to put her sparklers in hock. And there aint a man that knows him that'll try to put one over—'taint healthy. He's got a temper as sweet as a bull pup's but he's lightnin' when he starts. He don't cotton to no girl, 'cause he was once engaged to one of the sweetest you ever see, Billy."

"Did she die, Molly?"

"The other man did! And nothin' was done to Bulldog 'cause it was comin' to the hound."

CARNEY rode on till he came to the Mountain House. Here he was at home for the proprietor was an old Gold Range friend.

First he saw that the buckskin had a worthy supper, then he ate his own.

When it had grown dark and the gleaming lights of the Del Monte Saloon were throwing their radiance

out into the street, he put the bridle on his buckskin and rode down the street to the house of "Teddy the Leaper," who was Sheriff of Shoshone County.

The Sheriff welcomed Carney with a deferential friendship that showed they stood well together as man to man; for though Bulldog's reputation varied in different places, and with different people, it stood strongest with those who had known him longest, and who, like most men of the West, were apt to judge men from their own experience.

Teddy the Leaper admired Bulldog Carney, the man; he would have staked his life on anything Carney told him. Officially, as sheriff, the County of Shoshone was his bailiwick, and the County of Shoshone held nothing on its records against Carney. "Always a gentleman," was Teddy's summing up of Bulldog Carney.

Carney drew an envelope from his pocket, saying: "Will you take care of this for me, Sheriff? Inside is a bill of sale of my horse."

"What, Bulldog—the buckskin?" Teddy's eyes searched the speaker's face; it was unbelievable. A light dawned upon the Sheriff: Bulldog had put many a practical joke over—he was kidding. Teddy laughed.

"Bulldog," he said, "I've heard that you was English, a son of one of them bloated lords, but faith it's Irish you are. You've as much humor as you've nerve—you're Irish."

"There's also a note in that envelope"—Carney ignored the chaff—"that directs you to pay over to a little lad that's up against it out at Molly's place, any money that might happen to be in your hands if I suddenly—well, if I didn't need it—see?"

"I'll do that, Bulldog."

"Think you'll be at the Del Monte to-night, Sheriff?" Carney asked casually.

TEDDY'S Irish eyes flashed a quizzical look on the speaker; then he answered diplomatically: "There aint no call why I got to be there—lest I'm sent for, and I aint as spry gettin' around as I was when I made that record of forty-six feet for the hop-step-and-jump. If you've got anything to settle, go ahead."

Carney ripped one of his low musical laughs: "I'll like to line you up at the bar, Sheriff, for a thimbleful of poison."

Teddy's eyes again sought the speaker's mental pockets, but the placid face showed no warrant for expected trouble. The Sheriff coughed, then ventured:

"If you're goin' to stack up again' odds, Bulldog, I'll dress for the occasion; I don't gener'ly go 'round hostile draped."

Again Carney laughed. "You might bring a roomy pocket, Sheriff; it might so turn out that I'd like you to hold a few eagle-birds till such times as they're right and proper the property of another man or myself. Does that put any kink in your code?"

"Not when I act for you, Bulldog, 'cause it'll be on the level: I'll be there."

NOTE.—Mr. Fraser's reputation was first built as a writer of stories of wild animal life, but his "Thorobreds" established him in the eyes of the public as the master of horse-racing stories. Many will think that the novelette, "Owners Up," which appears complete herewith, is the best horse-racing tale ever told. It doesn't deal with the track, but is laid out on the Western plains, where men know and love horses and match them for sheer delight in the greatest of sports.

NEXT Carney rode to the Del Monte; and hitching the buckskin to a post, he adjusted his belt till the butt of his gun lay true to the drop of his hand.

As he entered the saloon slowly, his gray eyes flashed over the bar and a group of men on the right of the gaming tables, for there was one man perhaps in Walla Walla he wanted to see before the other saw him. It wasn't Slimy Red—it was Jack the Wolf.

Iron Jaw was leaning against the bar talking to Death-on-the-trail, and behind the bar Snaggle Tooth Boone stood listening to the conversation.

As Carney entered a quick look of apprehension showed for an instant in Iron Jaw's heavy-browed eyes; then a smile of greeting curled his coarse lips. He held out a hand, saying: "Glad to see you, Old Timer. You seem conditioned. Know Carson?"

"Yes."

Carney shook hands with the two men, and reached

across to clasp Boone's paw, adding: "We'll sample the goods, Snaggle Tooth."

Boone winced at the appellation, for Carney did not smile; there was even the suspicion of a sneer on the lean face.

"How is Walla Walla?" Carney queried, as the four glasses were held toward each other in salute. "Racing relieved by a little gun argument once in a while, I suppose. Chief Joseph threatening to let his Nez Perces loose on you?"

"Racin' is on the hog," Iron Jaw growled. "There's a bum over yonder pikin' agin the Wheel, that's been stung by the racin' bug, but when he calls for a show-down some of 'em will trim him. Hear that?"

Iron Jaw held up a thumb, and they could hear a thin strident voice babbling:

"Walla Walla's a nursery for tin-horn sports. There aint a man here got anythin' but a goose liver pumpin' his system, and a length of rubber hose up his back holdin' his ribs."

Somebody objected; and the voice, that Carney recognized as Texas Sam's, snarled:

"Five birds of liberty! You call that bettin'—a hundred iron men?"

"Want to see him?" Iron Jaw queried. "I can't place him. 'Texas Sam' he sez he is; seems to be well fixed, but he's a booze fighter. I guess that's what gives him dreams."

QUIESCENTLY Bulldog followed the lead of Iron Jaw and Death-on-the-trail across the room where, with his back to the door, at a roulette table, sat Texas Sam. He was winning; three stacks of chips rose to a topping height at his right hand.

Carney noticed from the color that they were five dollar chips. Knowing from Molly that Texas was a stool pigeon he understood the philosophy of the high-priced counters. It was easier to keep tally on what he drew and what he turned back in after the game, for the losings and the winnings were all a bluff, and the money furnished him for the show had to be accounted for. Iron Jaw trusted no man.

"The game's like roundin' up a bunch of cows heavy in calf," Texas was saying as they approached; "it's too damn slow, I want action."

He placed five chips on the thirteen as the croupier spun the wheel, bleating:

"Hoodoo thirteen's my lucky number. I was whelped on Friday the thirteenth, at thirteen o'clock—as you old leatherheads make it, one a.m."

The little ivory ball skipped and hopped as it slid down from the smooth plane of the wheel to the number chambers. It almost settled into one, and then, as if agitated by some unseen devil of perversity, rolled over the thin wall and lay, like a bird's egg, in a black nest that was number "13."

"By a nose!" Texas exulted. "Do I win, Judge?"

THE croupier's face was as expressionless as the silver veil of Mahmoud, as he built into pyramids over eight hundred dollars in chips, and shoved them across the board to Texas. The noisy one swept them to the side of the table, and called for a drink.

It was a curiously diversified interest that centered on this play of the uncouth Texas. Iron Jaw and Death-on-the-trail viewed it with apathetic interest, much as a trainer might watch a pupil punching the bag—it didn't mean anything.

Carney, too, knowing its farcical value, looked on, waiting for his opportunity.

Snaky Dick sat across the table from Texas, dribbling a few fifty-cent chips here and there amongst the numbers, also waiting. To him the play was real; he had seen it in reality a thousand times—a man loaded with bad liquor and in possession of money running the gamut. Behind Snaky Dick sat others of the Clatawa clique waiting for his lead. Their money was ready to cinch the match as soon as made.

Iron Jaw watched Snaky Dick furtively; the time seemed ripening. They had arranged, through some little vagaries of the wheel, vagaries that could be brought out by the assistance of the croupier, that apparently Texas should make a killing.

Now the croupier called out, "Make your bets, gentlemen." He gave the wheel a send-off with finger and thumb, his droning voice singing the cadence of:

Continued on page 65

Solving the Problem of the Arctic

PART IV—Wintering in the North

By VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

DOUBTLESS the average man turns to polar narratives, if he turns to them at all, with the desire and expectation of reading about suffering, heroic perseverance against formidable odds, and tragedy either actual or narrowly averted. Perhaps, then, it is the "law of supply and demand" that accounts for the general tenor of Arctic books. However, that be, my main interests in the story I am telling is to "get across" to the reader the idea that if you are of ordinary health and strength, if you are young enough to be adaptable and independent enough to shake off the influence of books and belief, you can find good reason to be as content and comfortable in the north as anywhere on earth. An example to me is the fall of 1914, to which I frequently look back as a time I wish I might live over again.

To begin with, we had that all-important thing, an object for which to work. The *Mary Sachs* had brought us the news that the *Karluk* had been wrecked near Wrangell Island, that the main resources of our expedition were gone, and it was up to us to make good in spite of that. I confess I had found the idea of a large expedition less of a challenge than the new conditions imposed. When you have under you many officers and more subordinates of a lower rank, it is with a commander largely a case of "He spake and it was so," an easy but uninteresting way of bringing anything about. Now, with most of our best men and resources gone, it had become a matter of individual prowess. We had to show that by adapting ourselves unaided to local conditions a few could do the work of many.

THE first point was that, although the *Mary Sachs* had brought a certain amount of food, it would by no means have been enough even for one winter, if men and dogs had subsisted entirely on the cargo. Furthermore, as polar expeditions have proved from the earliest times down to Scott, living on ship's food brings danger of scurvy. We did not have dozens of competent and locally familiar Eskimo hunters as Peary did, for instance, to send out here and there to bring in meat of walrus or musk-ox or caribou. We had only one Eskimo hunter, Natkusiak, my companion of many years, and we had not even those easily secured walrus and musk-ox to depend on, for they are absent from Banks Island and its vicinity.

That the native resources in this place were less than are commonly found in the north made the task all the more absorbing. It was purely a question of caribou and seals, and the seals we left to the midwinter, turning our attention to caribou in the fall. This for two reasons; first, you can kill seals under favorable circumstances even in the twilight of winter when the sun never rises; but for caribou-hunting, where the field-glasses are as important as the rifle, daylight is necessary for any considerable success. Then, to us who have lived long in the north, the lean caribou of midwinter and spring are only a food, and not a very satisfactory one at that; but the fat caribou of the autumn are a delicacy which the ordinary civilized man today is not fitted by experience to imagine, although King Arthur and King Alfred would have understood the matter, for theirs was an age which judged meat by taste and called it sweet, and not as our toothless generation who bestow strange flavor on meat by seasoning and praise it by calling it tender.

Wilkins, Natkusiak, and I, therefore, commenced our hunt at once.

Hunting the Caribou

WE traveled three days northeasterly from our base at Kellett. It was snowing hard most of the time. We could not see more than a mile or two, and all caribou tracks were naturally buried by the fast-falling

seems to make the animals less watchful. While, therefore, you have a small chance of finding caribou at all, yet if you do happen to run into them you have a good chance of killing them.

In a Strange Country

WE were in a country which none of us had previously seen, and there were no river-courses or landmarks that could be thoughtlessly followed away from camp with the assurance that you could with equal thoughtlessness follow them back again. In that sort of weather it is a matter of the closest observation and the most careful reckoning to find your way home to camp. As you advance you must notice the speed with which you are walking and the time you are proceeding in any given direction, and you must know exactly at what angle to the wind you are traveling. Furthermore, you must check the wind occasionally, either by your pocket compass or by a snowdrift on the ground, to see that it isn't changing, for an unnoticed change in the wind would throw otherwise careful reckoning completely out of gear.

The method of such a hunt, if you are leaving a camp in unknown topography, is first to walk around the hill—for our hunting-camps are commonly on high hilltops—and examine each face of the hill carefully enough so that you feel sure that if you strike any point of it within half a mile of camp you will recognize it on the return. When the topography of the half-mile square or so surrounding camp has been memorized, you strike out perhaps right into the wind or perhaps at an angle of forty-five or ninety degrees to it, and travel straight for an hour or two hours, according to the degree of confidence you have in your ability to get back. If no game has been found, you turn at some known angle (commonly a right angle) to your original course and walk in that direction a carefully estimated distance, perhaps as far as you did in the first direction. If then nothing has been found you turn again, and if you this time also make a right-angle turn, it is easy to calculate at what time you are opposite camp and one hour or two hours' walk away from it. Turning a third right angle will face you directly for camp, and if you have been careful you will land within half a mile of your mark, or within the area which you memorized before starting. But should you miss it, you will know, at any rate, at what time you are close to it, and by carefully thinking the matter out you will see how to walk around in circles or squares of continually increasing size until you find a place you know.

If in the course of your walk you do see game, your first thought must be to take the time by the watch or make some similar observation to assure yourself at that moment of the direction of your camp. If you can kill the game at that spot the matter is simple, but if you have to follow about a good deal, or if it is a trail you come upon rather than the game itself and you follow the trail, then it is not so easy to lay down the proper rules for getting back. Everything can, however, be summarized by saying that you must continually memorize your course; and if you do this it is only a matter of angles to determine the course you must eventually take when you start for home.

This simple outline of our procedure in a storm, and in fact at all other times when direct vision will not serve, will show at once why it is that a white man of trained mind can find his way home so frequently where an Eskimo has to camp away from home and wait for clear weather.

Stalking the Big Game of the North

IN the hunt under discussion I walked about three miles into the wind, then three miles to one side and



Constructing a snow house—the first block.

snow. It is an idiosyncrasy with me, or possibly a matter of pride, that, however abundant the food supply is in the camp from which we start upon a hunt, we seldom carry more than two or three days' provisions. We have never yet failed to get some game before the fund was gone. To start with little food is generally good policy, for one travels more rapidly and hunts more energetically and feels a greater reward in his success when he knows that it is a question of getting game or going without meals. It need not be thought, either, that the method is dangerous, for no one who has tried starvation can be induced to fear four or five days without food. You get no hungrier after the afternoon of the first day, and any one who tells about having suffered from going three or four days without food will get scant sympathy from me. Having three days' provisions in the sled really means that your party is good for at least ten days, before which time something is sure to turn up.

But at this season the darkness was coming on rapidly and we had to make our harvest in its proper season. The caribou were getting leaner and their meat less desirable every day. On the fourth day I asked Wilkins, as the man then least experienced of the three of us, (although he later became a first-class hunter) to stay in camp to see that nothing happened to it and the dogs while Natkusiak and I struck off in different directions through a moderately thick blizzard to hunt. The visibility of caribou in that sort of storm was under four hundred yards, but there is this compensatory advantage to a blizzard, that by real watchfulness you are practically certain to see caribou before they see you, and that at a range where you can begin shooting at once. Furthermore, the wind drowns any noise you might make and the storm itself



The first tier completed.



Laying the first block of the second tier.

back to camp without seeing any sign of game, but it turned out that Natkusiak had been more lucky. Within two or three hours after my return we knew that this must be so, for otherwise he would have been back. And, sure enough, just as daylight was disappearing he returned with an account of seeing about thirty caribou and killing and skinning seventeen of them. Wolves were very numerous at this time and we frequently saw them in bands of ten or less, and our first concern was to get the meat of these deer home. By the next evening we had more than three-quarters of it safe, although the wolves did get some. When the meat had been gathered, Natkusiak and I again hunted, but in clearer weather. This time the luck was reversed; Natkusiak saw some deer which he failed to get, while I saw a band of twenty-three and secured them in twenty-seven shots.

It must not be supposed that killing twenty-three caribou in twenty-seven shots is anything remarkable. This will appear when you see how it was done. To begin with, with my powerful field-glasses I saw the band at a distance of seven or eight miles. I advanced to within about a mile of where they were grazing, climbed a hill much higher than the rest of the country, and spent half an hour or so in memorizing all the topography in that vicinity. There were various small hills and little hollows and creekbeds here and there, with branches in varied directions. All this could be studied from the greater elevation, and the main difficulty of the hunt was to remember the important details after you had descended into the lower country, where everything on closer view looked different. The wind was fairly steady and I made the approach from leeward. But I found, when I got within half a mile of the deer, that they had moved to the top of a ridge and were feeding along the top, as it happened, about sidewise to the wind. There was no cover by which they could be directly approached, so I went to the ridge about half a mile from them and lay down to wait. They grazed in my direction very slowly for half an hour or so, and then lay down and rested an hour and a half or more. Meantime I had nothing to do but wait. If, when they got through resting, they had decided either to descend from the ridge or reverse their course and graze back to where they came from, I should merely have had to make another detour and start the hunt over again. But they grazed toward me, and in another hour every one of the twenty-three was within two hundred yards of me, and some of them within fifty yards. Caribou and other wild animals commonly fail to recognize danger in anything that is motionless, so long as they are not able to smell it. They saw me plainly, of course, just as they saw all the rest of the scenery, but their intelligence was not equal to realizing that I was something quite different from the other things they saw.

Why Shots Do Not Alarm

ABOUT this time, when the lakes are freezing all around, the lake ice and, even the ground itself, keeps cracking with a loud, explosive noise, so caribou frequently seem to take rifle-shots for the cracking of ice and are not disturbed. I took pains to see that my first shots especially should be of the right kind. In a situation like this the brain or spine is the best place to

hit, for if the animal drops stone dead the herd is not inclined to be frightened. What you must guard against is a wound through or near the heart, for an animal shot that way will commonly startle the herd by making a sprint of fifty to two hundred yards at top speed and then dropping, turning a somersault in falling. But he will always run in the direction he is facing when shot, so that you can control his movements by waiting until he is facing in a suitable direction. When an

animal is frightened he will run toward the centre of the band, and if he is already in the middle of the band will probably not run at all, at least for the moment. But caribou shot through the body back of the diaphragm will usually stand still where they are, or, after running half a dozen yards, lie down quietly as they would when well fed and inclined to rest. I therefore now did a thing that may seem cruel, but which is necessary in our work; I shot two or three animals

ed with "buck fever," will result in all sorts of painful wounds that are not fatal and that may be borne for days or weeks by animals that escape. The most cruel of wounds to caribou is a broken leg, for there is no hope of recovery, and yet they can escape for the time being. I have on two or three occasions had a chance to study these animals afterward. They appear to realize that their speed, now that they have only three legs to run on, is inferior to the rest of the herd, and they are in evident and continued dread of the wolves that are sure eventually to drag them down unless a hunter's bullet mercifully intervenes. In a properly conducted hunt by such a method as ours, a wounded animal hardly ever escapes, and with our powerful rifles even a shot through the abdominal cavity will tear so many blood-vessels that death takes place inside of five minutes.

The reason for killing entire bands of caribou is that of convenience. If you kill them in scattered places the freighting problem becomes serious, and especially the matter of protection from wolves. But with a big kill you can camp right by the meat and see that none of it gets lost. Furthermore, in islands like Banks Island caribou are so scarce that in the ordinary fall hunts, in order to get enough meat, we have to kill 75 per cent. or more of all animals seen. In the fall of 1914 we had only two or three weeks of reasonably good daylight in which to get meat for all winter. For when the daylight comes again in the spring we are not only busy with the ice exploratory work, but also the meat is lean and, while edible, neither nutritious nor half as palatable as the fall-killed meat.

Building a Snow House

ANY one who sees charm in the life of a hunter or life in the open will need no argument to convince him that the lives of Arctic hunters are interesting, but he may, nevertheless, think they are uncomfortable enough for that to be a serious drawback. This is by no means the case, thanks to the comfortable dwellings in which we spend our nights and excessively stormy days and any periods that are idle through necessity or choice.

A snow house that is essentially as comfortable as a room of the same size in an ordinary dwelling-house can be put up in fifty minutes or an hour. Somewhere near the deer-kill, we find a snowbank that is of the right depth and consistency. With our soft deerskin boots we walk around on the drifts, and if we see faint imprints of our feet but nowhere break through, we assume that the drift is a suitable one, but examine it farther by probing with a rod similar to the rod of an umbrella or a very slender cane. When the right bank has been found we get out our sixteen-inch butcher-knives or twenty-inch *machetes* and cut the snow into domino-shaped blocks about four inches thick, fifteen to twenty inches wide, and twenty to thirty-five inches long. These blocks, according to their size and the density of the snow, will weigh from fifty to over a hundred pounds, and must be strong enough to stand not only their own weight when propped up on edge or when being carried around, but if they are intended for the lower tiers of the house they must also be capable



A halt for dinner.

through the body, and they lay quietly down. The noise of the shots had attracted the attention of the herd, but had not frightened them, because they were so used to the cracking of ice. Furthermore, the sight of an animal quietly lying down is conclusive with caribou and allays their fear from almost any source. I was therefore in no hurry, so that, after shooting one animal, I moved my rifle so slowly that the caribou did not notice the movement and brought it to bear on the next one, holding it so near the ground that the working of the bolt in the reloading was equally not noticed. After the first animals had lain down, I shot two or three near by through the neck, and then I began shooting for the hearts of those farthest away, so that any of them, if they ran, would run toward me. The calves I left till the last.

Must Not Wound The Game

THE very deliberation with which this sort of hunting is done, while it makes conspicuous the element of cruelty, makes it the least cruel method possible from the point of view of the pain caused the animals. A number of hunters excited and blazing away in the manner of those inexperienced or afflict-



Care is required to get the blocks in position.

of supporting the weight of three to five hundred pounds of other blocks resting upon them.

The house itself should be built preferably on a level part of the drift where the snow is three or more feet deep. The first block is set on edge as a domino might be on a table, but with your knife you slightly undercut the inner edge of it so as to make the block lean inward at a very slight angle if the house is to be a big one, or at a considerable angle if it is to be a small one. If, to use the language of physics, you want to lean the block over enough to bring the line of the centre of gravity outside the base, this can be done by putting up a second block at the same time and propping one against the other. But this is never done in actual practice, for a house so small as to necessitate this would be too small for human habitation.

Determining The Size

THE oval or circle that is to be the ground plan of the house may be determined by eye as the builder sets up the blocks one after the other: but in practice I make an outline with a string with pegs at either end, one peg planted in the centre of the house and the other used to describe the circumference somewhat as a school-boy may use two pencils and a string to make a circle on a piece of paper. I find that even the best of snowhouse builders, Eskimo or white, if they rely on the eye alone in determining the size and shape, will now and then err in the size of the house, making it uncomfortably small or unnecessarily large for the intended number of occupants. But with a string a simple mathematical calculation always tells you how many feet of radius will accommodate the intended number of lodgers.

It will be seen by the photographs that when you once have your first block standing on edge, it is a simple matter to prop all the other blocks up by leaning one against the other. The nature of snow is such that when a block has been standing on a snowbank or leaning on another block for a matter of five or ten minutes in frosty weather, it is cemented to the other blocks and to the snow below at all points of contact and can be moved only by exerting great force.

When the first tier has been completed, the question arises: How can the second tier be begun? There are many ways, but the simplest is to select any point in the circle formed by your first tier and from the top edge of one of the blocks make a diagonal cut downward to the bottom edge of the far corner of the same block, or of the second or third blocks. In the niche thus formed you place the first block of the second tier, its end abutting on the last block of the ground tier. After that you lean the second block on the second tier against the first block of the second tier, and so on, building up spirally. The blocks of each tier must be inclined inward at a greater angle than those of the tier below and a less angle than those of the tier above. In other words, what you are trying to do is to build a nearly perfect dome.

By the simple experiment of propping two books of the same size against each other on a table, it will be found that they cannot fall unless they slide past each other where they meet at the corners or slip on the table. But snow is so sticky that the blocks do not slip

on the snowbank where you are building, and we cut the corners in such a way that they meet with even faces and do not tend to slip past one another any more than do blocks in a masonry dome. The matter of building with snow blocks is far simpler than that of building with blocks of masonry, for stone is an intractable substance and has to be shaped according to a mathematical calculation or molded in an exact form before it is put in its intended position; but, snow being a most tractable

substance, all forethought becomes unnecessary. We place the block in its approximate position in the wall and then lean it gradually against the block that next preceded it, and, by the method of trial and error, continually snip off piece after piece until the block settles comfortably into the position where it belongs. A glance at the photographs, especially the ones illustrating the latter steps in the building, shows that the blocks cannot possibly fall unless they first break.



The snow house complete.

they built with ease, it is also notable that, so far as white men were concerned, he was a generation ahead of his time in realizing their value. Anyone who tries it will agree with him that snow walls with a tarpaulin roof make a much better camp than the silk tents used by many explorers down to the present time.

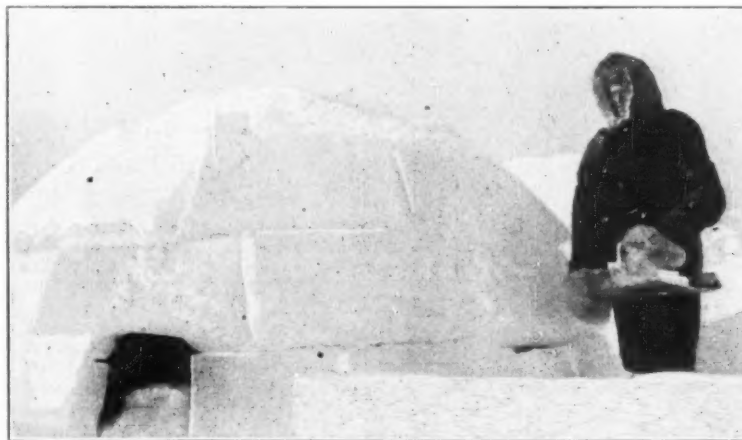
If four men co-operate in the building of a snow house, one usually cuts the blocks, a second carries them, a third man builds inside, and the fourth follows the builder around and chinks in all the crevices between the blocks with soft snow. Ten minutes after this has been done the soft snow in the crevices had become as hard as, and even a good deal harder than, the blocks themselves, so that the house, although fragile when being built, becomes moderately strong half an hour later.

How Entrance is Safely Effected

WHEN the snow dome has been otherwise finished a tunnel is dug through the drift into the house, giving a sort of trap-door entrance through the floor. Most Eskimos, failing to understand certain principles of thermodynamics, use a door in the side of the house. But it is obvious that if a door in the wall is open and if the interior of the house is being artificially heated, then (warm air being lighter than cold) there will be a continual current of the heated air going out through the upper half of the doorway and cold current from the outside entering along the floor. But if the door is on a level with the floor or a little below it, then the warm air from the house cannot go out through the door, even with the door open, because warm air has no inclination except that of rising. It is equally obvious that the cold air cannot come in through the open door in the floor so long as the house above the floor is filled with warmer air, for two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time. In heating the house, whether it be by blue-flame kerosene stove, seal-oil lamp, or the bodies and breathing of people, poisons accumulate and ventilation becomes necessary. So we have a ventilating hole in the roof, depending in diameter on the various conditions of external temperature, abundance of fuel, and on whether people are awake or asleep.

When the tunnel and door have been excavated, the bedding is passed into the house, and a layer of deerskins with the hair down is spread to cover the entire floor except just where the cooking is done. Over this layer we spread another layer of skins with hair up. The reason for the double insulation is that the interior of the house is going to be warmer presently and people are going to sit around on the floor and later are going to sleep on it, and if the insulation were not practically perfect, the heat from the cooking and from the bodies of the sleepers would penetrate through the bedding to the snow underneath and by melting it would make the bedclothes wet. By actual experience we find that when the temperature of the weather outside, and consequently the snow inside, is anything like zero Fahrenheit, or lower, then a double layer of deerskins will prevent any thawing taking place underneath the bed, the snow there remaining as dry as sand in a desert.

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The walls are built but the crevices have still to be filled in.

It becomes evident, therefore, that, with photographs and a description and possibly, for surety's sake, a diagram or two in addition, the building of snow houses could be taught by correspondence to boys in any place on earth where the winters are cold enough and the winds strong enough to form hard snowdrifts that last for several days or weeks at a time. Yet it is curious and hard to explain that the building of snow houses has until just lately been considered a sort of mystery. Sir Leopold McClintock was one of the first (if not the first) of polar explorers to point out that snow houses are so comfortable that their use would make Arctic exploration a simpler, safer, and pleasanter occupation, but he goes on to say that unfortunately white men cannot make snow houses, and that he himself did the next best thing by erecting vertical walls of snow and roofing them over with a tarpaulin. He comments on the inferiority of this dwelling to the real snow house, but insists that it is greatly superior to the ordinary tent used in exploration. While it is odd that McClintock should be so far behind the Eskimos with whom he associated, in that he could not build the snow houses which



The last block but one in place.

The SPIRIT of the MARITIMES

"Behold, how good a thing it is to dwell in the Maritime Provinces, where times are never very bad."—The Maritime Merchant.

By THOMAS M. FRASER

IN trying to diagnose the spirit of the provinces down by the sea, I do not know that I can get anywhere a better text than that. But the feeling of every son of the Maritimes for the place of his birth goes deeper than appreciation of its panic-proof qualities. It amounts to a conviction, a very settled belief indeed; that there is no other place to compare with it. It is necessary to qualify this, however; for, as Samuel Johnson said about Scotland, too often the finest view of it is when they have turned their backs upon it, and have their faces set towards a far land.

What is there that is of such peculiar significance to us—for I am a Maritime man myself—in the land of our birth? And why is it that we usually refrain from lifting up our voices in praise of it until we are living some where else in what is, probably a better locality for us, at least, or we should not be living there? Why is it that the impressionistic pictures of memory make all the snake fences and the old barn a soft pearly grey; and that the well down by the willow tree with its age-old collection of hatchets, tin dippers, accidents among the smaller rodents and others of the animal kingdom, straw-hats, and general unsanitary debris, is to us, living as we do close to the faucet, a spring of nectar? Why is there something always tugging at our heart-strings, urging us back to the haunts of childhood, where we danced with merry little bare feet, and picked up tacks and thistles? What is it? Well, apparently just sheer ordinariness, coupled with the fact that we ennobled the place by being born there.

As I propose, later on in this classic, to speak about the Maritime Provinces in tones of such warm appreciation that anything I may utter in my saner moments will certainly be forgiven, I shall here make a few remarks upon a subject which I know will elicit warm sneezes of sympathy, and coughs of appreciation. I have something upon my chest, in short, which I would fain get rid of. In brief, it is what every dweller in the provinces down by the sea carries close to his heart, wherever he may roam, and renews ten-fold whenever he visits his native land. I refer, need I say, to bronchitis.

Apparently when the Great Ruler of the Universe was sorting out the climate for the different portions of the then inhabited world, there was a small lot left marked "seconds," which would do for the flood, and the contemplated destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. If it should be found necessary to create Labrador and the west coast of British Columbia, about which there was probably some debate, it was proposed to give those districts the choice of this parcel of climate, and reserve the remainder for the Maritime Provinces. It consisted of three rather fine samples, marked July, August, and September, with all the rest variegated bad weather. Newfoundland and Prince Rupert unfortunately missed getting a share of the good samples; so they, together with the nine months of "seconds," went to the Maritime Provinces.

Some Products of the Maritimes

YET the people of the Maritime Provinces, nearly a million of them, dwell there, produce tall sons of Anak, wrestle with the sea in their little boats, and with the Department of Marine for little wharves to shelter them; deep in unfathomable mines they tear out millions of tons of coal annually for their own use and for export; they produce billions of feet of lumber to house the people who have long been



Falibrook Falls, one of the most beautiful spots in the Maritimes

streaming past their doors to other parts of Canada or to the United States; and despite (or perhaps because of) their climate, they produce the finest apples grown in North America. And always they carry with them the old Scotch tradition that there must be at least one scholar in the family, so that for a very long time they have been furnishing men to Canadian Universities, and exporting them to the United States, as a finished product, to head Universities there.

It is a fact that "times are never very bad" in the Maritime Provinces. There are no bumper crops of wheat to make a farmer independent in a single

season; but on the other hand, there are no absolute crop failures, followed by pathetic appeals to the Government for seed wheat. There are good seasons, and bad seasons, for farmers and fishermen, lumbermen and miners. Sometimes the Lunenburg fleet comes back from the Banks almost empty; sometimes, such as last spring, for example, each man's share on the "v'yge" will run up to fifteen or sixteen hundred dollars, which, with board, is not bad for two or three months' work. Outside of the few cities in the Maritime Provinces, there are no very wealthy men; the average man works pretty hard and seldom gets more than a very comfortable living; but they are content, and I will go so far as to say that they are godly; and "Godliness with contentment is great gain."

IN order that the reader may know the sort of people we are talking about, it is necessary to drag in a little history. I shall not bore you with it; because, really, I know very little about it; and only those who are learned can be competent bores. But I want to point out the sources from which the people of the Maritime Provinces derived, and to impress the fact that they, in a greater degree than the people of any other part of Canada, with the French of Quebec, are the products of strong racial characteristics, which are to-day in many respects as strongly accentuated as they ever were. The Maritime Provinces have been almost entirely neglected, so far as European emigration is concerned; I doubt if there is a Doukhobor, or a case of trachoma or favus, in the country east of Quebec.

It is all "old stock"; and there were three main streams of it. First, there were the French, who came early in the Fifteenth Century, and at frequent times thereafter. They scattered pretty well all over the three provinces. In 1621 came the first Scotch settlement, under Sir William Alexander, which was a failure. One hundred and fifty years later, Halifax was founded as an English colony; but the direct English colonization was never very extensive. The two great streams of English came over from the American side, both before and after the Revolution. In 1767, the Maritime Provinces had about thirteen thousand people, of whom over half were Americans. In 1784, after the Revolution and the coming of the Loyalists, the population was 43,000, of whom 28,000 had taken part in the revolution in one way or another.

The Scotch immigration began in 1773, some coming via the United States, but the majority direct from the hill-sides of Scotland, which they had left with sorrow, and never forgot. Scotchmen in the Maritime Provinces whose fathers were born in this country, and who know the land only by traditions and reading, still often speak of Scotland as "home." They settled almost altogether in Nova Scotia, in the counties of Pictou, Colchester, and Antigonish; and on the island of Cape Breton, where 25,000 Scotch peasants located, and where their descendants live to-day, keeping the faith and the Gaelic tongue. It was of this emigration that William Sharp wrote:

"From the lone shelling of the misty island,
Mountains divide us, and a waste of seas;
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we, in dreams, behold the Hebrides."

If I seem to lay most stress upon Nova Scotia and the Scotch in writing about the Maritime Provinces, it is because that province and those people have always represented most distinctly the Maritime idea in the



Lumbering is the great interest of New Brunswick

estimation of outsiders. The spirit of the Maritimes is most intense there, but it is, to a large extent, shared in by all three provinces. Previous to Confederation, and the building of the Intercolonial, there was very little intercourse between the Maritime Provinces and Upper and Lower Canada; the West was an unknown land. Most of the trade, and a large part of such intercourse as they had, was with the United States and Great Britain, with the trade all conducted by water. Boston was virtually the trade and social metropolis of the Maritime Provinces; our sailors manned their fishing and other fleets largely (and do so still), although Nova Scotia had a large trading fleet of her own, and Nova Scotian ships sailed all over the globe. It was not until after the union of the provinces that they began to have any intimate knowledge of their fellow Canadians; and they have never really learned to know or to like them. There is more or less resentment to-day in the hearts of the people down there to see their trade done to such a large extent with the people of Ontario; who, they think, in matters of commerce have "the fault of the Dutch, in giving too little and taking too much."

Trading With the Rest of Canada

I HAD a conversation a few weeks ago with a manufacturer in Nova Scotia on this subject. I do not give it as a typical example of the feeling there, although I am not sure that it is not. He went up to Ontario to sell his products, and said he was met very frequently with remarks of this character: "How do you suppose that you fellows away down there are going to come up here to Ontario and sell goods? Why, we do not know anything about your manufactures."

"They do not know us, nor want to know us, when we have something to sell to them," this manufacturer commented; "but they know us all right when they have something to sell to us."

Halifax and St. John wholesalers once controlled the entire trade of the Maritime Provinces; but that day is gone. The business has, in large part, gone to Ontario and Quebec. I do not undertake to say whose fault this is, but I will give here the gist of a conversation I had with one of the largest wholesale grocers in New Brunswick. The sentiments he expresses are not quite general, but they are far from being an isolated expression of opinion, and I have heard them repeated in one form or another many times.

"I am not in a position to form a comprehensive opinion of conditions in Nova Scotia," he said, "but, as far as I can judge, it seems that Nova Scotia on account of being the older province, with her natural resources in a more advanced state of development, with more wealth and other advantages, has been able to stand the strain the best of the three. Prince Edward Island, it would seem, has suffered severely. Now as to New Brunswick, I have a personal knowledge of commercial conditions extending back about thirty years, and, taking the most optimistic view, I cannot say that we have even held our own. While there are a few bright spots that show improvement, the total losses have been greater than the gains, and, while my opinions are not formed from statistics, but from observation, and I have tried to be fair and conservative in arriving at my conclusions, I cannot feel that our relations with Canada have been advantageous to the Maritime Provinces." He was so intensely in earnest that I could not doubt his sincerity. Indeed I had no desire to do so because I had heard the same thing from many other business men. So, I let him go on without interruption. "While our population shows a small increase," he went on, "it would seem there has been little, if any, increase in our Anglo-Saxon population. Our natural wealth in in-shore fisheries and forests is being depleted. Many of our farms have been deserted, or allowed to run down. Our own banks are all gone. Many of the industries we had—such as shoe, furniture, carriage, soap, nail, tobacco and cigar, paper bag and box factories, manufacturing druggists, lithographers, canneries (vegetable and fruit)—have either entirely disappeared or their control has gone to Central Canada; or they owe their

extension of life to extraordinary personal management and not to Dominion Trade outside the Maritime Provinces. Much of the profit derived from our general business is being taken out of the province chiefly for the benefit of Central Canadian firms."

He paused for a moment for breath, his summary of conditions having literally poured out of him in a breath. Then, in a tone of even greater tensility, he proceeded:

"In a sense our people are being used as servants to work the resources and transact the business of this province, and pass most of the net proceeds over to Central Canada. That we have been able to do as well financially as we have is due chiefly to the value of the products of our natural resources for export."

"The money that is brought into the country from sales of our produce to foreign nations adds to our national wealth, and (without considering the export of war supplies) I do not think I would be far wrong in saying that, figured on a per capita basis, as compared with Central Canada, the people of this province bring in three times as much wealth as they do, and under the present system of taxation under the customs tariff we pay about three times the amount of taxes per capita that they pay. This is a rough estimate, but when we realize that probably three-quarters of our imported goods reach us through Central Canadian

tions here previous to Confederation I am forced to feel that we would have been better off had we been left to ourselves. It would seem that Ontario used us as a cat's-paw to get herself out of her difficulties, and in doing so prevented the forming of a Maritime Union which our statesmen were endeavoring to effect at that time, and placed us in our present unsatisfactory position. As one historian has expressed it, "The ends accomplished did not sanctify the means by which our people were forced into Confederation against their will."

I have given this conversation in full because it is important in that it expresses the opinion of many business men in the Maritimes and suggests that there is a serious problem for Canada to solve.

The Matter of Maritime Union

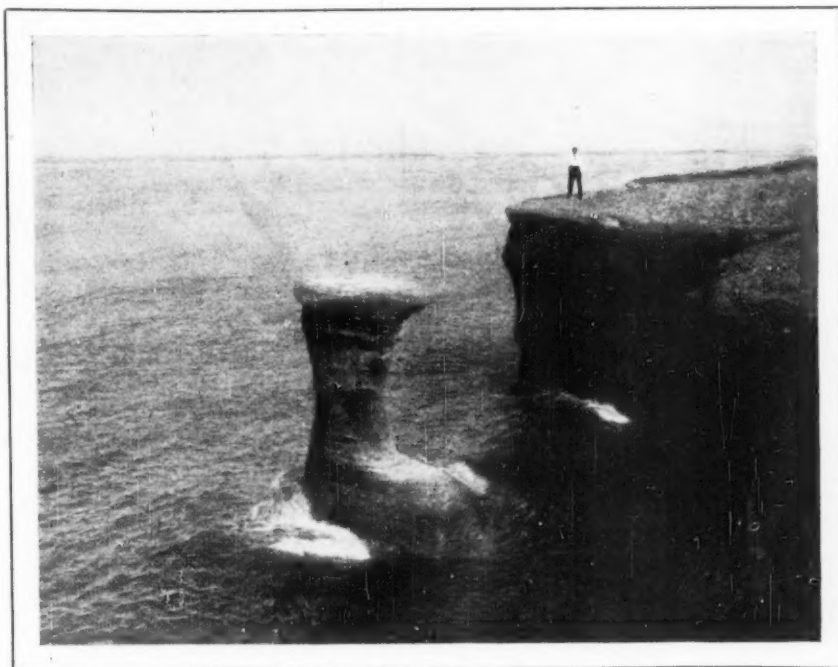
IT will be observed that the speaker from whom I have quoted refers to Maritime Union. Confederation was mooted for some years before it was accomplished; but Joe Howe had a fear that there would come to pass from it some such result as the merchant above quoted says has actually happened; the Maritime Provinces would be overshadowed, and the Upper Provinces would be the dominant partners. Dr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Tupper was leader of the Government in Nova Scotia in 1864, and arranged a convention at Charlottetown, P.E.I., to discuss a scheme of Maritime Union which he had introduced in the Nova Scotia Legislature. While the delegates were struggling with the difficulties of the scheme, Sir John A. Macdonald appeared on the scene, and proposed the wider idea of a union of all the provinces; so that Maritime Union died stillborn. But it is still in the minds of the people of the Maritime Provinces, although I should not undertake to say that it is a live issue. Nevertheless, it has its strong advocates, including such men as Hance Logan, of Amherst. The late Captain Reid, M.P., was very warm for it; as, in New Brunswick, are men like Hon. J. B. M. Baxter, former Attorney-General of the province, and Fred Magee, member for Westmoreland. I believe a resolution endorsing it passed in the New Brunswick Legislature.

There are many arguments in favor of it. It would reduce the expense of legislation, for one thing, and would save time. It would do away with the necessity of three outfits of machinery of Government and build-

ings; with many other such material advantages as will occur to anyone. But its biggest advantage would probably be in unifying the people, creating unity of sentiment and aims, filling them with a belief in themselves and their country, a sort of offensive and defensive alliance to secure for the Maritime Provinces a fair partnership in the Dominion. The difficulties would be such as always attend any attempt at a merger of separate interests—particularly when the stock is to be kept in the family, so to speak, and not offered to the investing public. New Brunswick, for example, is in a less happy position in regard to her means of revenue than Nova Scotia; and the union would probably be more to her advantage. There would be the question of the location of the capital, also; but I believe Hance Logan proposes to settle this by having it at Amherst. In none of the provinces are the present Parliament Buildings so elaborate that a great deal would be sacrificed by abandoning them as such; although the Assembly chamber in the building at Halifax—now just about one hundred years old—was considered very fine when erected, and the building, architecturally, is pleasing. As neither Nova Scotia nor New Brunswick would be likely to agree with the claims of the other, this scheme of placing the capital near the border of the two provinces, but slightly on the territory of the older province, might furnish a satisfactory solution.

If union of the provinces should ever come, it would provide a great opportunity for what they need still more; and that is, an educational union. There are now eight distinct degree conferring institutions in the Maritime Provinces, all denominational except two, with

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A rock, Lingan Bay, N.S.

ports, plus the importer's profit on cost and duty which he has paid, and that the greatest amount under our tariff laws is paid to the Canadian manufacturer, and that the community where he is located receives the benefits derived from having him there, and indirectly through him is benefited by our business as an offset to the tariff tax of the people of that community, it does not seem extreme to say the per capita tariff tax is three times as great in New Brunswick as in Central Canada.

"Owing to the disappearance of many of our industries, and the disastrous results attending some of the industrial ventures here, there has been created in the minds of our people a dread of investing in industrials. Our people are naturally frugal and economical and have saved some money, and I think I am right in saying that St. John has more money invested in savings banks and life insurance than any city of its size in Canada, and what is true of St. John in this respect is true generally of the Maritime Provinces. Owing to our commercial relations with Central Canada, and with a barrier between us (Quebec) which has prevented our growing closer to each other, and with what business we have here being overcrowded owing to lack of increased population, our people have been compelled to invest their savings of the last thirty or forty years chiefly in what might be termed non-productive investments."

"Then," I asked, "does all this mean that down here you are still unfriendly to Confederation?"

He paused for a moment before replying to this.

"I have given you," he said, "a rough outline of conditions in New Brunswick as I see them to-day. When I compare these conditions with what I read of condi-

Bunkered

A Story of Golf, Business—
and Love

By ALLEN C. SHORE

Who wrote "The Beluchistan League," etc.

Illustrated
by

R. M. BRINKERHOFF



With two strokes for the match

IN contradictoriness, old James McWham had Balaam's ass beaten forty different ways. He's dead now, and anyway he was a bachelor, so there's no harm in saying this. The morning he died—it was Sunday—the minister and elders of the Seascap Presbyterian Church danced a solemn jig of thanksgiving round the kirk session table; so at least it was reported.

It was this way. At fifty, McWham had been a chronic invalid, a constant irritation to doctors who had prophesied his immediate dissolution countless times. At sixty, they said he was as good as in his coffin. It was about that time that he sent for the minister and elders. There was a debt of two thousand dollars on the kirk. He explained that he would like to set Zion free before he went hence, but he was not as rich as some folks thought. It had been on his mind to leave the kirk a thousand or two in his will, but he had a new inspiration. If they would agree to pay him two hundred dollars a year for the rest of his life, he would give them the two thousand dollars, spot cash. The annuity arrangement was only a prudential anchor to leeward, the careful habit of a business mind. As a matter of fact he had already picked out his pall-bearer. It looked, to the minister and elders, after they had interviewed the doctors, to be a lead-pipe cinch. It proved to be the lead pipe without the cinch, for McWham lingered shivering on the brink till something shoved him over at eighty-seven.

This, by the way, as illustrative of a phase of McWham.

BUT sit with him on a sunny afternoon in the shade of the golf-club verandah, and one saw him in more agreeable aspect. Though no longer a player, except round the nineteenth hole, he belonged to the Augustan age of golf, when that game had been regarded as only one of the odd foibles of the eccentric, though sturdy, Scottish mind. McWham spoke of St. Andrews, Prestwick and Musselburgh as another might of Jerusalem, Rome, or Athens; of Tom Morris and Young Tommy in the same terms as a chum of Julius Caesar or Alexander the Great might have referred to those heroes.

He mourned the flip crassness of a world that gives the name of golfer to any person who can hurl a club head with reasonable accuracy against a golf ball, that calls a golf club a "stick," and plays the game with sundry clubs, a lead pencil, and a score card, and drivels of "birdie" threes and fours. He lived in the past and ancient and royal game.

BEFORE proceeding with the story it is necessary to make one more digression. The McWham mills, spacious, four-story brick buildings were on the north side of the street; the Warrender mill, also brick and four-story, stood just across the road. The knitters of one place could exchange criticisms of the personal appearances of passers-by with those of the other.

Old McWham, on his good days, could sit at his office window and see pretty much what was going on in the Warrender office. Warrender, father of the present head of the rival firm, had been McWham's partner. Then they had done a most imprudent thing—they had fallen in love with the same woman. In a world in which women are in the majority, and charming ones innumerable, the absurdity was too ridiculous for words. The lady had chosen Warrender; and McWham had not been at all chivalrous. Instead of kissing her hand sadly, or doing something that might have shaken her confidence in the accuracy of her choice, thus sticking a pin into her thought of the winner, after which he could have ridden away to look the rest over, McWham had been quite huffy about it. The business partnership had been broken up. McWham had gone out and begun business independently, intent on showing how deep his love for the lady had been, by jamming her husband into the bankruptcy court, and the loved one herself into impecunious unhappiness. It had been his solemn joy to watch his mills extend to a dozen times their original capacity, while Warrender's had remained in *statu quo ante*.

Long had Seascap speculated as to what would be the disposition of the McWham properties when he was deprived of them by the last enemy. As already intimated, he had not taken another lady "just as good" out of the plethora of feminine pulchritude, but had remained, what he richly deserved to be, a heart-and-body-weazened-left-over. The general impression was that he would do one of those devilishly cynical things with his estate wherewith his kind succeed in their amiable purpose of bringing the greatest annoyance to the greatest number—that is, found a University for Eskimos of sound moral propensities in Spitzbergen, or build a lunatic asylum for falsely prophetic doctors; anyway, something philanthropic like that.

BUT, as was his wont, he fooled the curious public this time by displaying ordinary, prosaic human feeling. He imported an heir apparent from Scotland, one John McWham Macara.

Some said that John's mother, a niece of McWham's, had once prepared for him a most wonderful haggis, and he felt that so capable a woman could not have an incompetent son. Others explained that John McWham Macara owed his elevation to the fact that he had been brought up to the trade McWham was in, and that what he did not know about hosiery, in a manu-

facturing sense, could not properly be called knowledge.

Both influences may have had their contributing agencies, but it is more than probable that a newspaper report, setting forth Macara's golfing prowess, clinched matters finally. McWham's nephew had emerged victoriously from a grand open competition in which the competitor's names sounded like the roll call of the Black Watch, with Fernies, Sayers, Parks, Herds, and Kirkaldys, sprinkled about hither and yon.

"One day there'll be but one firm here again, instead of two," said McWham to his nephew, a short time after he arrived. "Warrender can't hold out much longer. The bank likes the look of his paper less every day."

"And who will the bit lassie be?" asked Macara most irrelevantly, glancing across the road admiringly at a pretty figure in a neat blue skirt and white waist in the Warrender office window. He himself was a rather taking kind of a man—medium height, lean body, but wiry. Indeed he was all wire—wiry figure; wiry, short-cropped, red-brown moustache; wiry, short-cropped, reddish hair. He had a clear red, sun-tanned skin, and grayish-blue eyes that showed him to be a live wire, of unusually high voltage.

From the day of his arrival, he had been administering shocks to his uncle. For instance, the old man would have had the youngster be content with a subordinate job, with the contingency of heirship dangling before his nose, like the fixed, though elusive carrot before the ambitious donkey's. But with Scotch point and emphasis, John had declined "the substance of things hoped for" as lacking the precise kind of nourishment he desired. He wanted a present partnership, proving to his uncle that it was about market price for his value.

Strangest of all, he had secured what he asked for.

Macara was a practical expert, and knew more about stockings than McWham had ever dreamed. He scoffed at the McWham Mills—their equipment, their ancient machinery, their inefficient working—and marvelled that the admirable legs of Canada would consent to be encased in the mercerized monstrosities that McWham foisted on them. As John said, it was nothing less than shocking that manufacturing should support so inadequately the



Mary had but to lay the ball dead.

work of nature and grace. He had also eloquently dwelt on the topic that McWham had given him his head, feeling that perhaps he had failed to do his full duty to the legs of a worthy continent; and, so far, the experiment had been abundantly successful.

"I was talking about the Warrender mill, not about lassies. Ye must be kind o' absent-minded, John," said the old man reprovingly. Then he added: "That's Warrender's daughter."

"A bonnie wee lassie!" approved Macara with sincerity.

"No sae bad," conceded McWham grumpily. He slipped in and out of his native Scotch as his emotions controlled. "No sae bad, but awfu' high-notioned. Walks by me as if I was just a dab o' putty."

"She has that kind of a look to her," observed Macara critically. "What might she do in the office?"

"Kin' o' secretary to her father," grunted McWham. "He likes fancy names. What would be just a clerk to you or me, he calls a secretary. He wears a wee watch strapped to his wrist, and puts scent on his pocky-hanky. I ha'e nae doot but he curls his whiskers at nicht."

"Think o' that!" exclaimed Macara, his eyes on the girl.

"And him a stockinger too!" said McWham contemptuously. "He was spoiled as a lad. When he should ha' been in overalls, wool sorting or lying on his back under a greasy wool comb, or studying the motions of a knitting frame, he was having his nails manicured, and his moustache put into curl papers like the Kaiser's. A laddie that tak's his fun in the morning has to sweat before bedtime comes round."

"That's a fact!" agreed Macara. "I don't mind ever seeing a lassie with just that glinting shade of pale gold in her hair before."

"John McWham Macara," said the elder man gravely, "ye'll ha'e to mind yir ways wi' the lassies hereabouts."

"I'll try my best," grinned the alert redhead modestly.

"It's no lightsome topic," reproved McWham. "They set about a likely lad like tarrriers on a rabbit run. Let him as much as poke the nab o' him oot, and snap! He's gaun before he can squeak. A lassie's an awfu' disconcertin' creature, John. A pretty one hanging round yir neck in the water will droon ye same as a plain one might. Kittle cattle they be! It's

a silk gown, or a new hat, or a finer hoose, or a better car a' the time. First thing ye ken, a sheriff's in the hoose, and the wife's getting a divorce from ye for non-support."

"I understand we are not friendly with the Warrender folk?" asked John, shifting topics. "War policy, eh?"

"Friendly? No!" snarled McWham. "His father wrangled me. We were pairtners. He had money; I nought but brains. When we pairted he squeezed me badly. Fought me when I started the bit mill, at the bank, wi' the wool merchants and machinery folk, when I needed credit. It was hard work till I got toes and fingers into the cracks and began to climb. I swore I'd get back at him—put him and his oot, and have the auld mill back again. I'll dae it yet! If he offers goods at a dollar, and I ken it, my price is ninety cents, and when he drops to ninety I drop ten more."

"I see," said Macara. "Feud! Blood fight to the knock-out."

"Aye, that's it, John." And McWham smacked his thin old lips. "At the finish, there'll be no Warrender, only McWham and Macara."

MACARA sat in his private office, a letter before him, a smile on his face. McWham had been ordered South for the remainder of the winter. He had gone reluctantly, separating himself for a time from his beloved mills only because he realized that if he did not go, it might mean his permanent removal to a land where, according to the accepted view, the demand for hosiery is not great.

And now there was trouble with the Warrender folk. Previously there had been litigation between the firms over the pollution of the stream that flowed by the Warrender's place to McWham's. An injunction had been obtained by McWham, restraining the Warrenders from discharging dyehouse refuse into the river. There had been a recurrence of the offense; not a very serious one, it is true, but Macara had promptly called the attention of the offenders to the breach. The reply lay before him, with the initials M. W. under the firm signature. It was a tartish reply, intimating indirectly that McWham was making a lot of fuss about nothing. Macara glanced over the street to see who was in the office; then decided that, in diplomacy, verbal negotiation may be superior to

scraps of paper. Putting on his hat, and arranging his tie, he stepped over to Warrender's. Mr. Warrender was out of town, but Miss Warrender was in the office. Both facts Macara knew quite as well as the office boy.

"I called about that water matter, Miss Warrender," he said, after a formal introduction, frigidly received. "Your letter was not at all satisfactory, so I thought I'd come and have a talk over the matter."

"Why unsatisfactory?" she inquired.

She was wonderfully pretty in a rather over-grave way. He wished he could make her smile. It must be delightful, he thought, to see her face light up. But you are limited to jocular references when the discussion is about dye-stuffs, water pollution, and drain pipes.

Her hair was glorious, he reflected on closer inspection. Some women's hair was bunched, clotty, muddy-looking; hers was fine, each hair as distinct as spun silk in an orderly skein.

"It was like a blind alley—leads nowhere," he answered. "The injunction is peremptory, very peremptory, and we cannot permit any infringement to pass. I know the tricks of dyehouse help, and the rascalities of rival dyeing bosses." He assumed a very severe mien. "If the refuse were properly piped into the sewers, there would be no trouble. It is in your interest to prevent recurrence, as you are liable for damages, heavy damages."

"Do you claim damages?" she asked, belligerently.

"We haven't formulated a claim yet," he said. "If we thought the injury intentional, we should take a severe view—most severe."

"You have my word that it was not intentional," she declared.

"That is amply sufficient," and he bowed magnanimously.

"I investigated the matter more closely this morning. There was a leak in one of the pipes. It has been repaired," she explained.

"Then there is nothing more to be said. I am glad I came across. It is well to have an understanding in these matters, and to be neighborly," he smiled.

"Neighborly!" she exclaimed. "That is a new word from Mr. McWham."

"And I am a new man there," he replied. "You must give me the benefit of any doubt that is possible until I am proved unneighborly. Good-bye, Miss Warrender. I hope to have the pleasure of meeting Mr. Warrender soon."

IT is hard for an unsuccessful man to be just to the successful. A beaten man is sensitive, a baffled woman much more so. The Warrenders were fighting a losing battle. With an old-fashioned equipment, and scarcity of money, they were being steadily and surely driven out of the market. McWham could buy, manufacture, and consequently sell, more cheaply. It was the old muzzle-loader against the machine gun, candle against the electric light, lumbering stage coach against flying express. Macara's salesmen were pushing everywhere into new fields, with attractive goods. His advertising campaign was making the firm name known from one end of the land to the other. Novelty that took the market by storm poured in a ceaseless stream from the McWham mills. By the time Warrenders caught on to a popular fashion, its day had gone, and there was something newer to catch the public eye. Old-time goods that Warrender and his father had turned out, with little change, were passed over by buyers who wanted something new, artistic, modern.

Now and again Macara met Warrender in a more or less formal way. Mary went little into the society of the small town, for her days were busy, and problems as to ways and means occupied much of the time she spent at home. When the golfing season opened, Macara met her more frequently, for she was an enthusiastic player, and found much needed relaxation in the game. He made many attempts to engage her for a game, but always unsuccessfully. She had invariably some excuse—a previous engagement, disinclination to play; but other men appeared to have better luck with her. Macara overtook her one evening as she was walking home from the links.

"I wonder when you are going to give me that long deferred game, Miss Warrender?" he asked.

"When I think I am good enough to be able to give a plus four man a decent game," she answered evasively, with a laugh.

"That is not a very good reason," he said.

"You would either have to give me a ridiculous handicap, or play so badly intentionally that it would be worse than the severest beating."

"I have watched your game. On handicap points we would have a good match," he argued.

"The beating would be too humiliating," she said.



"Neighborly!" she exclaimed. "That is a new word."

"You are too good a sportswoman to be afraid of that," he told her.

"Suppose I am quite frank, and say that I do not wish to play?" she asked, with an air of quiet decision.

"I'd be awfully sorry," he answered. "It would make me think you did not consider me worthy of your friendship."

"The conclusion would be not quite fair," she said, coloring faintly.

"I am glad of that. I had hoped we might be friends."

SHE made no reply. They were nearing her home, and she was glad of it.

"Won't you let me call for you on Saturday afternoon? We would have a real out and out fight. Then we'd be real friends, I think," he smiled persuasively.

"I am afraid I can't," she answered. "I don't mean to be unfriendly at all, but I would rather you wouldn't ask me. If I seem peevish and unreasonable, be kind and just; put it down to unconquerable ill temper."

To her he seemed to be the very incarnation of the evil power that made her life hard and dark. It was unreasonable, she knew, but she could not help it.

"You must surely understand, Mr. Macara," she concluded.

"Yes, I think I do," he admitted gently. "But isn't it a wee bit unfair to me—perhaps to yourself? I'll not put it down to ill temper, either. I wonder—I wonder if I could ever make you believe that I'd do anything I could to help you to feel differently about me. I mean," he laughed, "that I don't think we were meant to be enemies, fighting one another. But some ill power, or a power that seems to be treating us ill, has set us in opposed camps. I wonder if we couldn't improve things? Golf's a grand reconciler. It's the broad game of broad folks. I'm not going to ask for a match again, till—well, till something makes me fancy that my luck is changing."

She left him hurriedly, in her over-wrought state midway between tears and hotly resentful anger. All night long and for days after, the sympathetic notes of the tender Scotch voice sang through her mind like music. Then the resumption of the daily fight against the forces under his command brought back all the old hardness.

III

WHEN the draw for the Mixed Foursomes was made, Macara's name was one of the last to come out of the hat.

"Macara," at last came the shout.

"And—Miss Warrender!"

There was a momentary hush in the room. Some idiot snickered. Then came a babel of laughing comment. Macara made his way to the place where the girl stood and held out his hand.

"I knew the luck would change," he said, for her ear alone.

She smiled and made some polite reply: then left with her father.

"Confoundedly unlucky draw!" Mr. Warrender said, as they walked home.

"I suppose I should consider myself lucky," she laughed. "Still, I almost wish I hadn't entered."

The pair ran triumphantly through the ties till they came to the final. They were a splendid combination, he master of all his clubs, far and sure, a born golfer, both in style and nerve and

execution; she clever, especially within range of, and on, the green.

The morning of the day for the play-off had been unusually trying to Mary Warrender. A big order they had relied upon to turn a lot of stock into much-needed cash had gone over the way to McWham's. She was fretted, irritable, nervous, and thoroughly off her game. Macara was at the top of his form, the slashing, brilliant St. Andrews style at its best. Nothing seemed impossible to him, and it was well it was so, since he had virtually to carry her around. She could do nothing right, and his unfailingly chivalrous sportsmanship made her feel worse, rather than better. Their opponents were of the humdrum, safe and sane type, and against them it was a noticeable performance for Macara to land his partner and himself all square at the end of the seventeenth.

It was Mary's drive from the last tee. She made a wreck of it; the ball fell short and pulled into the rough. Safe and Sane were well down the middle of the course. Macara took his cleek and, with a superb shot that brought down the gallery, laid the ball within six feet of the hole.

Safe and Sane, upset, just reached the green, and playing the odd, were ten feet from the hole. At two more they lay dead.

With two strokes for the match, Mary had but to lay the ball dead. After some nervous hesitation, she struck the ball so hard that it galloped past the hole, across the green, and dropped into a miserable guarding bunker, amid the groans of the multitude.

Macara managed to scramble it on to the green. Mary played the odd, leaving the ball four feet from the hole. At two more Macara ran down, but it was too late. Safe and Sane holed out and took the match and the cup.



"John McWham Macara," said the elderly man gravely, "ye'll hae to mind yer ways wi' the lassie, hereabouts."

THE crowd surged over the field, all voluble sympathy for Macara, who had played the most brilliant game ever seen on the course, only to be horribly butchered by his partner. Mary, pale and agitated, moved away in profoundest misery. He caught up with her.

"Don't worry about a trifling thing like that," he laughed. "I've done the same thing lots of times. Come along, we'll stand the gaff of the presentation together. There's a silver medal for the runners-up, I'm afraid."

"Suppose we go round by the beach and escape the mob," he said, when they found themselves outside again.

She felt rather helpless and so accompanied him without protest, though it was quite out of their way home. They crossed the now deserted links to the bay's edge. It was a jolly, sheltered, lonely place, and the breeze that blew in from the sea was delightfully refreshing.

"Let's sit down and talk things over," he said. "And don't look so dreadfully contrite. In golf you've got to take everything that comes. Now you're thinking about that putt, but I'm busy with the thought of my luck in being drawn with you, and of all those ties I have been able to play with you as partner all the week. The ice is broken and I think there is going to be no more frost."

She looked at the silver medal in her hand.

"I'd like to fling it into the sea," she said. "It's the reminder of a hateful day."

"Better keep it," he smiled. "The day isn't done yet. Now forget about that last green, or I'll think you are a pot-hunter. You can't account for golfing nerves. They are part of the links' discipline."

"It wasn't nerves altogether," she answered. "The moment I had to putt, I thought of that big order from the MacLaren Stores you took away from us this morning, and—I put you into the bunker on purpose."

"I know you did," he laughed. "I saw you look viciously at me when some of those gabblers were cracking up my cleek shot. I knew you would do it. Sometimes I feel the same way, especially with smugness. I used to fire peas at my school master's bald head because he was so thunderingly good, and knew it. I must have been an awful trial to you, you poor, wee, troubled lassie. You can put me into a hundred bunkers if you like, so long as you let me partner you." He drew closer to her. "I'd sooner, Mary dear, be with you in the toughest hazard ever niblick faced than be on the fair green with anybody else."

She looked up at him, very white, but he fancied he saw a glint of sunshine.

"I loved you, lassie mine, when I wrote you that savage letter about the water pollution. When I came over and talked about damages and lectured you about injunctions, I wanted to pick you up and kiss you. It's a terrible confession to have to make, isn't it?"

His arm stole about her.

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THE THREE TOMMIES

By R.W. SERVICE

Illustrated by C. W. JEFFERYS

That Barrett, the painter of pictures, what feeling for color he had!
And Fanning, the maker of music, such melodies, mirthful and mad!
And Harley, the writer of stories, so whimsical, tender and glad!

To hark to their talk in the trenches, high heart all unfolding to heart,
Of the day when the War would be over, and each would be true to his part,
Upbuilding a palace of beauty to the wonder and glory of Art.

Yon's Barrett, the painter of pictures, yon carcass that rots on the wire.
His hand with its sensitive cunning is crisped to a cinder with fire;
His eyes with their magical vision are bubbles of glutinous mire.

Poor Fanning! he sought to discover the symphonic note of a shell;
There are bits of him broken and bloody, to show you the place where it fell;
I've reason to fear, on his exquisite ear, the rats have been banqueting well.

And speaking of Harley the writer, I fancy I looked on him last
Sprawling and staring and writhing in the roar of the battle blast;
Then a mad gun-team crashed over, and scattered his brains as it passed.

Oh, Harley and Fanning and Barrett, they were bloody good mates o' mine;
Their bodies are empty bottles; Death has guzzled the wine;
What's left of them's filth and corruption. . . Where is the Fire Divine?

I'll tell you. . . . At night in the trenches as I watch and do my part,
Three radiant spirits I'm seeing, high heart revealing to heart,
And they're building a peerless palace to the splendour and triumph of Art.

Yet, alas, for the fame of Barrett, the glory he might have trailed!
And, alas, for the name of Fanning, a star that beacons and paled!
Poor Harley, obscure and forgotten. . . Well, who shall say that they failed!

No! Each did a something grander than ever he dreamed to do;
And as for the work unfinished, all will be paid their due;
The broken ends will be fitted, the balance struck will be true.

So painters and players and penmen, I tell you; toil as you please;
Let your fame outleap on the trumpets, you'll never rise up to these. . . .
To three grim and gory Tommies, down, down on your bened knee.



The LAND of NATIONAL LEADERS

By THOMAS MELVILLE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM CASEY

IT appears to be the general opinion in Canada, that, in the provinces down by the sea, the people drink in politics with their mothers' milk. A native of those provinces would not consider it especially worthy of note that people should be keenly interested in politics; he assumes that in every province they are the same.

It is probably true that political feeling in parts of the Maritime Provinces is more intense than elsewhere; but this applies, mainly, to certain racial elements in the population. It is true, also, of religion. While I am not prepared to say (whatever I may think) that the people of these provinces are either more patriotic or religious than elsewhere in Canada, there is no doubt that both religion and politics are a more intimate and vital part of their existence than in other parts of the Dominion.

The backbone of politics in the Maritime Provinces is the large Scotch element in the population; and the explanation of this seems to be that both politics and religion give the Scotchman a vent for the sentiment which is always choking him for utterance, but of which he is perpetually ashamed. Some of the finest love lyrics ever penned have been written by Scotchmen; but the real fine flower of this sentiment is not available to many, because they are written in Gaelic. There are more terms of endearment in Gaelic than in any other language; and the Scotchman who speaks the Gaelic can use language of affection in that tongue which would make him shrink with shamefacedness if he had to translate it into cold, Sassenach speech. He is essentially tender; but he has a great horror of making a fool of himself, as he feels he is doing when he makes a display of his affection. So, also, he will address his Maker in language of the deepest fervor and eloquence; but in conversation with his fellow-men—and, more particularly with his women kind—he restrains himself to an almost Quaker-like simplicity.

In politics, he finds a strenuous and manly vehicle for the expression of his emotions. He is, and always has been, a pillar of lost causes; whether it was in hiding Prince Charlie among the heather and moss-bags in Scotland, or standing steadfastly at the back of Sir Wilfrid Laurier when his sun seemed to have set forever in Canada. The dourness, of which there are traces in every drop of Scotch blood, causes him to be happiest when in the minority, and makes him rather better convinced of the fact that he is right than if he were fighting with the crowd. There are traits in the Scottish character which must make them almost unendurable to some people; but no one has ever arisen to call them traitors, or a milk and water breed.

Friendship For The French

IT is the Scotchmen, then, in the Maritime Provinces, and more particularly the Scotchmen of Nova Scotia,

for they are more numerous there than elsewhere—who have given to the people of that part of Canada the reputation of being our keenest politicians, and producing the greatest number of our Canadian statesmen. It is true that all those leaders have not been of Scotch blood, though the majority have been; but they have been the product of a Scotch environment. The political feeling there is very different from what it is in the Province of Quebec, for instance. In that province they have shown extraordinary attachment to politicians of their own race; but in Nova Scotia the two Canadian statesmen who most deeply engaged their affections were Howe and Laurier—the one of English blood, and the other of French.

This feeling of the Scotch and French for each other is, of course, not confined to Canada; it is historic. In the Maritime Provinces to-day, particularly in Nova Scotia, there is a very pronounced difference in the feeling of the people towards Quebec from that towards Ontario. They like, and, to a considerable extent, sympathize with Quebec; the feeling towards Ontario is far otherwise.

The Memory of The Great Howe

YOU cannot go very far in the history of politics in the Maritime Provinces without encountering Joe Howe. It took the people of Nova Scotia a long time to squeeze out enough bawbees to erect a statue to him, but he was, and still is, a big figure in their hearts. He was largely responsible for making a race of politicians out of the Nova Scotians. Outside of the Maritime Provinces his name, perhaps, does not signify much; but certainly no Canadian public man ever got closer to his people than Howe. Although he was born well over a century ago, and has been dead nearly fifty years, you will still find his picture in the place of honor in half of the rural homes of Nova Scotia. For a time, when he seemed to have played his people falsely on the question of Confederation, the picture was turned towards the wall; but they could never quite get over their love for him. "Though he slay me," says the Psalmist (who, next to Burns, is the poet of the Scotch people), "yet will I trust in him." Even those who could never forgive what they called the "Confederation plot" forgave Howe after his death; and now they have taken him into their affections for all time.

Howe was not, by any means, a solitary figure in the arena in the days when the Nova Scotia school of politics was founded. I suppose all generations are prone to think, politically, that "there were giants in those days"; but Howe was great not only in himself, but because of the bigness of the issues for which he fought, and the calibre of the men who fought beside and against him.

The reason why the intensity of political feeling in the Maritime Provinces is not understood or appreciated more thoroughly outside those Provinces, is that there is no very intimate knowledge of their early political history among the people of to-day in the Upper and Western Provinces. Their remoteness from the rest of Canada previous to Confederation is not realized. You may still hear old men—as I have heard them this spring—refer to Quebec and Ontario as "Canada." They fought out their own fight against privilege, and they were the first people in the Northern part of the continent to begin that fight; albeit they did so by strictly constitutional means. They had little knowledge of what was going on in Upper and Lower Canada; and had certainly no sympathy with rebellion. And the great figure in the fight, from first to last, was Joe Howe, although Wilnot in New Brunswick was an able second. Nova Scotia was his battle-field, but the political destiny of both New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island hung on the issue of that fight as well.

It was not until he entered the Dominion Parlia-



He is a pillar of lost causes.

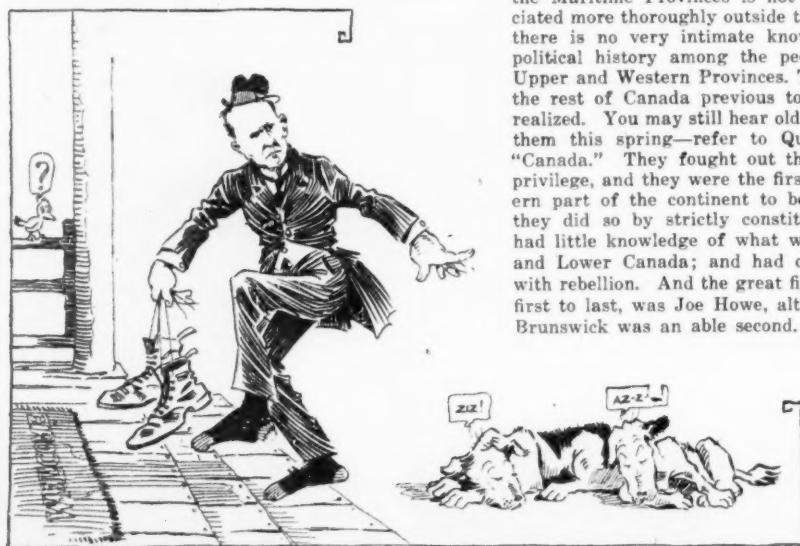
ment after Confederation that Howe became at all well known to the people and their leaders in the Upper Provinces; and then he was long past his meridian, broken in health and low in spirit, because he felt that the people of the Maritime Provinces had lost faith in him. Moreover, he found himself subject to the dominating personality of Sir John A. Macdonald; and Howe was not accustomed to playing second fiddle to anyone. He never was a great Parliamentarian; but he was unequalled in Canadian history as a great tribune of the people, as a popular orator, and as a political seed. His methods might not commend themselves to all of our leaders to-day, though I believe some of them would be attractive enough to those who had the courage to adopt them. The modern politician is sometimes charged with resorting to such expedients as kissing the babies. That was not Joe Howe's method; he kissed their mothers, and the women generally—so generally, indeed, that there was neither resentment nor jealousy.

Never Liked Confederation

THE Maritime Provinces never liked the Confederation proposal; and their attitude towards it is interesting, because it has, to a considerable extent, influenced their feelings toward the Upper Provinces ever since, and particularly towards Ontario. They felt no particular sympathy towards the rest of Canada, which was, geographically, remote from them, with an almost unknown wilderness stretching between. What seemed a more logical proposition to them—and the feeling is not dead—was a union of the Maritime Provinces. Their trade was with the New England States; and Boston was nearer and dearer to them than Montreal or Toronto.

There was no question as to the attitude of the people of the Maritime Provinces on the question. Even as late as 1884, a provincial campaign was fought in Nova Scotia on the issue of "better terms," and the Fielding Government was returned by a very large majority. The better terms, however, were never secured, although this question is perhaps the liveliest issue in politics in both Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Prince Edward Island has already secured increased subsidies. In New Brunswick, particularly, there is a larger territory and a smaller revenue than in Nova Scotia. Some more satisfactory financial arrangement is vital.

In the meantime, the Maritime member has to fight day by day for appropriations from Parliament for his constituency. Consider the configuration of the Maritime Provinces: All of Prince Edward Island, practically all of Nova Scotia, and over two-thirds of New Brunswick front on the sea. Those interminable small appropriations for wharves and break-waters, which appear to annoy Dr. Edwards and many other members of Parliament from the Upper Provinces so acute-



Carvell's quietness is due to a desire to let sleeping dogs lie.

ly, are thus accounted for. The dead set always made on them can be accounted for by what may be called the Ontario Idea in Canadian life and politics. The Maritime people perceive it as an intense provincialism which cannot see beyond the Ontario nose. Ontario does not require break-waters and wharves; ergo, no other place should have them. There is a disposition—one may hear it in the House and in the Press Gallery at Ottawa—on the part of Ontario to have the Maritime Province member classed as a mere hunter of Government jobs and steamboat subsidies, and to consider him an active, but picaresque, politician. I do not think there is any doubt about the existence of this feeling; I have heard it expressed so often, and so casually, that it seems to be a thing taken for granted.

Is There Corruption in the East?

THERE is also a pretty wide opinion prevalent in Ontario that there is an ascending scale of political corruption from the East, which reaches its greatest development in Quebec—and, of course, ends there! Prince Edward Island, being small, isolated in the Gulf and consequently cut off from the corruption-hatcheries of the mainland, does not sink so low in the estimation of Ontario as the others. Nova Scotia, though, is regarded as away down in the scale; and when the estimates are up in the House of Commons, and some harassed member from that Province is pleading for a six hundred dollar wharf or break-water for the protection of the fishermen in his constituency, a shudder of self-righteous horror can be felt emanating from the Ontario wing. The Minister has to fight for his wharf to the last plank; and so strenuously do the Ontario members fight against the rapacity of the Maritime Provinces, that very frequently they are too exhausted to protest when estimates, for canals or railways in Ontario are up, and millions go through with a whoop. Such, at least, is the way it looks to the man "down East."

From reading Ontario newspapers, listening to Ontario politicians, and even from conversing with Ontario newspapermen, I judge that the idea prevailing in that Province is that prayers have the least to do with the winning of elections in the Maritime Provinces, and that bank-notes are quite as important a part of election paraphernalia down there as ballot papers. Now, so far as Provincial politics go, I believe there has never been a serious political scandal in Prince Edward Island; not even the foxes, the little foxes, have stolen away the vines of their probity. Although one political party has been in power almost continuously in Nova Scotia for half a century, a fairly active Opposition has never yet succeeded in showing any more venal action than, say, a somewhat over-generous creation of Justices of the Peace, with the magic touch descending very impartially on both the Just among the adherents of the Government, and the Unjust of the Opposition, ennobling them all alike.

In New Brunswick, the record has not been so clean, though there is reason to hope that that Province has been



When a sculptor undertakes to add the figure of Sir Robert Borden

purged. It seems to have been an understood thing in the past, on both sides of politics, that the lumbering industry, which furnishes the greater part of the strictly legitimate revenues of the Province, shall also provide that elusive but necessary thing, the campaign fund. Generally speaking, the lumbermen do not appear to have resented the imposition; it seems to have been taken as a part of the cost of doing business. Presumably, the New Brunswick lumbermen, in making up his costs sheets, has a column for "Overhead Charges" and another for "Underground Charges." At all events, in addition to the legitimate tax for stumpage in the woods, there was another which was also for "stumpage"—and was allocated among the Government candidates when they took the stump at election times.

So far as this goes, New Brunswick has been no more venal than any of the other Provinces—only a little more frank. The campaign fund, whether acknowledged or not, is an adjunct of every Government in every country, and the New Brunswick fund is probably as clean as the average. The crime attached to it appears to consist in being caught.

The fact that two recent Governments in New Brunswick were caught rather publicly, has given political Pharisees in other Provinces an opportunity to do some stone-throwing. There appears to have been considerable resentment on the part of the Dominion Union of Practical Politicians that the New Brunswick branch of the organization should have been so crude in its methods. Being caught with the goods tends to bring the organization into undesired publicity. Practical politicians are not like Cromwell; they do not wish to be painted with warts or any other excrescences likely to attract undesired attention, although they may be known to be on the face of the body politic. I am not attempting to excuse or to palliate campaign funds; but everyone knows that they exist everywhere, and in no place more extensively than in Great Britain, to which we have been accustomed to look for our political precedents and ideals; so why be hypocritical about them, and lambaste New Brunswick as being particularly corrupt, simply because the origin of its campaign fund was discovered?

Taking Politics Seriously!

BEFORE passing on to other phases of the political aspect of the Eastern Provinces, I would like to present a picture which demonstrates the deadly seriousness of politics in the past and suggests the reason for the intense interest that the Maritime people still take in all things pertaining thereto. The Rev. J. P. MacPhie, in "Pictonians at Home and Abroad," describes an election in Pictou County in the early days:

"In its earlier stages, the quarrel was ecclesiastical as well as political, and intense feelings were aroused. Jotham Blanchard was elected in 1830 to the Assembly at Halifax. This was the year of the 'big election,' concerning which many stories of strife, bloodshed, and even death are told. Hon. J. W. Carmichael describes the famous election of 1830, when 'Kirk' and 'Antiburgher' were the war cries. Elections were not held then as now in one day. That one occupied three weeks, commencing in Halifax, adjourning to Truro, and then to Pictou, a week in each, the excitement increasing as the contest proceeded. From Truro came accounts of bands of electors marching in from Stewiacke, Londonderry, and Tatamagouche, with pipes playing, flags flying, and forming in a body around Court House Square.

"The battle rolled on to Pictou and when Highlander met Lowlander, then came the tug of war. A regular plan of campaign was marked out. On Monday, the Kirk men (Tories) took possession of the town and drove the Antiburghers (Liberals) before them like leaves before the blast. The Antiburgher leaders took counsel with one another and orders were issued. Messengers sped over hills and dales; and 'Antiburghers to the rescue' was the cry. From East and West and Middle River came in the detachments and revived the drooping spirits of their party. The college was guarded. A body-guard was stationed in Blanchard's house. On Wednesday night a fierce and possibly fatal contest was prevented, solely by the interposition of Dr. McCulloch, who placed himself between the contending parties just as their columns were coming into conflict, and prevailed on both to retire."

Ah, those good, old days! Do you wonder that the people of the Maritime Provinces take their politics seriously, with an heritage like this?

Old hands in the Press Gallery, and some old members in the House, say that the general level of ability in the present Parliament is not up to the standard of previous Parliaments, possibly that is said



Mackenzie knows the more scripture of the two.

about every new Parliament—"le vieux temps, le bon temps." Be that as it may, it seems to me that the 31 members now representing the Maritime Provinces in the House of Commons—including, as they do, the Premier; the Leader of the Opposition, the Speaker, four Cabinet Ministers, the author of the British Preference and Reciprocity (both good measures) and the other private members—contains more ability than can be found in any other representation of similar size from any other part of Canada. The Prime Minister, the Leader of the Opposition, and the Speaker of the House all come from the Province of Nova Scotia.

Three of the eight Premiers of Canada have come from Nova Scotia—and there is a fourth in sight! What would appear to be an unduly large representation in the Cabinet has always hailed from the Maritime Provinces—what an Ontario "statesman" once called "the shreds and patches of Confederation." In fact, in forming Cabinets, the difficulty of the Cabinet-maker appears always to have been how many of the eligibles from those provinces he could afford to reject in deference to the criticisms of other parts of Canada. There are 235 members in the House of Commons, out of which the Maritime Provinces send only 31; there are twenty Ministers in the Cabinet, of which the Maritime Provinces contribute four.

In the House of Commons debates, particularly during the past 25 years, the Maritime Provinces have had an easy superiority. Names like those of Weldon, Blair, Pugsley, Foster and Carvell, from New Brunswick; Davies, from Prince Edward Island; the Tupper, Fielding, Russell, D. C. Fraser, Mackenzie, Maclean and Macdonald from Nova Scotia could not be excelled; perhaps not even matched.

The House of Commons of to-day is, perhaps, not notably brilliant in this respect; the French members in Parliament certainly hold their own, but there are five different types now in the House from the Maritime Provinces who can do a little more than hold their own.

A Word As To Borden

FROM the importance of his position, if for no other reason, I presume that it may be said that the most important part played by any Maritime member in the drama of politics is taken by Premier Borden. He is not a favorite subject for the political annalist: he has few of those purely human traits which appeal. He is more like some finely executed statue in pure marble representing the cardinal political virtues. When the sculptor undertakes to add the figure of Sir Robert Borden to the collection on Parliament Hill, I am afraid the result will be something which might be labelled: "Statue of a Well-Dressed Gentleman: circa, 1918." His trousers will be as properly creased in perpendicular lines as his whole political life has been. The

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GUARDING *Our* COAST LINE

THE first time the war was really brought home to the people of this side of the Atlantic was when the two German "commercial" submarines, the *Deutschland* and *Bremen*, sailed for the United States. The *Bremen* never reached a port, so far as is known; what became of her is one of the secrets of the Admiralty; but the *Deutschland* arrived in the United States and took on cargo—including, it is alleged, Canadian nickel. She received a great deal of publicity; but, like much of the German propaganda, it was ill-advised; because the fact that submarines could come into American ports with German products of commerce must have made the people of the United States realize that she could bring in mines and torpedoes also; and, as a matter of fact, it is believed that she did subsequently come into American waters thus laden, and laid her eggs. The commercial activities of the submarines amounted to nothing; their visit was probably a part of the German program of terrorism, being meant as a hint of how they might come subsequently; as, in fact, they did come.

They also aroused the British Admiralty to the fact that, although the seas had been cleared of German cruisers, they were open to the submarines, and our coasts were vulnerable. Thereafter active precautions were taken against them.

It is now known that the German plan of campaign included great activity on this side of the Atlantic in the spring and summer of 1919. Had not the collapse come when it did, an attempt would certainly have been made to carry this plan out. It would, however, have amounted to nothing. Canada's defences were far from her own coasts. They rested in the brains of Canadians; because it was really Canadians who solved the submarine problem. The exact means by which this was solved has not yet been given to the world, except that the aid of electricity was called in. But this is known; the straits of Dover were closed to submarines on August 29th, 1918. After that date no submarine ever went through; and no enemy submarine ever will. It came a little late for the *Lux Blanca*; the *Triumph*; the *Annie M. Perry*; and a dozen or so more ships in our waters; because the subs got them off our coasts, within sight of our defences.

Was Our Defence System Bad?

WHETHER they should ever have got any of our ships at all or not, is a question I am not competent to discuss, not being an expert in coast defence. There are those who believe our defences were badly handled; and Mr. Duff, member for Lunenburg, asked in vain for a Parliamentary committee of investigation into naval conditions on the Atlantic coast. The sins connected with the question of naval defence in Canada are largely political; and go some way back.

It is not to be supposed, however, that we were left naked to the enemy. Had this been the case, Halifax would have suffered even more severely than it did from that terrible explosion which was, indirectly, a war damage.

The dangers we had to anticipate from the enemy along the Atlantic coast were, primarily, dangers to shipping. Even if a submarine had got past the defences at Halifax and up into Bedford Basin, there would have been no attempt to attack the city. But when you consider that, at times, there were as many as ninety or one hundred of the biggest steamers afloat gathered in Bedford Basin, waiting for convoy, loaded with cargoes of unimaginable wealth and importance to the Allies, you may speculate on the damage a submarine could have wreaked if she had ever gone in.

ON the 6th of August, 1914, people all over Canada read the glaring headlines in their local papers: "Glouce Bay Shelled by German Warships." It was a pure canard; but that report came in somewhere out of the illimitable ether; it was caught at Halifax, and

A Review of Wartime Measures in East

By THOMAS M. FRASER



A destroyer in Halifax harbor.

they hurried off crews to the defence of the beleaguered city. Some went by train with guns. The D.G.S. — was in port at Halifax, and she got up steam at once. For a time it looked as though the Captain would have to go almost alone. The crew were unused to war's alarms; and they did not want to go into the war bull-headed. They wanted some time to think the thing over, and make up their minds whether they really wanted to be heroes or not. The Captain called for volunteers to step across the deck. There was no imitation of a rush. Then he promised, if they would take the ship around with him, that he would land those who desired to go ashore at Louisburg, en route. On that understanding, he got all but five or six; these he kicked ashore, either actually or metaphorically. Probably the draft got them later, and to-day they may be buried in heroes' graves in Argyle House, London.

When the ship sighted Louisburg, there was a great smoke arising from the shore. It looked from a distance as though the Hun might be there, hurrying and burning. At all events, a sharp English bo'sun on board carried this news down below; and it was unanimously resolved to push on to Glace Bay. There they found—nothing at all.

Nevertheless, that wireless had been sent out with some intent. The explanation the naval authorities give is that it was sent from the German wireless station in the United States, and the idea was to draw away the British ships watching off New York to bottle up German steamers which might try to get away.

Fat Prizes Were Missed

IT is undeniable that unpreparedness on the part of Canada at the beginning of the war caused us the loss of many rich prizes. Had the naval program designed in 1911 been carried on, we should have had available for coast defence and offence here the *Niobe*, two smaller cruisers, and three destroyers. As it was we had the *Niobe* tied up to her wharf at Halifax, out of commission, and with a total ship's company of 32 out of her full complement of 670. They worked like Trojans to get her ready for sea. She began recruiting from the shore, and all the men in the dockyard were taken on, including one old-timer who was with Admiral Hornby in the passage of the Dardanelles in '78. The crews of the *Shearwater* and the *Algerian* were brought across from the Pacific, and put on board her. Large numbers of deserters from the Imperial navy mysteriously appeared from nowhere—men who had tired of the piping times of peace, but answered the call of war. In thirty days this sheer hulk, which had surrendered to the political big guns several years

before, was ready for her trials.

But it was torment to those on board of her to

think what they were missing while all this was going on. The Hamburg-American liner *Willehad*, a legitimate prey, with millions of dollars worth of cargo on board, came along and almost laughed in their faces. She steamed along the Nova Scotia coast, where they could almost see her smoke, and took refuge in Portland. The *Kronprinzessin Cecilie*, with other millions in goods and gold, had left Boston before war broke out, but she was turned back by wireless; and fishermen off Cape Sable reported seeing her steam leisurely past our doors to take refuge in Bar Harbor, Maine. Officers of the *Niobe* say they would have had a chance, at least, at about a dozen big German ships, had she been in commission when war was declared.

The *Niobe* did good work, nevertheless, after she got in commission. She was attached to the examination service off New York, where her duty was to hold up all suspicious ships and examine them, reporting them on to Kirkwall, which was then the chief examining station. She has 65 captured ships to her credit; a record surpassed only by the *Suffolk*, with 67. In 1915, she steamed 37,500 miles—which for the "tin-pot navy" was going some. Later she was made the station ship at Halifax; and, in all, over 5,000 men were passed through her during the war, and put into the service.

"Who killed our navy?"

"I," said the politician;

"With the helpful addition

"Of the party press

"I must confess,

"I killed the navy."

"Who saw it die?"

"I," said Jack Hazen.

"With attitude brazen.

"Now that I'm safely berthed

"I don't care what's unearthed—

"I saw it die."

NAVAL activity on this side of the water was, admittedly, largely devoted to convoy work, and to making safe the path of the convoys and war ships by mine sweeping. No ship was supposed to go in or out of Halifax until the channel had been swept, and this was done regularly every morning.

Previous to the summer of 1917, the work was not done very systematically, because the German submarines had not begun to appear on this side, although there was a small patrol fleet at Halifax and an examination service. In that year it was realized that, owing to increased sphere of submarine action, the risks off this coast had been increased. In the latter part of 1916, the British Admiralty first approached the Canadian Naval Department on the subject of procuring ships to take up anti-submarine work. Later, they asked the Department to increase the patrol on this coast to 36 ships as soon as possible, and made inquiries as to whether some trawlers and drifters could be built in Canada. Presumably, they had some doubt about it; because among the many foolish, if not criminal, statements at the time of the navy discussion, it was said that it would take fifty years to build ships here; that we could not provide the riveters; and that wise young man, Winston Churchill, even went so far as to inform us that we had no ground here for a shipyard—when Canadians had always been under the impression that, next to water, ground was one of our largest assets. At all events, it was arranged to have one hundred drifters and thirty-six trawlers built in Canada, and to secure the crews to man them.

Recruiting centres were opened in many Canadian towns and cities and the three thousand additional officers and men needed were secured, and their training was begun. The patrol was then under Admiral Sir Charles Coke, R. N., who, having retired from the service, was serving as Commodore, R. N. R. He organized and conducted the patrol from May, 1917,

until August of the same year, when he was relieved by Captain Walter Hose, R. C. N.

In October, 1917, the newly built ships began to arrive from the St. Lawrence; and from then until the close of navigation, there was a steady stream of them arriving at Halifax. Considering all things, they were a floating refutation of the libel that good ships could not be built in Canada.

A British sea captain in Sydney told me that two of the best built ships he ever saw were among those built for the Dominion Government at Vickers, in Montreal.

It had now been decided that all the one hundred drifters would not be needed on the Canadian coast, and only 36 of this class were to be retained in Canada. During the winter of 1917-18, the patrol of mine sweepers was maintained off Halifax, their most important work being the protection of the large convoys made up there. There was also a watching patrol maintained along the coast between Halifax and St. John. Large numbers of the newly-joined men were being trained at Halifax in the many duties connected with the mine-sweeping patrol, escorts, anti-submarine work, including gunnery and the control of gun-fire, hydroplane work for locating submarines, depth-charge work, handling the different types of mine-sweepers, signalling and methods of operating patrol ships in company as a flotilla, both in clear and foggy weather.

When navigation opened in the spring, ships kept coming down the river to Halifax and Sydney, according to the base allotted to them. By July, 1918, the patrol had reached 130 ships in all, including six U.S. sub. chasers, attached to the Canadian flotilla. The work on which they were employed was mine-sweeping the approaches to Halifax and Sydney Harbors; and an American division was also held ready at each of those points to sweep the areas off the Canadian and Newfoundland coasts on which many mines were reported, or on which there was reason to believe mines had been laid.

The Material Was Raw

MINE sweeping operations, exclusive of the routine sweeps off Halifax, Sydney, and St. John, were carried on all along the coast routes from Sydney to Shelburne, and also to Cape Race; and there were regular patrols in the straits of Belle Isle. Temporary bases were operated in Newfoundland at Bonne Bay and Mutton Bay; and the total area over which Canadian patrols operated extended from Belle Isle, Newfoundland, to Cape Sable, N.S.; and from Gaspe to east of the Virgin Rocks.

While there were many experienced sailors in the crews, it must be admitted also that a good deal of the material was pretty raw. When the skippers used to go up the St. Lawrence to take down the trawlers and drifters, they had troubles of their own, and would wire back, despairingly: "For God's sake send us some sailors." It was up to them, however, to make sailors of what they had; and the work done by Canadian captains and mates has never been sufficiently recognized—nor paid. The skippers were taken from fishing schooners, lake vessels, or wherever they could get them. They had to learn all sorts of technical details absolutely new to them; how to keep in touch and manoeuvre in bad weather; and many other things which it was never designed in peace time that a skipper should know. The crews enlisted from all over Canada; and, under conditions of life to which in most cases they were quite unused, proved very good. The lesson of this would seem to be that we have all the raw material for a very good navy in Canada—if we could keep the curse of partisan politics out of it.

In addition to the regular patrols, continuous investigations had to be carried on all over the area of operations to find out about suspicious ships, flashing lights, reported submarines, enemy plots, etc. There was any amount of such reported; wherever there was a German or any other of alien enemy origin—or even if he had a name sufficiently strange to hang a plot on—rumors were likely to grow. Down Lunenburg way, there dwelt a retired professor of languages, born in one of the German cantons of Switzerland, who caused many an earnest amateur detective to lay out on cold nights watching for suspicious signals. Finally it was thought

that such were discovered, but there was no proof elicited that the old gentleman had been conducting anything but ordinary perambulations with a lantern; nor does there seem to have been any object possible in such treachery on his part. Again, there was considerable excitement aroused in Prince Edward Island by signals being flashed back and forth out of doors, in remote places; and it is probable that the black foxes were placed under double guard. It was found that the signalling was being conducted by members of the geodetic survey, proceeding about their business on their lawful occasions.

While it is improbable that any of these mysterious lights seen so frequently were those of the enemy, there is no doubt that many of them emanated from parties whom the authorities would have been glad to capture. The long, low, black lugger; the cave inland or on the shore; the rolling of barrels and the hurrying about with lanterns in the dead of night—all this is of not uncommon occurrence on the coast of Cape Breton. The French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, lying off the coast of Newfoundland, are opposite our eastern coast; and many a barrel of good stuff comes across without any notification to King George. When prohibition gets in full swing, believe me, gentle reader, there will be some busy times for the exciseman in Cape Breton and along our coast generally. The prohibition people will have to raise a fund to buy those islands from France if they want to make Canada dry.

Chasing a Phantom Sub

WHEN peace came, there was no class happier than the whales, and the porpoises, and any other marine inhabitants with round, black backs which they raise above the surface of the sea when traveling. The mortality caused among whales by sub-hunters was terrific. Anything that looked like a sub was fair game. Great excitement was caused at headquarters by a message received one morning from St. John's, Nfld., that a sub was lying doggo behind an ice-berg, 15 miles from Cape Royal. The patrol put forth, resolved to uphold the traditions of the service. They approached in battle formation, and had everything which should accompany an action against the enemy, including "low visibility; but the enemy could be discerned, about as reported.

As they came close, it submerged, but immediately rose again. The decks were cleared for action, battle stations were ordered, and the cook retired to the fo'c's'le to pray. Just as they were prepared to fire a salvo, they found that some other ship had beaten them to it; it was merely a dead whale, with five gannets perched on it; but it looked for all the world like the real thing, and the swell of their advancing ship against the berg had caused it to submerge and rise again.

We had subs of our own—two of them; but they were not dangerous to human life, so long as the crew maintained care in operating them. Nevertheless, they were brought around from British Columbia, where Dick McBride had stationed them after he got them from the tinsmith at Seattle who soldered them. Lying at the wharf at Halifax, where they could be seen in all their menacing effect by Trotzky, or Berns-

torff, or any other potential enemy in there to have his clothes gone through, their moral effect was probably strong. Their ultimate disposal has not been finally decided upon, but it is not unlikely that they will be given to the Czecho-Slovaks, if they will consent to take them; if not, they must be made to do so.

In addition to the patrol work by ships, there was a squadron of hydroplanes during the latter months of the war. In 1917, the United States opened a naval base at Halifax, with branches at Shelburne and North Sydney, and an air station at the Eastern Passage, in Halifax harbor. The coast was patrolled by them, and they used to accompany convoys to sea searching from on high for subs. On one occasion they flew along the coast towns from Halifax to Yarmouth, bearing messages to the different mayors en route, to show what the planes could do.

THEY had three sub. chasers stationed at Halifax, and three at North Sydney. In addition to looking after American interests, this organization was entrusted with numerous duties which, otherwise, the Canadian or Imperial Governments would have had to perform. It was of tremendous service to the allied cause, as it helped to guard the vitally important port of Halifax, and coast of Nova Scotia from Hun raids, as well as performing many other valuable services. Nova Scotia became U.S. Naval Base 23, which, in war time, is always in an allied country. Captain H. K. Hines, U.S.N., arrived in Halifax May 31st, 1917, all Eastern Canada being placed under the jurisdiction. The American organization at Halifax was very large and complete, and included not only naval work, but transport, medical, and Red Cross organizations, with canteens for the troops passing through; and very charming girls from all over the United States who, in their attractive uniform, were a striking feature of the wonderful panorama which the old city presented in war time.

The people of Halifax cannot say enough that it is good about the Americans. For one thing, the quickness and wonderful liberality of the aid rendered at the time of the explosion, particularly from Massachusetts, touched the heart of the people down there so deeply that the feeling they have for their American neighbors is something more than friendship.

Thousands of United States troops passed through the city, and many of them had no idea where they were, judging from the questions they used to ask.

Examining All Strange Ships

THE other big feature of the work at Halifax and Sydney, perhaps the big feature was the examination of ships. At first the examinations of all suspicious or neutral ships was done at Kirkwall; but later on this work was transferred to this side, and all the necessary staff, which was very large, brought over. The ships to be examined were brought into Bedford Basin; some of them were there for months—so long that the men on one ship started a garden on her decks and raised flowers and vegetables. One large ship apparently could never give a satisfactory account of herself, as she was still there this spring.

Bedford Basin, which is a continuation of Halifax harbor, but landlocked except for a narrow passage, presented an extraordinary sight, with as many as one hundred large ships, camouflaged in wonderful futurist painting, riding there at once. It used to be a favorite expression of descriptive writers on Halifax that "the navies of the world could ride at anchor in Bedford Basin." Apparently they could come close to doing so, as there was still lots of room, even with the crowd of wartime ships. The assembled wealth represented was of a staggering nature, and it would have been great picking for a German sub.

Undoubtedly some interesting finds were made at the examinations conducted. Trotzky and family were removed from one ship, and after a short stay in Halifax were transferred to the internment camp at Amherst, N.S. They were, unfortunately, released after about a month.

Bernstorff and his party were held up on the *Frederick VII* in Bedford Basin for some days, while the ship and party underwent a most thorough search. He was particularly furious over this incident. Great quantities of contra-

Continued on page 56



Patrol vessels in Halifax Harbor.



THIS MONTH'S VITAL QUESTION-

What Canadian Papers from Halifax to Vancouver are saying



Have We Narrowly Escaped Soviet Government?

WHAT is the cause of the present industrial unrest in Canada—which has reached its most aggravated stage in Winnipeg?

"Organized Bolshevism, . . . which exposes a critical and cankerous condition in the industrial life of Canada," answers the *Quebec Telegraph*.

"The 'red,' or I. W. W. element," says the *Edmonton Bulletin*.

"A denial of our unrestricted right to collective bargaining," asserts the *Winnipeg Labor News*.

"The One Big Union movement is the underlying cause of the whole trouble," says the *Ottawa Journal*, quoting Senator Gideon Robertson, Minister of Labor.

"The fatuous imbecility of the self-appointed dictators of labor in Winnipeg," is the way the *Winnipeg Telegram* puts it.

"The failure of the iron-masters to concede the right of collective bargaining," is the local cause, as given by the *Manitoba Free Press*.

"Prohibition," says the *Toronto Mail and Empire*. "The workmen are not restive because they can no longer get liquor at bars or in shops. . . . taking away the befogging and benumbing effects of alcohol has sharpened their wits, made them more aggressive in self-interest, and led them to pay more attention to economic and social conditions."

"The high price of the necessities of life," says the *Belleville Intelligencer*. The *Saskatoon Phoenix* blames it on the Minister of Labor, saying:

"Hon. Thos. Crothers, by his lazy and inept administration of the labor department which had also most to do with the cost of food, fuel and other essentials, was largely instrumental in creating the conditions that have led up to the present unrest. He plainly wanted nothing done to check the profiteering of the food sharks."

The *Toronto Star* attributes the prevailing troubles to the same cause in an editorial headed: "The Real Cause of Discontent," saying:

"The conviction is growing stronger that the real cause of industrial unrest is not Bolshevism or any other theory, but the high cost of living. The workman's dollar will buy only about half what it bought twenty years ago. He is forced to strike, or make a protest of some kind, not to establish Soviets or even to improve his condition, but just to keep up with the continual increase in the cost of food, clothing, and rent."

The "O. B. U."—what is it? It is only since March of this year that the "One Big Union" idea has appeared prominently in the Canadian press. The *Vancouver World* thus interprets it:

"If we have correctly understood the implications of the movement it aims to reach a certain objective and to reach it by exercise of industrial strength—in other words by use of the strike weapon if and when the members of the 'One Big Union' decide that that is the most expedient way."

"Craft organizations are to disappear. One single organization is to replace them. This means that collective agreements made with employers by individual unions will no longer be made. Strikes by individual unions, also, will be abolished. In future, if one set of industrial workers has a grievance they deem of such importance as to call for a strike, not one union or a number of allied trades will go out but the whole body of workers."

"In this way social and industrial life of the provinces where the 'One Big Union' is supreme may be paralyzed at a moment's notice. Winnipeg's plight will be nothing in comparison."

Of the O. B. U. the *Manitoba Free Press* says:

"The fact is that this general strike is as much an attempt at revolution in the labor world as it is in the political world. In the labor world it is an attempt to destroy the individual unions and the international

orders and to replace them with the One Big Union which is nothing more nor less than the attempted application of I.W.W. ideas to industry—a scheme which is quite unworkable without an accompanying political revolution."

The *Edmonton Bulletin* has no love for the O. B. U. and thus describes it:

"The principle of the O. B. U. is to cut loose from international affiliation and to consider a bargain only binding, if at all, on the employer. Its purposes are frankly not constructive, but revolutionary. While using the trades unions, its purpose differs radically from theirs. Their purpose is the improvement of industrial conditions. The purpose of the O. B. U. is the usurpation of the functions of Government. Democracy—the right of the majority to rule—is the first principle of the trades unions. The O. B. U. sneers at the idea of Government by majority. The trades unions recognize the rights of other sections of the community. The O. B. U. does not."

The *Toronto Times* believes organized labor has suffered severely through association with the O. B. U.:



—Sam Hunter, *Toronto "World"*
Just one way to bridge the chasm.

"Organized Labor, particularly in the West, has lost public sympathy by permitting itself to be made the tool of designing I.W.W.'s and other extremists, obviously financed from abroad. The One Big Union movement is a direct outcome of the Bolshevik propaganda which has been carried on throughout the Dominion for several months past. A Soviet Government was set up in Winnipeg, in fact, if not in name."

The *Montreal Star* sees a distinct menace in the O. B. U. and asserts:

"Canada cannot afford to harbor men who plot to destroy the institutions of the country and usurp the authority of Governments and Parliaments. Nor may the Governments be driven by panic to enact revolutionary and confiscatory legislation. A Red autocracy is as objectionable and dangerous as a Prussian autocracy."

The *Port Arthur News-Chronicle* says:

"It is not wanted in Canada. It has proven itself a menace to the welfare of the country, and cannot be tolerated by a people who have any regard for their personal liberties and independence."

The *Quebec Telegraph* questions whether "this is a legitimate labor weapon." The *Toronto Globe* claims

that the sympathetic strike in Toronto was "engineered by supporters of the One Big Union, and failed utterly." The *Edmonton Bulletin*, *Lethbridge Herald*, *Montreal Gazette*, *Victoria Times*, *Calgary Albertan*, and other papers from coast to coast blame the O. B. U. for the industrial troubles—and unanimously condemn it. The Minister of Labor's view, as expressed in the *Ottawa Journal*, is unequivocal:

"I have no hesitation in stating that the One Big Union movement is the underlying cause of the whole trouble, and that the Winnipeg general strike deserves no sympathy or support from labor organizations outside."

How much of Bolshevism is there in the labor unrest in Winnipeg—and the rest of Canada? When the general strike was first declared in Winnipeg, and that city isolated from the world, it was reported that a Soviet Government had been proclaimed, and to most Canadians the word "Soviet" has had a malign significance.

The *Manitoba Free Press* asserts that the Seattle and Winnipeg strikes are identical in aim, and adds:

"They were both experiments in Bolshevism, directed against existing authority. The parallel will hold true to the end. The Seattle strike failed. The Winnipeg strike will also fail."

The same paper thus describes two features of the "Soviet" rule:

"Waiters were allowed to return to certain restaurants under instruction that at the psychological moment they were to supply food only to people who would show union cards—a leaf straight out of Lenin's book."

There is something more than a suggestion in this policy of ukase about the water question. They graciously permitted the people of Winnipeg to have water up to a pressure of 30 lbs. for the reason as they set forth in their literature that this would ensure a supply of water to everyone who lived in a small house, but would deprive everybody who was better circumstanced in housing his usual supply. Here was a deliberate attempt to discriminate between sections of the community."

The *Winnipeg Labor News* denies that the strikers had revolutionary or Soviet leanings. This paper suggested a committee from each side could settle the difficulties, but added:

"The alternative to the above is a Dominion-wide struggle, the final ramifications of which are wholly beyond prediction. There will be bitterness and ruin for men in every direction, and there may well be bloodshed and chaos, without parallel in our history."

To this, the *St. John, N. B., Globe* remarks:

"It does not seem possible that this is written of Canada, but there it is, the official utterance of the Winnipeg strikers. Certainly, the situation seems to be desperate."

To quote Gladstone, Winnipeg was confronted with a condition, not a theory. This may explain why several newspapers, separated by half a continent from Winnipeg, saw utter chaos looming up for Canada long after the Winnipeg papers recognized that the attempt at Soviet control had failed. The *Moncton Times* says:

"The Bolsheviks and I.W.W.'s who are behind the One Big Union mean to plunge Canada into the same state of chaos as that which has long prevailed in Russia. It is even probable that Lenin and Trotsky are in direct communication with the most violent of the Reds, who are endeavoring to exploit labor unrest throughout Canada for their own purposes."

And the *Quebec Chronicle* remarked:

"The issue is now no longer, even nominally, an

industrial dispute or a demonstration of Trades Unionism; it is one of organized anarchy and incipient revolution."

But, by this time, chances of disorder seemed more remote to those in Manitoba. As the *Brandon Sun* stated, "the repudiation by Labor men of 'Red' leaders who have gained control of some branches of Organized Labor, will provide a basis for the getting together which must be brought about if we are to live in peace and harmony rather than in dissension and strife."

What was the situation in Winnipeg after a few days? The *Winnipeg Telegram* exhorted the citizens to hold out with courage, and prophesied:

"Let the revolution in Winnipeg be defeated, and the rest of Canada will heed the salutary lesson. Not even a Bolshevik agitator will wage with enthusiasm a fight in which he has not the encouragement at least of a weak-kneed attitude on the part of his antagonists."

The *Winnipeg Tribune* said:

"Industrial strife may continue for a time, strikes may continue, but the handful of men who proclaimed soviet or anarchy rule as their goal now realize that Canada is not Russia."

The real reason why Winnipeg and Canada did not experience the terrors, crimes and miseries of a Russian Revolution is clearly stated by the *Manitoba Free Press*:

"Of course, the whole daring and elaborate plot to take over the reins of power is now in ruins, because the Red Five, ingenious and resourceful as they think they are, overlooked one very important fact, which was that they are dealing with Canadians, whereas their high priests and exemplars, Lenine and Trotzky, had only ignorant Russians to deal with."

"Before they are through with the little adventure upon which they embarked, they will know a good deal more than they do now about the difficulty of organizing a Soviet Government a la Russia in an intelligent democracy like Canada."

Turner's Weekly, Saskatoon, declined to believe—"that the Winnipeg strike was fostered and is being engineered by anti-British foreign agitators. Unfortunately, some men of that class appear to be mixed up in the strike, but it is safe to say that they are hampering rather than helping it, as the only effect of their presence on the scene is to alienate public opinion."

Exposure to the light, not suppression, is the best Bolshevistic prophylactic, in the opinion of the *Montreal Star*:

"No good can be obtained by disguising the fact that Bolshevism or a kindred creed has obtained a footing in the more radical wing of Labor. Each outbreak should be investigated and its source determined, wherever and whenever it shows its head. Sporadic epidemics should be isolated just as the patients of smallpox and malignant fevers are quarantined. But prevention of Bolshevism does not lie in repression, but in its exposure to air and sunlight, in improving social and industrial conditions and in a greater sympathy between employers and employed."

"Collective bargaining," the immediate and ascribed cause of the Winnipeg general strike, is an ambiguous term, as the *Toronto Times* points out:

"Collective bargaining," therefore, may mean the submission of employers to unions which are wholly

outside their factory-practice. It may mean, as in England, joint discussion between employers and unions in the same line of industry. To the extreme Radical it may mean a conference of all employers with a general Strike Committee of Fifteen, in other words, a Soviet.

"We do not believe that the extreme Radical interpretation should prevail. There can be no co-operation on that basis."

The *Montreal Gazette* scores collective bargaining in the following paragraph:

"Collective bargaining is such a one-sided thing that the employer cannot depend on the collective bargainers performing in a loyal way their part of the mutual obligation. Nor while unions are organized as they are is there surety that any other order will exist. The unions are not corporate bodies. They cannot be sued to compel the fulfilment of what they undertake. If they break bargains to which their seals have been attached, there may be recourse at law against individual members; but it is likely to be ineffective. The preliminary to effective collective bargaining must be the incorporation of the union and the making of their funds, their officers and their members responsible for failure to observe or action to break a bargain."

An interpretation of collective bargaining is essential, several papers assert. If it merely means joint discussion between employers and their employees' unions, then it is generally favored by the *Toronto Star*, *Manitoba Free Press*, *Ottawa Journal*, and other representative newspapers. But Canada has no use for the Lenine-Trotzky interpretation of the phrase, says the *Toronto Times*:

"In other words, employers are asked to walk humbly to the headquarters of a Workmen's Council, or to be frank, a Soviet, and receive their orders. That is not 'collective bargaining.' The Labor man who thinks it is has been misled by the wild talk of some vicious 'Red' propagandists who are doing Lenine's dirty work in this country."

"Senator Robertson, himself an outstanding Labor man, has denounced in Winnipeg this Russian interpretation of the term 'collective bargaining,' and we feel sure that his statement has the complete endorsement of every intelligent supporter of the trade-union principle."

General—or sympathetic—strikes failed emphatically to meet with the approval of the Canadian press. The *Ottawa Journal* says:

"A general strike, on a sympathetic basis, is a weapon of terrorism to force the whole community to try to compel an employer to concede what may be asked of him by or on behalf of him by his employees."

What is the reason for a sympathetic strike? The *Edmonton Free Press*, the official organ of the Edmonton Trades and Labor Council, in an editorial entitled: "Hang together or separately," explains:

"There are probably some citizens who are unable to span the gap between Edmonton and Winnipeg. Because Organized Labor in Winnipeg is on strike, why should Edmonton, Calgary, Saskatoon, Regina, Lethbridge, with certainty of Vancouver and other cities if matters are not adjusted, be affected, is the question asked. Organized Labor replies that if Winnipeg workers are smashed, the next step would be another city. One by one Organized Labor would be picked off at leisure. Therefore, it is necessary for Organized Labor as a whole to stand together."

The same organ advised the strikers a few days later to return to work, issuing the following statement:

"Edmonton Organized Labor went on strike to express unmistakable sympathy with the Winnipeg strikers, and provide a labor demonstration that would echo in the halls of Parliament. That end has been accomplished."

The *Vancouver Province*, in commenting on its local labor outbreak, has this to say:

"This is not a matter that can be settled by any local agreement. There is nothing to arbitrate. It is not a Vancouver affair. Halfway across the continent a few employers and a few workers in their industries have a disagreement. They can not determine whether it should be settled by a conference between the employers and men of the particular craft concerned or whether men from other allied trades should intervene. That is the reason why a general strike is called here fifteen hundred miles away, imposing a grave calamity on the whole population, not one man, woman or child of whom had anything to do with the original cause of the strike, or any power to prevent it."

Such a strike is doomed to failure, believes the *Victoria Times*.



REVIEW OF REVIEWS

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Germany Can Be Prosperous Under the Peace Terms

The Conditions Will Actually Make For Great Industrial Activity

TWO remarkably interesting and important points are made by Samuel Crowther in the course of an article on "Germany under the Peace Treaty" in *World's Work*. The first is that Germany, far from gaining strength since the armistice, has been rapidly running downhill as a result of loss of national spirit. The second, and more important one, is that Germany is in a position to actually achieve prosperity under the peace terms imposed. This latter view is so different from the view universally held that the facts from which he draws his conclusions are well worth examination. He writes:

You may say: "What difference does it make what Germany thinks about the war or the peace? They have to take what is given to them." It makes all the difference in the world. Germany is not a country that has had prosperity thrown into its lap; what it has it either stole or worked for, and both with equal laboriousness. If they keep to the belief that they were forced into the war and are now being badly used—if they are aggressively impenitent, they will set to with a will and make a new Germany which will be industrially stronger than the old, and they will pay their war claims as a mere incident. They will work for all that is in them and perhaps in another fifty years they will start to recover the territory that they have lost. On the other hand, if they throw up the sponge, they will not pay their war debts and the world will have a problem on its hands.

For the territorially deleted Germany under the Peace Treaty is not industrially weakened, unless all the very valuable coal and iron mines of Upper Silesia are ceded to Poland, and that is impossible of determination from the published summary of the treaty. The country is resigned to the loss of Alsace-Lorraine; the granting of Moreauet, Eupen, and Malmédy to Belgium are matters of no moment and industrial Germany is secretly rather glad to be rid of East and West Prussia with all the crew of farmer-Junkers who by their power in Berlin used to milk the whole population in order that they might collect what amounted to a subsidy on exports of foodstuffs. These feudal barons ruled Germany through the Kaiser, who was one of them, and when they fostered industry it was only as a farmer fattens a hog for the killing. The way of industry in Germany was not wholly strewn with rose petals; it bitterly resented its subordination to the military caste and it did not consider the mailed fist as good business. Neither did it subscribe to the doctrine that business must always be gained at the expense of someone else. That fiction formerly held; but many of the leaders, and particularly Herr Ballin, had before the war reached the same conclusions as the heads of the American trusts—that more profit is to be had by attending to business than by devoting energy to throttling competition. The Kaiser did not understand business at all, but he liked a uniform and loved to think of a kind of uniformed business—a commercial imperialism that conformed the tramp of marching men. The Mittel-Europa idea, the concept of a self-contained Germany and the

dream of world dominion came from the military and never found particular favor with the people of business. As the managing director of a large steel plant at Dusseldorf said to me:

"I cannot say that we like to lose Lorraine, but we shall not lose the ores and neither will they cost us more than before. France does not know how to make steel; they have not the skilled directors and neither have they the proper coke. The mines are of little use without our coke, for coke from England would be too expensive. If France should raise the price of the ore, we would raise the price of coke or buy all our ores from Sweden, Spain or Austria; it would then be France and not Germany that would suffer. The loss of potash in Alsace is somewhat more important, but here again our home supply is quite large enough, and we shall continue to control the price. If restoring Alsace-Lorraine will do anything toward preventing another war, I am glad that it is gone. I am glad, too, to see the end of militarism, and I hope for a compact Germany that can attend to business."

"If the Emperor had carried through his plans, we should have had a very great empire that we should not have been able to finance. If the Peace Conference creates all the small states which they seem to be talking about and arranges for their finance, then we shall have more good customers than we have ever had; the prosperity of Germany lies in being the England of the Continent—buying raw materials abroad and then selling them in the finished state to the Continent just as England buys her raw materials abroad and sends them out again across the seas as finished materials. A nation which expects to make war should be self-contained, but no nation is or ever can be wholly self-contained, and in peace it helps business and is often cheaper to be able to buy in other countries."

This is a fairly representative business view—although it is very different from what we imagined the German post-war view would be.

The whole present commercial tendency of Germany is to swing as far in the individualistic direction, through large combinations of capital, as formerly they swung in the direction of governmental centralization. Therefore, although Lorraine and Luxemburg furnished nearly three-quarters of Germany's iron, the men in Westphalia who used that iron view the territorial loss almost without concern. They do not care who rolls the court so long as they are allowed the right to play on it.

And from a strictly commercial basis the suzerainty of France over the Sarre fields for a period of fifteen years is of little importance. The German organization will continue to do the mining and, if the production is on account of the indemnity and is a method of payment, it represents an easy way for Germany. The Lorraine and Prussian portion of the Sarre fields made up only 35,000,000 tons out of a total German production of 210,000,000 tons of coal and 90,000,000 tons of lignite.

But those Germans who treated the loss of Lorraine so lightly were most bitter on the possibility of giving up the Prussian part of the Sarre and it may be that nationalism will override actual commercial values. But the general German commercial opinion, divorced from all nationalism, was that whatever France got in the way of mineral territory would not harm Germany, for they firmly believe that France never permits sentiment to outweigh dollars and that the mines will be worth more and therefore used under German management and selling their product to German furnaces.

Aside from Upper Silesia, the economic straitjacket-

ing of Germany is more apparent than real—excepting the ships and the financial provisions. Putting Kehl and Strassburg into the free port list is of little moment and is, indeed, an aid to Germany with France holding Lorraine. Danzig is of a greater sentimental than actual value. The agreements to supply coal will keep German workers busy and stimulate home trade, the option on German dyes will probably be looked upon as an easy way to dispose of a product about which the chemical engineers were considerably worried in view of the progress in dye making in England and the United States. The fixation of the tariff for a period of years is a political godsend, for the rank and file of the Germans would probably have protested bitterly against a general raising of customs rates and would likely have made it a political issue.

But the real wealth of Germany was not in the coal and iron of Lorraine or of the Sarre, or even in the potash of Alsace. The real wealth was in the transformation of iron, steel, cottons, woollens, silks, and base chemicals into finished articles of consumption; and the principal places where these transformations took place were Essen, Dusseldorf, Cologne, Duisburg, Barmen, Elberfeld, Solingen, Krefeld, Mannheim, Ludwigshafen, Frankfurt-on-Main, and throughout Saxony. These sections have not been touched by war or by peace; they are ready to function, once they have raw materials—and the will. If Germany elects to put aside her sorrows and will take the country as it is, she will be a stronger and more compact commercial entity than before the war, and is probably facing a period of extraordinary prosperity—provided finances can be straightened out.

For now Germany will be rid of the preponderating influence of the Junkers and will not have to strike a balance between industry and agriculture. In its present deleted condition under the Peace Treaty it is wholly an industrial nation.

What is its condition as a going industrial nation? First take its man power and the willingness of that man power to work. The toll of killed and wounded was very large, but nowhere could I discover even a potential shortage of labor. For instance, 10 per cent. of the Hamburg dockers did not come back from the war—about 4,000 were killed or injured to an extent to destroy their working lives. But more than 4,000 of the women who took dock jobs during the war do not want to leave and they will be kept on. The Hamburg losses were especially heavy; men could be spared from there. In the Rhineland the actual loss among workers is not enough even for the employers to notice—at least so they told me. One does not see many cripples; one-legged or one-armed men seem as rare in a German city as they are common in an English city. But they are there; you may discover that the clerk who attends you has an artificial hand or, if you are sharp-eyed, you will wonder why so often the gait of a man walking seems peculiar. The reason that the cripples are not so apparent is that they have been everywhere fitted with artificial limbs. Although Germany since the Armistice has neglected nearly all the ordinary duties of government, the work of rehabilitation has gone on. Industrial Germany will not be short of men—provided the men will work. Agricultural Germany is very short of man power but it always had to import labor for the harvests and will probably continue doing so.

The almost universal desire is for more work and more food, and the inroads of the Spartacists or Bolsheviks are really negligible. We have more trouble every day in the week in the United States than they have in Germany, and where they use a regiment of troops we would send a dozen policemen.

The Woman Who Wrecked the World

Sophie Chotek's Romance and Tragedy Culminated in the World War

THE tragic romance of Sophie Chotek, "the woman who wrecked the world," the wife who went to her death with Franz Ferdinand of Austria, at Sarajevo in June, 1914, is told in the *Forum*. The "little lady of Bohemia" won the heart of the Austrian Emperor's heir, and finally won her way from a mere lady-in-waiting to the heart of the most exclusive court in the world.

Through the assassin's smoke at Sarajevo one discerns the face of a dainty, petite, high-cheeked woman, with rounded chin and fragile nose, intangibly attractive, yet not unlike many of the women of Bohemia. She possessed wondrous eyes, demure, yet deep, vague yet welling with ambition, a vast ambition that was to bring her and the man she loved to Sarajevo—to their doom—and the world to war.

You have never heard of the Little Lady of Bohemia, Sophie Chotek? . . .

She, an obscure little countess of Bohemia, daughter of an impoverished household, a mere lady-in-waiting at the court of Vienna, won the heart of Franz Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian throne. And, in her persuasive way, she awakened in him a desire to do justice to those dragooned peoples of Hapsburg domains, conspicuous among



—From the "Passing Shows," (London).
PLAYING POSSUM
(Germany's Statement to Her Creditors)

them the Czechs of Bohemia, the land she loved. So did the oppressors at Vienna come to fear the ascension of her husband to the throne. So came it that they struck him down, and she with him. So from that assassination war burst over Europe.

There burned in her that fierce patriotism common to the suppressed little nationality of Central Europe. Through her girlhood in the little poverty-stricken castle of the Choteks she had heard of the wrongs done the Bohemians. She knew that they were numerically a power. Once Bohemia was placed upon the same political footing in the empire as Hungary they would be a decided political power. She thought if she could induce Franz Ferdinand, when he came to the throne, to revive the old kingdom of Bohemia, and, in the south, to form a "Triune" kingdom of Croatia-Slavonia-Dalmatia, this would make him extremely popular with the Slavish elements in the monarchy. It would strengthen her position, and that of their heir, whom she was determined to put upon the throne. And she knew that, secure in her husband's love, she could appeal to his sense of justice to grant these little people the political advancement which was their due.

She knew also, what Vienna did not



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know, that she was the lady to do the driving. Yet, she was not a schemer who had married him, merely to make him the instrument for her ambitions. A clever, far-seeing woman, she was looking into the future and she knew that unless justice were done the small peoples, that upon the death of the old Emperor, "the crazy-quilt Empire" would be torn apart and thrown into the ragbag of European powers. And in the castle of Konopischt she dreamed and bided her time.

There came a day when she was only half happy; it was not in her heart to be unhappy. Her Franz Ferdinand was sent to the tropics. He was gone on Imperial business, many, many months; indeed so long was he away that Sophie began to grow uneasy. Had the old Emperor learned of their love? What if something had happened to Franz Ferdinand? She felt that only disaster could keep her from him. She was confident of that. Then from over the seas came letters, wonderful letters, the thoughts in them softened by the tropics where he worked. And he followed the letters home.

He went first to his distant home at Konopischt, to Sophie and his baby girl; then to his official home, the palace of the Emperor. Franz Ferdinand had worked strenuously on his foreign mission, and so delighted was old Franz Joseph that he named him Inspector General of the Army and hailed him as the heir to the throne. Of course, Franz Ferdinand's father, the swollen spider, Karl Ludwig, "Blue Beard of the Hapsburg," was first heir. The spider though had not long to live, nor did the old Emperor wish him to live. Franz Ferdinand was his choice. The young man was high in favor. He had been in Vienna but a few days when the Emperor made known a wish. He wanted Franz Ferdinand to marry. He wanted to see an Emperor and Empress in embryo ready to ascend the throne. Old Franz Joseph knew the Hapsburg blood. He wanted Franz Ferdinand out of trouble, happily, "safely" married.

Meanwhile, Sophie remained in the forest castle of her husband. Even the little Bohemian village nearby had heard the rumors drifting up from Vienna. "The Crown Prince has returned from the tropics," it was said; "the old Emperor is forcing wives upon him."

A less clever woman would have gone straight to Vienna and shrilled in the aged ear of the Emperor that Franz Ferdinand was already married and she was his wife, the mother of his children—for other children had been born in the castle at Konopischt. But Sophie had more sense than that. She had sense enough to grasp fully the fact that her husband was overwhelmingly in love with her and the old Emperor could arrange for him to meet twenty princesses and that her big Crown Prince would be polite, and nothing more, to them all. She knew that all the emperors in Europe would never make Franz Ferdinand give her up. So when she heard the rumors, she merely smiled.

Meanwhile, the old Emperor had driven Franz Ferdinand into a corner, so the young man hurled a bomb. When it burst there came out of the smoke the fact that he already had a wife, a charming, brainy woman, and that he was very happy. But in the eyes of the Emperor, Sophie was merely a low-born Countess of Bohemia, a former lady-in-waiting, a morganatic, unknown wife, moreover of despised Czech blood. They were joined fast by the Church, and she was the mother of a boy; but the old Emperor smiled. Such things had been arranged before, indeed, very often in the house of Hapsburg. Why not again?

"I will settle a great sum of money on her," he told Franz Ferdinand. "I will make a great donation to the Church. It will be discovered that you were never properly married," but Franz Ferdinand shook his head. "She is my wife. She will come to the throne with me."

Morosely the old Emperor shook his head. He sighed as he yielded to the inevitable. "You, too, Ferdinand. I thought you were different; strong. I

thought that some day you would be an Emperor with a will of iron. But you are like the rest of us—a woman's face."

Melancholy days dawned for the Emperor, but he would not admit defeat. He called for his counsellors and had them refresh his mind on the statutes. He saw that the law of the Austrian Empire forbade any but a princess of royal blood to come to the rank of empress. He smiled grimly as he read this safeguard against the children of any woman trapping royalty from ascending the throne. He laughed as he thought of Franz Ferdinand with a wife who could never reign in Austria; with a child who could never come to the Imperial throne. But he scowled as he reflected that curiously enough this same law did not apply in Hungary and in the other dominions of the Dual Monarchy. In these then, this obscure Countess could in time become Queen and her son, in time, King. Perhaps it were better to placate Sophie Chotek. Two days later the old Emperor changed Countess Sophie into the Princess of Hohenberg, and gave to her the title of Serene Highness. This would make her forget her ambitions for the Bohemians, so he thought.

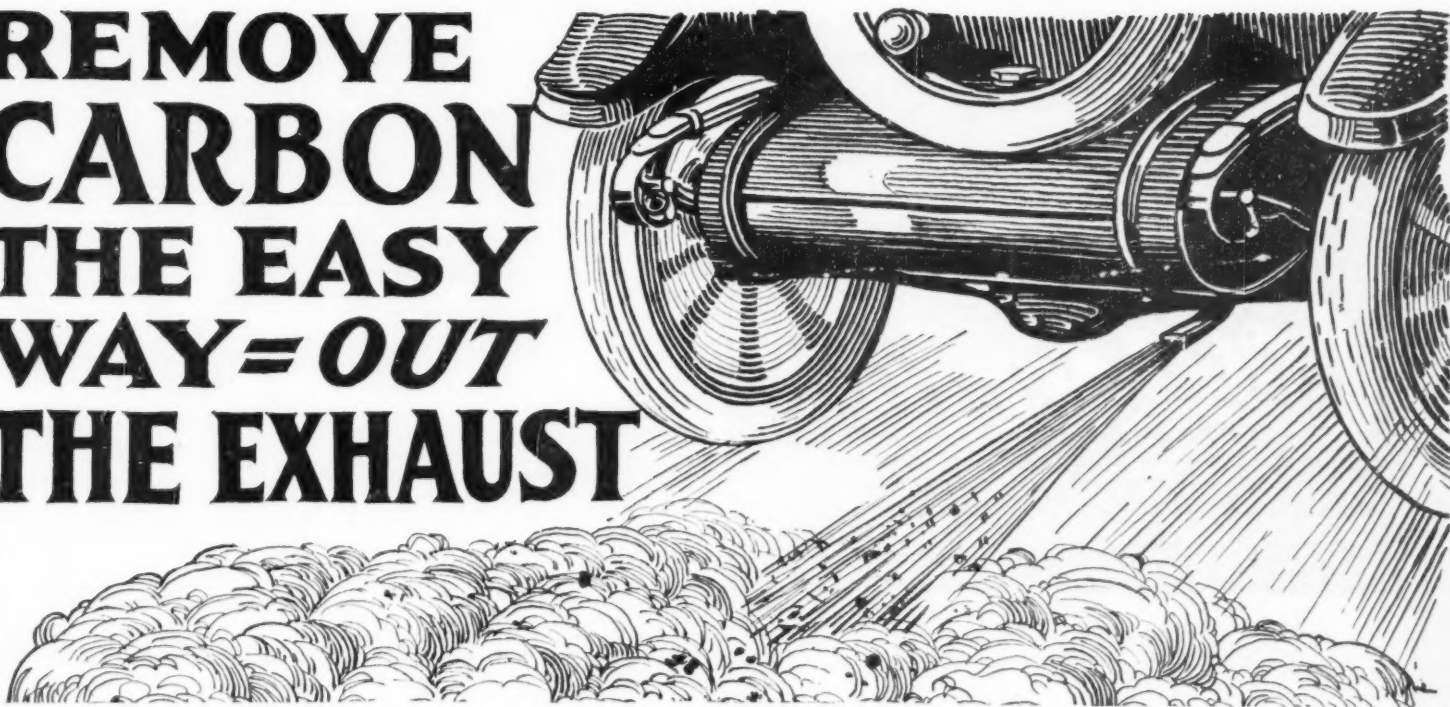
Franz Ferdinand was a strong man; he crossed the Emperor's wishes, jeopardizing his future throne. In a sour mood the Emperor might have banished him then and there. Anthony of Rome, and our own Andrew Jackson were strong men and they laid their power in women's hands. But Franz Ferdinand, when he yielded to Sophie, became a toy in her hands. Vienna said, "She carries him in her pocket." He was honest and he was blunt, quite without the shrewd gift for diplomacy that belonged to the Hapsburgs. Sophie had her enormous ambition to right the wrongs of the Czechs. He did this not idealistically, possessing no passion for justice, no desire to see down-trodden people uplifted. He did it merely because a dainty hand stroked his chin and a sweet voice said: "Franz, won't you do this for me?" Sugar-fed, spurred, the good steed went prancing into the arena of world politics. Blind to what it would mean, never thinking of the power of the forces in the Dual Monarchy, and in Germany, that he would antagonize by espousing the cause of the Czechs, Franz Ferdinand led their fight. For him, personally, it was bad; for the former maid-in-waiting it was good. At the worst, she would be able to tear out the kingdom of Bohemia from the Austrian "crazy quilt" for her son.

Time went on, and her power became more great. The old Emperor grew to know her wisdom and took her into his counsel. When Austria cynically tore up the treaty of Berlin and annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, the diplomats wondered. It was a bold, ruthless act. Being wise men, many of the diplomats gave the credit to Franz Ferdinand. He was young, ambitious, strong. There were others who looked behind the figure of the Crown Prince and saw that stronger woman with the firm chin and the round eyes which at times could be as innocent as a baby's. And they decided that it was she who had inspired the tearing up of the treaty of Berlin—she who had made herself ducal wife, who would carve out a great empire for her son, who would make herself supreme in that empire, or pull down the pillars of Europe.

Nothing was beyond her ambition. She schemed across the borders of Austria. She caused herself to be invited to Berlin by the Kaiser; she pretended to agree with him in his schemes. He did her many honors, all of which helped her in Vienna. The old Emperor raised her to the rank of Archduchess and bestowed upon her the title of Imperial Highness. This cleared her path to the throne; it was the first step toward the removal of the barrier between her son and the throne; it made it possible for that boy of unprincely blood to some day become Austrian Emperor.

In Vienna there formed a strong party opposed to the "Chotek woman," as they called her. They pinned their hopes upon the gallant Otto—he who sought to jump his horse over a hearse in the streets of Vienna. A notorious

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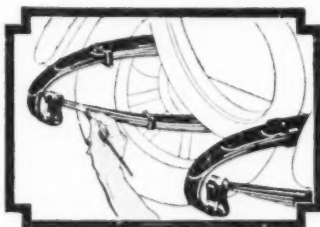


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man, he was married to a Princess of Saxony without beauty. One night, at a time when he was Colonel commanding a regiment of dragoons, he drank deep at Sachers and marched his drunkards home with him to the Imperial Palace in the Augarten. They boisterously trooped through the park and fell up the Palace stairs. The mad Otto decided he would introduce his boon fellows to the Archduchess, his Saxon wife, without beauty. An aged retainer who had accompanied her from her home barred the Archduke's path. Straightening his old spine, he said: "Your Royal Highness shall not enter except over my dead body." Otto drew his sabre and in his alcoholic fury slashed open the ancient man. Then with his carousers he crossed the threshold. . . . This was the man who was the hope of the conspirators in Vienna.

The spring of 1914 sped along. Franz Joseph was growing very feeble. The day was not far off when he would die, when Franz Ferdinand would come to the throne, there to be ruled by her whose policies ran counter to those of the Austrian nobility, counter to the Hungarian nobles—to Berlin. With increasing power, she became bold. One day she said that there would soon be a kingdom of Bohemia. The German Kaiser sent for Franz Ferdinand and verified his suspicions. Sophie Chotek had made a fool of him. He had blundered in giving her the prestige of an invitation to his court. Bitterly he realized how adroitly she had used it to further her own position in Vienna.

The Kaiser's talk with Franz Ferdinand showed him that the Austrian heir was as soft clay in Sophie Chotek's hands. The heir was opposed to the ascendancy of Germany in Austrian affairs. He was cool toward the plans of Berlin. He could see no point in making war to acquire all the land down to Turkey. He said it would antagonize the English. The Kaiser discerned that it was his wife speaking through the Austrian heir—she who had cleverly read the designs of Germany, that Teutonic scheme to use Austria as a catspaw and then to dominate Austria and to create a Teutonic empire from the Baltic to the Persian gulf. She knew that were these things to come to pass, that the German Kaiser would rule all, that her dreams for an independent Bohemia—all her other dreams—would be snuffed out. So to the Kaiser's policies her husband said no. Sophie Chotek and Franz Ferdinand had incurred the wrath of Berlin.

The story concludes with the luring of the Archduke and Archduchess to Sarajevo, as part of a deep-laid plot of the Kaiser's, and their murder there—a part of the tale which all the world now knows.

The Great Lama Rides in Motor Car

Living God of the Gobi Desert Goes in For Modern Inventions

THE march of progress has invaded even that most inaccessible of regions, the desert country of Western China. Roy Chapman Andrews tells in *Harper's Magazine* of a trip that he made in a motor car across the Gobi desert and in the course of it mentions the fact that the spiritual head of that district actually has a car of his own. Mr. Andrews writes:

Among the first cars ever to cross the desert was one purchased by Hutukhtu, the Living Buddha, the god of all the Mongol Lamas.

In his palace at Urga, at the base of Bagdin-ol ("God's Mountain") he sits in splendor, with a telephone at his hand and electric lights above his head, amid a chaos of Occidental inventions—microscopes, cinematographs, gramophones, cameras, and an unending list

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When Hutukhtu learned of the first motor-car to cross the plain, he forthwith demanded one for himself. What need had he now for horses or man-borne chairs? When he and Mrs. Hutukhtu leave the palace (if she ever does) to make their pilgrimages of state it should be in a manner which would impress their subjects far more than any retinue of flowers, be they ever so gorgeous.

So Hutukhtu's motor-car was brought safely through the rocky pass at Kalgan and across the seven hundred miles of plain to Uрга by way of the same old caravan trail over which, centuries ago, Genghis Khan had sent his wild Mongol raiders to raid China. Whether or not Hutukhtu will soon tire of this purchase as of his other trinkets, matters not, for the end will not be then. The seclusion of his sacred city is gone forever and the motor-car has come to stay.

That night when I strolled about the mission courtyard, under the spell of the starry desert night, I drifted back again in thought to the glorious days of Kublai Khan. My heart was hot with resentment that this thing had come. I realized then that, for better or for worse, the sanctity of the desert is gone forever. Camels will still plod their silent way across the age-old plains, but the mystery is lost. The secrets which were yielded up to but a chosen few are open now to all, and the world and his wife will speed their noisy way across the miles of rolling prairie, hearing nothing, feeling no-

thing, knowing nothing of that restless desert charm which led men out into the great unknown.

Mr. Guptil and I rode across the plain one morning to see the palace of the "Living God." He is third in rank among the Lamist hierarchy, in which he is known as the Cheptsun-Dampa (Tibetan for "Venerable Best") Hutukhtu (the Mongol word for "saintly"). He lives something over a mile from the Lama city, on the opposite side of the river, hard against the base of Bagdinol.

His palace is surrounded by an eight-foot stockade of white posts and is by no means as impressive as the Dalai-Lama's residence at Lhasa. The central pavilion is white with gilded cupolas and smaller pavilions at the side have roofs of green. Surrounding these are temple-like structures, probably the residences for members of his court.

Many strange stories are told of the mysterious "Living God" which tend to show him "as of the earth earthy," and inordinately fond of strong drink. It is said that in former days he sometimes left his "heaven" to revel with convivial foreigners in Uрга, but all this is gossip, and we are discussing a very saintly person. His passion for Occidental trinkets and inventions is well known, however, and, as I remarked in the first pages of this article, his palace is wired for telephones and electric lights. It is said that he leaves the ship of state to the guidance of his ministers, and the peaceful conditions of Mongolia during these days of strife seem to show that their heads have been wise and their hands strong.

Three Million Husbands Wanted

*A Serious Problem That Now Faces
John Bull*

A PROBLEM is arising in England which promises to be the source of much discussion and, perhaps, trouble. Before the war there was a large preponderance of women in Great Britain; now, as a result of war mortality among men, the preponderance has grown to three million. Thus it becomes a real problem, for it means that, under present conditions, three million women must remain unmarried.

Considerable discussion has ensued in the British press and solutions of various kinds are being advanced. Some propose that men be allowed two wives; but this suggestion has not been very seriously put forward and, of course, has been greeted with a storm of indignant protest. More concrete suggestions have been made to the effect, first, that widows be not allowed to remarry and, second, that the surplus feminine population be sent out to the "colonies."

Edward Cecil discusses the problem quite seriously in the *London Magazine*, respecting all these proposed resolutions and advancing a new way out. He writes, in part:

Now, by modifying our existing laws and customs relating to Marriage and Divorce, and by sweeping aside our prejudices, I submit that a very great deal can be done to satisfy the legitimate needs of our surplus women without in the least endangering Marriage or sanctioning any fantastic scheme of legalized immorality.

Some of our prejudices will have to go, some of our dearly cherished notions of respectability will have to be thrown on the scrap heap, and some of our national reluctance to look actual facts in the face will have to be overcome. But that is all. Our surplus women can be given full opportunity to satisfy their just claim to enjoy marriage and motherhood without any upheaval or revolution, if only we have the sense to see that it would be infinitely wiser to broaden our views than to invite the

disastrous results which are certain to come if we adhere rigidly to our present conceptions and deny our surplus women their clear right.

Let us look around us. Let us take from our eyes our prejudice-tinted spectacles. Let selfish and fortunate women force themselves to think just a little unselfishly. Let the strict individualist listen just a very little to the man who considers the good of the community before that of the individual. Let the rigid moralist face actual facts, whether doing so be pleasant or unpleasant. Let us be frank.

Now what do we see? We see millions of women who cannot be married because there are not sufficient men to go round. We see young girls growing up with no hope of ever being wives. On the other hand, we see that thousands of existing marriages are unhappy, and many of them are childless, and that thousands of marriages, not counting those which have resulted in separations, are only marriages in name, and not in fact.

First, therefore, our Divorce Laws must be drastically revised and facilities granted for reasonably easy divorce on all reasonable grounds. It should be possible to dissolve a loveless marriage without the necessity of making a public exhibition of "irregular incidents," in order to justify a divorce in the eyes of the Law. This would at once set free a large number of men at present bound in marriage which is unhappy and sterile. These men would be free to remarry, and very many of them would do so.

After all, would anyone be the loser by the dissolution of all the existing definitely unhappy marriages? The old arguments are still heard urging that married misery must be perpetuated, and the parties to it held to their bond, for the various reasons familiar to most people. But are not these reasons more than a little old-fashioned, and do they not appeal to the past and passing generations more than to men and women of the rising generation, in whose hands rests the future?

The cancelling of existing unhappy marriages and permanent provision for easy dissolution of such marriages in the future, would help towards solving the problem of our surplus women. But far greater help would be given by making marriage altogether freer than it is at present.



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Strange Personalities at Paris

Dr. Dillon Deals With Some of the Outstanding Delegates at the Conference

ALL through the peace negotiations at Paris, there has been one correspondent who has not failed to voice unsparring criticism of the course of events. To the outside world, Dr. E. J. Dillon has seemed almost like a raven, croaking incessantly. Nevertheless, there has been a great deal in the criticisms that he has launched, for it can be said of him that he knows the Slav, and the problems of the Slav countries better than any other Englishman. If at times it seemed that he was prone to find fault with everything, it is nevertheless a fact that he has at most stages seen the danger points in the negotiations.

Getting away from his role of critic and adviser, Dr. Dillon writes in the *Public Ledger* (Philadelphia) of the outstanding personalities at Paris. What he says with reference to a number of the leading representatives is very interesting:

The head of the Polish delegation, Dmowski, a picturesque, forcible speaker, a close debater, and a resourceful pleader who is never at a loss for a repartee, actually won over some of the arbiters who at first leaned toward his opponents—a noteworthy feat if one realizes all that it means. Dmowski, who knows many languages, addressed the conference in English, and after having spoken some minutes was asked by Mr. Clemenceau whether he would put what he had just said into French. Having done so, he went on to develop his thesis further in this language, then he halted, put the additional matter into English, and continued for some time in that language, keeping up this bilingual exploit for some hours. The second ingenious pleader was the Armenian, Boghos Pasha. His way of marshaling arguments in favor of a contention that was frowned upon by some commanded admiration. The Armenians demanded a vast stretch of territory, with outlets on the Black Sea and the Mediterranean. But with the exception of one province they are nowhere in a majority and their claim to Cilicia clashed slightly with one of the special claims of France. The ice, therefore, was somewhat thin in parts, but Boghos Pasha skated over it very gracefully. His description of the Armenian massacres was thrilling. His exposé was a masterpiece. Of Venizelos I say nothing; he was a fixed star in the firmament and his light burned brightly through every rift in the clouds. His moderation astonished friends and opponents. His statesmanlike way of viewing things national in perspective, putting himself in the place of his competitor and striking up a fair compromise, endeared him to all, and his praises were in every one's mouth.

Albania was represented by an old friend of mine, the venerable Turkhan Pasha, who has been in diplomacy ever since the Congress of Berlin in the seventies of last century, and who looks like a modernized Nestor. I made his acquaintance many years ago, when he was Ambassador of Turkey in Petrograd. He was then a favorite everywhere in the Russian capital, as a charming talker and a professional peacemaker, who wished well to everybody. In olden days he was attended by a negro, who followed him like his shadow and was wholly devoted to his person. Years passed, the times changed, and even Turkey turned with them. The Sultan Abdul Hamid was deposed, and the young Turks recalled the ambassador, whose presence in Petrograd had long been a guaranty that Russia would take no undue advantage of Turkey's straits.

During one of my many visits to the Turkish capital I endeavored to move

Talaat, Ibrahim, and other members of the committee of union and progress to reconsider their decision and reinstate Turkhan Pasha, but they were obstinate. He was labelled "one of the old school," and they wanted men of their own type. When I next met Turkhan he was Grand Vizier—not at Constantinople, but at Durazzo, and the sovereign whose chief adviser he had become was Wilhelm of Wied, the Mpret of Albania. This post he had obtained because, although a Turkish official, he was by birth an Albanian. I felt sorry for him when I beheld him in his new and squalid surroundings. He still had his negro servant, who was as solicitous about his welfare as ever. But in lieu of the palace on the Hovis bank, the Grand Vizier was living in two uncomfortable rooms in a village which possessed only two baths, both of which were in the palace. The council chamber of the cabinet had to be approached through a room without a floor, so that one crossed it on planks which were shaky, and the chamber itself had but eight chairs, of which one was broken and dangerous to sit on.

Time gliding by removed the Mpret from the throne, Turkhan Pasha from the Vizierate and Albania from the society of nations, and I next found my friend in Switzerland, ill in health, eating the bitter bread of exile, temporarily isolated from the world of politics, without his negro servant, and waiting for something to turn up. A few years more gave the Allies an unexpected complete victory and brought back Turkhan Pasha to the outskirts of the region of diplomacy and politics. He suddenly made his appearance at the Paris Conference as the representative of Albania, but his suit to the conference was that Italy should be appointed to be the guardian and protectress of the Albanian people. My other Albanian friend, Essad Pasha, who desires the complete independence of his country under his own rule, protested against Turkhan's proposal, but was kept at a safe distance from the conference. He wrote to me from Saloniki.

Another actor on the world stage with whom I am personally acquainted and who often crossed my path during the conference was the King of Montenegro. This potentate's life abounds in remarkable surprises for the psychologist and the moralist. I had met him in various European capitals during the last thirty years and before the time when Czar Alexander III publicly spoke of him as his only friend. King Nikita owes such success in life as he can look back upon with satisfaction to his conscientious adoption of St. Paul's maxim of being all things to all men. Thus in Petrograd he was a good Russian, in Vienna a patriotic Austrian, in Rome a sentimental Italian. He was also a warrior, a speculator, and a poet after his fashion. I read some of his poetical works in Serbian, and I followed some of his martial feats in the Balkans with thrilling interest and vehement emotions. He never ceased to regret the loss of Mount Loutchen to the Austrians at an early stage of the war, for it turned out to be one of the most sinister episodes of his reign. He cannot have foreseen its consequences. The narrative of how it came about belongs to the historian. What everybody seemed to know, however, was that if the Teutons had won this war King Nikita's son Mirko, who had settled down for the purpose in Vienna, would have ascended the throne in place of his father, whereas if the Allies should win the worldly-wise monarch would have retained his crown. But these well-laid plans went all agley. Prince Mirko died and King Nikita was recently deposed by his people. And now he resided in the Hotel Continental, a few houses from me. I met him as he drove in a taxi, looking gloomy and grim, to plead his lost cause before the conference. A deposed king, abandoned by his people, yet pleading to get back his crown from delegates who had caused the abdication of emperors, kings, and princes was a characteristic sight. How have the mighty fallen!



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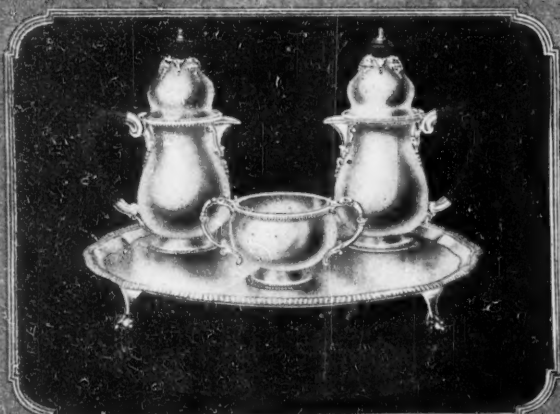
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Making All Men Equal

How the Details of New Life in Hungary Are Being Worked Out

THE outside world really knows very little of what is going on in the countries where Bolshevism prevails. We hear of the wholesale bloodshed and of the lootings that take place because naturally the press reaches only for the most sensational side of events. Behind the burning of plutocratic palaces and the grim work of the firing squad, there is a more prosaic side; because, after all, life is running along and, if the people are not living normally, they are at any rate maintaining still most of the normal aspects of life. Stores are still being run, business goes along in a sort of a way, schools are still open and churches and theatres. And so, a very natural question has arisen in the public mind: How are the Bolsheviks managing these more normal phases?

H. G. Alsberg in the *Nation* (New York) tells of the normal side of Bolshevistic reign in Hungary. It must be borne in mind, however, that this writer is friendly disposed toward the new order. He paints it very favorably. He says:

What did the proletarians do when they came to power? Did they raid the bourgeoisie and pull them out of their palaces? Not at all. In the first place, they fixed a death penalty for looting and disorder. I can honestly say that I heard of more disorder due to race hatreds in the country of my recent sojourn than during the revolution in Hungary. The public utilities function fairly well in Budapest. The trolleys run as usual. The telephone works, though rather badly (which may be said of almost every European capital). The streets are lighted and decently clean. Alcohol has been abolished—again under penalty of death for secret selling.

Although food is rather scarcer in Budapest than before the revolution, it is now seasoned with a seasoning that makes it taste better than the food at Sherry's—the seasoning of justice and democracy. I stopped at the most fashionable hotel in Budapest. It was meatless week. In the comfortable dining-room I had for my dinner bread aplenty, sauerkraut and two boiled eggs, noodles sweetened with honey, cheese, and coffee substitute. In a little working-man's restaurant on a back street I had the same thing next day, at somewhat less cost. For the first time since the war began rich and poor eat much the same food. The poor eat more than they used to and the rich less. Food hoards have been confiscated for the public benefit. Hungary was a land of shameless selfishness in food. Banker and nabob ate and drank to excess while the workman starved. But now, even at afternoon tea at the Ritz, the high-rouged ladies in near-Paris gowns, and the beguiling *jeunesse dorée* who have learned nothing from recent events, can get nothing save a few crackers and an unsweetened cup of near-tea from the "untippable" waiters. The waiters have decided that it no longer comports with their self-respect to take tips. The service has not suffered by the elimination of tips; it has rather gained in friendliness and geniality. And the most beautiful Hungarian band still plays passionate music at these teas and still ends up with that soul-stirring justification for Hungarian chauvinism—the Rakoczy March.

When society has to be made over to attain the proletarian heart's desire, a wholly new schedule of laws has to be enacted to take the place of the old bourgeois code. There are laws for the complete transformation of the education, the establishment of continuation schools, and the communization of banks, of houses, of art collections, and

of factories. There are regulations restricting the withdrawal of bank deposits to 2,000 Kr. a month, and cutting down all fortunes to the 50,000 Kr. level. There are new wage scales which bring the average of wages to 1,500 Kr. a month and do not permit the experts and entrepreneurs to get more than 3,000 Kr. a month. Also there are laws which give the soldiers a total monthly wage of over 3,000 Kr. The theatres have been communized, the prices of seats reduced, and boxes abolished. All shops, retail and wholesale, have had to register all their stock, and no one is allowed to purchase at random; one may buy only what he can prove that he needs. While the scarcity lasts, hoarding and speculation in the necessities of life are not to be allowed. The old law-courts have been abolished, and revolutionary tribunals established where a lawyer may not show his face except under penalty of death. The people's commissary said in stern Cromwellian tones when appealed to by briefless barristers, "If you can't learn a useful handicraft, then you'll have to learn to sweep the streets."

All jewelry above 3,000 Kr. in value has been taken over by a stern Government. Strange to say, few ladies resisted. No one as yet knows exactly about that death penalty. Do they actually mean it, or not? Nobody wants to be the first to test the present Government's firmness on this point. I spoke to one rich, pretty, but overfed, lady who had meekly handed over her pearls and diamonds. She told me of it with tears. Behind those tears were nameless horrors—the possibility of no servants, of doing her own work, and maybe of going out to do other people's work in case her husband did not succeed in smuggling some of the hundred millions he had made in speculation during the war, across the border to Vienna or to Switzerland.

Naturally not everything is perfect in this new state. Practically all banking business has stopped, except for the drawing of small checks, up to 2,000 Kr. for personal use, or checks for the payment of wages. International business, the sending of money by private individuals to Austria or Switzerland, and trading in foreign exchange are over. There is no evidence as yet that the present Government is running on anything but the momentum supplied by the old machine, which has been scrapped. On the other hand, the Government is in possession of a certain amount of ready cash, it holds the jewelry it has confiscated, and it is in receipt of a steady income from the communized houses. Yet with out-of-work, old age, and incapacity pensions, with more liberal workingmen's insurance and tremendous soldiers' pay, the running expenses must be great. The Government states that it has about 20,000 Red soldiers under arms. These cannot be said to be very formidable as yet, since they have little discipline. Some financial relief will be obtained from the repudiation of the war debt held inside Hungary, which will amount to almost 50,000,000,000 Kr., but such action cannot solve the financial problem.

To old-fashioned eyes, this dictatorship of the proletariat may look oppressive. There is, for instance, no such thing as a free press in Hungary. All the newspapers have been nationalized and write exactly as they are told; all look alike and are alike uninteresting. In the communization of the theatre, however, much has apparently been gained. Schiller, Shaw, Shakespeare, and Molière largely constitute the present programmes.

Another feature unpleasant to the capitalist is the law governing the coming Soviet elections. In these elections only working people can vote; no capitalist will be allowed to cast a ballot. The barber who shaves me points out that he will be allowed to vote, but that his "boss," who also works all day shaving customers, will not be permitted to do so, as he is a capitalist. All working women will, of course, have the right to vote.

Dressing in Paper

How the Germans Are Making Do With "Ersatz" Clothing and Food

THE most common word in German to-day is "ersatz,"—substitute. So scarce have all materials become in the land that essayed domination or downfall that it has been impossible to get along without substitutes for almost everything. The Germans wear paper clothing and wooden shoes and they eat ersatz in a hundred unwholesome and unappetizing forms.

A very amusing description of the ersatz mode of living is told by Webb Waldron, in *Collier's Weekly*, in the form of an account of one day's shopping in Berlin. He started out to look for a pair of civilian trousers to take the place of his American army trousers and puttees which were attracting too much unfriendly attention. He found that a pair of real cloth trousers would cost him about eighty-seven dollars!

"Cheaper?" the clerk repeated. "Nothing much cheaper, sir. Not in cloth."

"Not in cloth?"

"Of course we have ersatz—substitute." He turned to another shelf, pulled down another pair of trousers. "Paper fiber. Twenty marks."

I felt them. They were thick and stiff. The weave was nearly as coarse as gunnysacking. In fact, I had seen almost that precise texture before, undyed, in some burst paper-fiber sandbags half buried in a smashed Austrian trench on the Isonzo. However, the trousers looked fairly well—at a distance of a few feet. The color was attractive, the cut passable. I had never thought to wear paper trousers outside of a masquerade, but why wouldn't these do for the street? The difference between eighty-seven dollars and a half and five dollars was a clinching argument. As I was trying on a pair in the discreet curtained cabinet at the end of the aisle I grinned to think that I should camouflage my legs in trousers that were themselves camouflaged.

This willingness in a victorious and supposedly distinguished enemy to accept ersatz lowered me in the clerk's opinion, I am afraid. As I came out he met me with somewhat lessened deference but unlessered briskness.

"Any collars, ties, shirts, gloves, underwear?"

I hesitated. "Let me see your soft collars—brown color."

He led me to a show case. "Choose your style, please. Seven marks each."

Here it was again—\$1.75 for an ordinary soft cotton collar.

The clerk saw my shock. "Too expensive? Here's something in ersatz." He threw out on the counter a thin, brown strip of wood with punched buttonholes and smooth rounded edges. After letting me stare at it a moment he picked the strip up, bent it into a circle, and thrust it in front of my eyes. "Biech. One mark."

I took the thing and examined it. An interesting addition to a museum, but for my neck, no, thank you. So I was thinking when a sudden idea halted me. Here was an unusual chance to see just how effective the English blockade had been, and have an amusing half hour at the same time. So why stop at trousers? Why not ersatz myself from head to foot—if I could?

"All right," I said. "Two. Size fifteen and a half."

The clerk was used to serving English and Americans before the war. "Size fifteen and a half," he calculated. "That means forty-one centimeters." He laid out two strips of wood. "Anything else?"

"Have you ersatz underwear?"

He pointed me down the aisle to another counter.

"Ersatz?" repeated the underwear salesman. "Here you are, sir." He spread on the counter some objects of the same coarse weave and hardly less rough and stiff than the trousers I had

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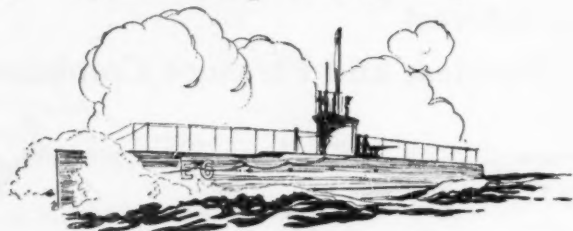
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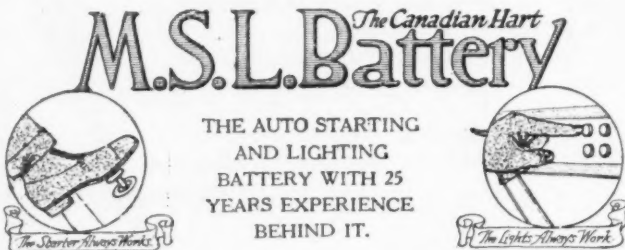
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just bought. "Paper fiber. Ten and twelve marks a garment."

When my editor in New York read the item "One ersatz uniform" on my expense account he might actually compel me to wear the outfit. The terrifying thought must have been written in my face. "Perhaps these seem too rough, sir," suggested the clerk kindly. "Here is something we call ersatz, but which is real German cotton."

He produced an undershirt made of thick ropes of lumpish yellow stuff. The spaces between warp and woof were almost half an inch square. I wavered. The first would feel exactly like the hair shirt of the Dark Ages; the second like a section of a hammock.

"You call this ersatz," I said suspiciously, picking up the very open work garment again; "but is it? German cotton is cotton, isn't it?"

"Yes," he admitted, "it's a sort of cotton."

"Very well"—bravely—"I'll take the other, the hair shirt."

"The which, sir?"

"The real fake—the ersatz. One suit. Size forty."

Then I bought a white paper shirt—a very good looking shirt—for five marks (real cotton shirts on the same counter were priced \$15), some paper suspenders for one mark, and a handsome paper fiber necktie for two marks.

Now for socks. "These are our paper socks," apologized the man behind the counter.

They were not nearly so rough and heavy as the underwear and trousers; but their stiffness alarmed me. I half expected them to snap in two like brittle cardboard when I thrust my hand inside to examine the weave. "Will they wash?" I asked in real concern.

"Oh, yes, you can dip them up and down in cold water." He spoke without enthusiasm. "But don't use soap, sir. Or they'll disintegrate."

Canadian Manufacturers Decide on New Policy

*Resolutions Carried at Meeting
Following a Warm Debate
With Colonel MacLean*

THE annual meeting of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, held recently in Toronto, was featured by a stormy debate between Lieut.-Col. J. B. MacLean on the one hand and S. R. Parsons, an ex-president of the association, on the other. For a number of years Colonel MacLean has been criticizing the association on the ground that it is not handled on a broad enough basis; its executive direction is in the hands of a circle of Toronto manufacturers of narrow vision, and that consequently the manufacturers of Canada are placed in a false light. He has charged some members of the inner circle with ill-advised activities, resulting in the antagonizing of other classes—labor, the farmer, and the retail merchant. Mr. Parsons replied to the charges and was followed by his lieutenant, Sam Harris, of Toronto, who attacked Col. MacLean directly, using the term "yellow cur." Colonel MacLean replied in the current issue of *The Financial Post*. Some of the most interesting points that he makes in this connection are appended:

"The annual meeting of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association this week opened with a severe denunciation—which had been carefully prepared—of myself and *The Financial Post*, by two members, and wound up with the greatest general reward I have had in my whole journalistic career, going back over 37 years. When Mr. Bulman vacated the chair in favor of the new president, he advocated—at times in the exact words of *The Financial Post*—the policies put before its readers. He was followed by Mr. Robson, of Edmonton, in the same strain. The helpful work done by *The Financial Post* was specifically mentioned by one of the oldest members, Hon. E. J. Davis. Finally one resolution after another was unanimously adopted on exact lines persistently suggested in these columns. This is published as a vindication.

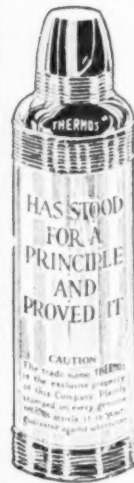
"As our readers know, a campaign has been going on in these columns for nearly five years for a reorganization and for a change in the general policy and attitude of the association. This campaign has been constructive in that the weaknesses and handicaps were frankly and fearlessly exposed and methods by which they could be overcome were specified. The cam-

paign was undertaken in conjunction with some of the older members, who from long experience clearly saw where the association would land if it continued to drift along as it had been under the men who had gradually assumed its control and direction.

"It has been an unpleasant fight. I knew my motives would be impugned, and as one distinguished correspondent wrote, I should have been 'warned of the folly of proven experience tilting

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at an adamant state of mind.' I knew, also, that I would be bitterly attacked by the smaller minds. But when we had so many members of proven experience at our back we knew we were right.

"It is to these men the association should give credit for this week's further developments. I, and the writers associated with me, have been merely the medium by which the facts and sane views have been placed before the membership generally, and through whom the necessary pressure was brought to bear to eliminate the influence of the Toronto clique. At one time the membership generally, including many in Toronto, felt that the only way to eliminate this control was to move the head office to Montreal or Ottawa. But the strong article in last week's issue, the chief thought in which was inspired by a member, was the final blow that broke the power of the clique, and the motion to retain the head office in Toronto, in which district the vast majority of the members are, was adopted.

"These and following points are given because this issue is to be sent to those manufacturers who are not regular readers. Some of my good friends in the C.M.A., members like E. G. Henderson, a past president, question the advisability of dealing with these matters in *The Financial Post*. But the facts are that more manufacturers read this paper regularly than the total membership of the association to-day, the other readers being financiers and investors, who are very deeply interested as present and prospective investors in Canadian industrial securities. So important has this become that we have been considering for some time giving more space to manufacturing topics. The encouraging developments at this week's meeting have settled it.

"My life work has been as a specialist in giving of news, the advocating of policies in the best interests of the various classes, manufacturers, investors, merchants, farmers and others. In that way we get more closely in touch with the real opinion of the whole country than by other newspaper publishers. Also, so much depends upon the accuracy of our information and views that it is absolutely necessary to tell the truth. That is what we are paid for. This naturally sometimes gives offense to my best friends, who see only their particular, selfish side, or to others, quite sincere, who cannot see that a newspaper like *The Post* is a national institution, not a local corporation. Readers have no conception of the strenuous efforts made to suppress or misrepresent important transactions. It is far worse in class than in general newspapers, and Stewart Lyon, editor of the *Globe*, speaking at a meeting of editors, deplored the way the big daily papers were handicapped on this account—the suppression of news—and he was followed by the editor of the *Telegram*, Winnipeg, to the same effect. The big class papers dare not suppress anything that is of vital interest to their other readers, if they would hold their clientele permanently. This is much misunderstood. We have occasionally been accused of carrying on our papers in the interests of our readers. This is true and in the long run it has been realized by those who accuse us that it is in their best interests.

"I had my first experiences with the C.M.A. in 1882-3, at tariff interviews with Sir John Macdonald and Sir Leonard Tilley. From then on I have been an ardent protectionist for Canada and have been through every campaign since. With this experience and the information that comes to me through all the other classes we serve, we ought to know the attitude of the Canadian people as a whole better than most men. And we think we best serve our readers and the manufacturers generally by giving them the hard facts, and advocating the policies based on them that will aid in upbuilding Canadian industry, no matter how disagreeable.

"A number of men in the C.M.A. have refused to look at these facts. They say we are doing great harm in publishing them. They say, 'The way to deal with the farmer is to throttle

him; to hell with trade unions; squelch the clergy.' Some very good men hold some of these views because they do not know the facts. When they know them they act very differently. What promised to be a big, costly, very nasty strike, involving thousands of men, a few weeks ago was quickly and satisfactorily settled by a man who read one of our articles, which completely changed his attitude towards labor unions. I will give the names and details to the president of the C.M.A. for verification. Then there is the other class who seldom go outside their own circle and are out of touch with general manufacturing conditions, and still more so with public opinion. Unfortunately they have had most to say in the C.M.A. Hence present conditions. But of them I will talk later.

"In the meantime I will rise to a 'question of privilege,' as S. R. Parsons—one of the best presidents the association ever had, but an injudicious ex-president—would say, and he 'rises' often these days. Some of the leading dailies have taken great pains to play up the sensational parts of the C.M.A. meeting, omitting the explanation details. Our last week's article on association matters stirred up the 'old gang'; also Mr. Parsons, who, however, has not been one of them. Mr. Parsons brought it up and dealt with it unfairly and inaccurately as documents referred to since will show. He also raised several other interesting points on newspaper policy which will be dealt with later, but he altogether refrained from dealing with the main points in the article.

"Then up rose Sam Harris. He said he considered himself one of the old gang as he had been 15 years one of the most active members of the executive committee and had much to do with the policies of the association all these years, which is quite true. He wanted to know who the pinheads were. 'Am I one of them, Colonel?' he asked.

"To which I replied I would let it be decided when he finished his speech.

"He refrained from dealing with the article which he had in his hand on its merits. That is, to explain or defend the charge in the article that the old gang in the C.M.A.—which he said he represented—had so mismanaged its affairs and misrepresented its membership as to unnecessarily estrange the farmers, labor unions, clergy, etc. Instead, he added the Irish to the list by proceeding to explain his knowledge of Irish dogs. He said there were several kinds of curs, but the lowest type of all was a yellow dog, and he evidently desired myself and the audience to understand I was one of the latter class.

"A stillness prevailed. It was not necessary to answer his question. The necessity for the changes advocated in these columns was emphasized. Compare the Association in its great days—and it is now going to be greater than ever—under Edward Gurney, Senator Nichols, Hon. E. J. Davis, W. K. George, W. K. McNaught, the Ellis brothers, Sir Albert Kemp, and others of like calibre. It is unnecessary to say more. A number of members got together to demand an apology from Mr. Harris. Some wanted a withdrawal from the association. One of the provincial branches threatened to withdraw, and sent a formal notice to that effect. It was felt that the story of such an exhibition going out through the country would create an entirely wrong impression of the membership. A deputation called on me to know if I would accept an apology. I said it was quite unnecessary.

"If Mr. Harris had called me a lap dog it would have been different. I know something about dogs, particularly about the 'yellow dog,' the name given by the ignorant to the grandest breed of all—the Irish terrier. I have owned and bred a great many of them. You will find my name in the prize lists as an exhibitor at shows from New York to San Francisco, and later, in conjunction with a partner and worshipper of dogs, the late Dr. W. A.



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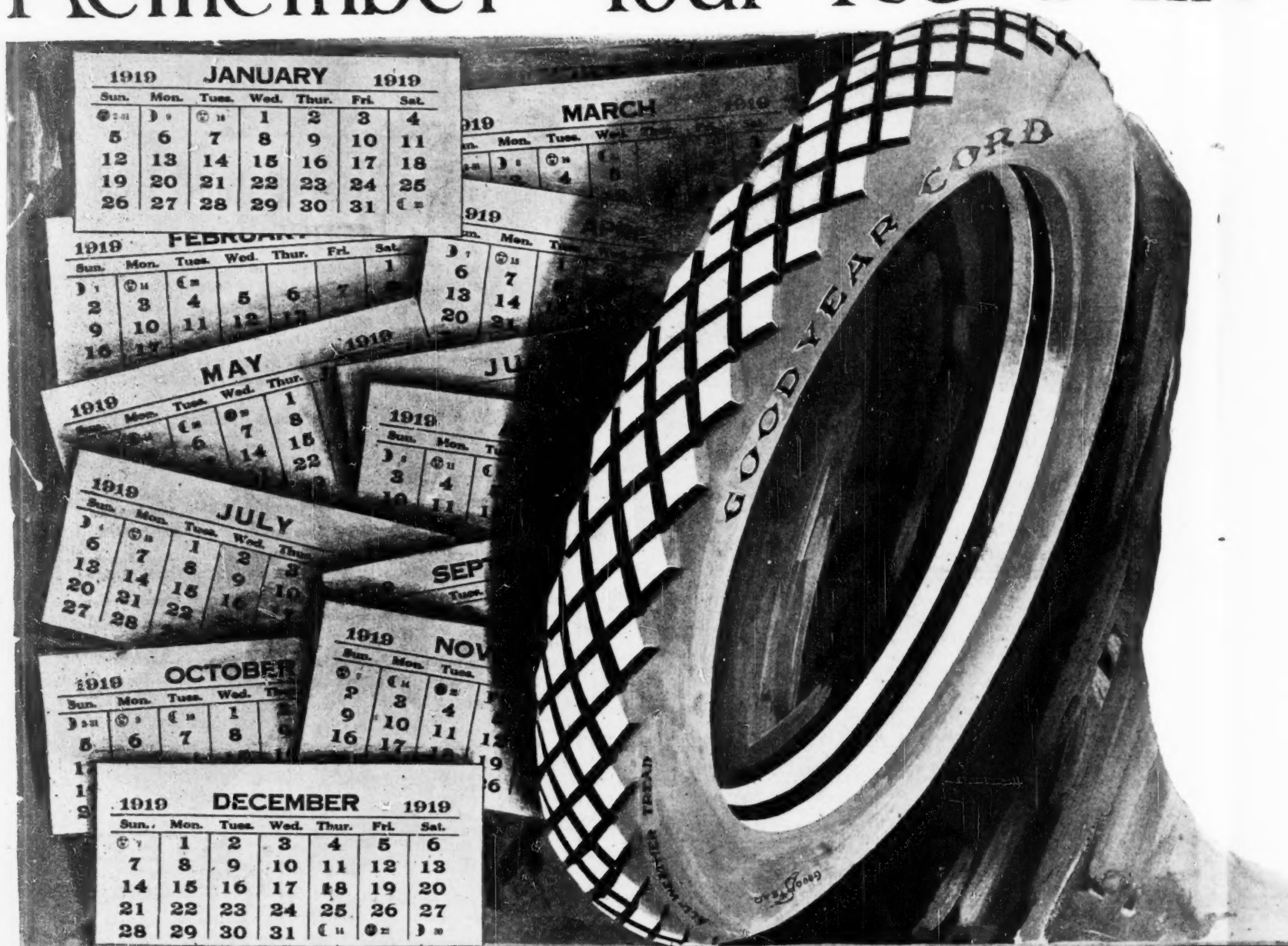
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Drummond, Irishman, author of 'The Habitant,' and brother of a former president of the association. I have been going along the street with a dog for which I would not take \$1,000. when ignorant persons have asked wherever did I get the 'yellow cur.' I sold one for \$1,200, and paid as high as \$800. Wm. Brodie, Banff, refused \$5,000 for 'Irish Ambassador,' the yellowest of yellow dogs.

"The Irish terrier was originally, and still is, the gypsy dog of Ireland. His wonderful qualities were recognized about 100 years ago. Mr. Harris is thus a century behind the times. Queen Victoria had two as constant companions. They are noted for their wonderful intelligence, faithfulness, reliability, good temper and absolute fearlessness. They are very shy but love a fight. They are very discerning, being gentle with children and other decent persons. With others they will never be friendly, in fact, are vicious. You know the story of the man who dislikes dogs. Mr. Harris should apolo-

gize to the Irish and the Irish terrier. They have breeding.

"If Mr. Harris, and his Toronto colleagues, know as little about general business conditions in Canada, and the relations between the great classes of manufacturers, agriculturists and labor unions as he does about dogs, and particularly Irish dogs, the membership generally have all the evidence of the need of the new blood now being arranged for and the reorganization of the Association now in progress. This is what we have been working for in conjunction with and under the advice of some of the best men in the Association, and in which we know we have the sympathy of the great mass of members.

"Typical of their view was what Hon. Mr. Davis, who came to me at the close of the meeting, said, 'Keep it up; you are doing magnificent work for the C.M.A. Take the advice of one like myself who has been for so many years in public life exposed to criticism, false and otherwise. Pay no attention to it when you know you are right.'"

Roosevelt Would Have Supported Wilson

*In Presidential Election Before
United States Entered War*

THERE was a time before the last American election, when it was uncertain how the Republican party would go in regard to the war, when Theodore Roosevelt made up his mind that it might be necessary for him to get out and stump the country for Wilson. What a spectacle this would have been; an ex-Republican President fighting for the Democratic candidate!

The story is told by John J. Leary, Jr., a journalist who knew Mr. Roosevelt very well and had his complete confidence. Mr. Leary is beginning a series of articles on his recollections of Roosevelt in *McClure's Magazine*. On the point in question, he writes:

It is not known to many that, in 1915, Colonel Roosevelt threatened, in the event that certain contingencies became facts, to support President Wilson for re-election against the Republican nominee.

The threat was made at a luncheon given at the Harvard Club in December of that year by the late Robert J. Collier. Later, in explaining the famous Gary dinner to me, Colonel Roosevelt repeated the threat.

The Gary dinner may well be described as the mystery of the 1916 campaign. Exactly what it meant, few knew then, and, publicly, it has never been authoritatively explained.

The facts are that it was but an incident in the Colonel's campaign for preparedness—he attended it that he might explain, so that "big business men who have not been my friends, but who now know that I am right, might see the situation exactly as it is, and be in a position to help."

That the Gary dinner threw the politicians into a flutter and sent such old guardsmen as Boies, Penrose and Murray Crane flying to New York to find out what it was all about, was entirely due to the fact that Mrs. Harold Vivian, wife of a political writer on the *New York World* had an engagement to attend a concert on the night of the dinner.

The next morning, Vivian, in the course of breakfast small talk, asked how she enjoyed the entertainment.

"I did not go," said she. "You see —" (naming the young woman with whom she was to have gone) "had to sing at the big dinner Judge Gary gave Colonel Roosevelt last night."

Vivian lost interest in the grape fruit then and there. He knew of the Colonel's rule about attending private dinners except in his own home or in the homes of his immediate friends, as well as the Colonel's horror of large private dinners any place. It appealed to him as a story, and the next day the fact that there had been such a dinner,

together with the names of the guests, was made public. What happened, what was said at the dinner, was not. In consequence, political editors and the public jumped at the conclusion that Colonel Roosevelt was preparing to run for the Presidency again. For some days there was considerable speculation as to what it really meant, until Robert E. MacAlarney, then city editor of the *New York Tribune*, suggested I see Colonel Roosevelt and end the mystery.

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My reception by the Colonel was characteristic.

"I certainly will not give any interview on that dinner," he declared. "Neither will I authorize any statement. I will, however, tell you just what it means and what happened there, and then, if you wish, you can explain in your own way and on your own responsibility."

"It is absolutely nonsensical to assume, as some have assumed, that this dinner had anything to do with my being a candidate for President. I am not thinking of anything of that sort now."

"All that was discussed at that dinner was what you might for want of a better term call 'the greater Americanism.' If that is politics, then we talked politics."

"Now, let us sit down and discuss this thing. When I am through you can tell me what you think you want to do. You can have all the facts; you need all the facts to write of the thing intelligently. But whatever you write, it must be understood that I must not be quoted and it must not be made to appear that I am the source of information."

"How was it?" I asked, "that Judge Gary, whom I know to be interested in preparedness, happened to ask you to meet the people who were at that dinner?"

"It is not my practice," said he, "to cross-examine those who invite me to dine as to their motives for so doing. But if I were to guess, I would say that one actuating motive was a feeling of 'I told you so.'"

"Gary, as you probably know, has always been friendly to me. I do not know that he voted for me in 1912, but I would not be surprised to learn that he did. All but two or three of his guests that night were anti-Roosevelt men eighteen months ago. They were very much opposed to my work for preparedness. The few that were not anti-Roosevelt men were of the opinion that I was committing political hari-kari. The others said I was rocking the boat."

"Now they say that in preaching preparedness, I was right and am right. And I think that Mr. Gary had in a way a sort of desire to say to his friends in important business:

"Come and have a look at this fellow you thought so terrible; notice that he does not shoot at the musicians; that he eats in a normal way and prefers his food cooked; that when he talks he talks sanely, as you and I talk, and talks nothing but the soundest kind of Americanism."

"That is only a guess, however. In any event it could not have been the big motive. Behind it all, I believe, was a desire of these men—all Americans, men who have done things and are doing big things, men who have a stake in the country—to take counsel together on the big problem of national preparedness. Under the circumstances, was it not natural that I should be asked to attend and submit my views? I was glad to go, glad that these men were seeing the light. That's all there was to that."

"What did I tell them? Exactly what I have been telling others and what I propose to tell everybody who will listen to me—the need of preparation."

"But with all of this talk about the Gary dinner why is the luncheon Bobby Collier gave at the Harvard Club overlooked? There were politics there in plenty. Mr. Collier, I suspect, had something of the 'I told you so' idea in his head when he planned the luncheon, for, in the movement for preparedness, he was in much the same position as Judge Gary—with me, but lonesome so far as his everyday associates were concerned."

"All but one or two of the men he had at the luncheon were anti-Roosevelt men three years ago. They were anti-Roosevelt when I began talking preparedness eighteen months ago. Then they said, as Judge Gary's friends had said, 'Roosevelt is rocking the boat.' Three-fourths of them—most of the party were writers—agreed with me before they left."

"We did talk politics there—the straightest kind of politics. The political discussion was started by someone referring to an editorial in the New York Tribune calling attention to the



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way party leaders were dodging the real issue and asking: "Do they want Roosevelt?" meaning, as you know, for President in 1916. That editorial was strong meat. It appealed to me immensely.

"In the discussion that followed, I said that much as I dislike Mr. Wilson and despise his policies, that in the event of the Republicans nominating any man on a hyphen platform or on hyphenated promises, I would support President Wilson for re-election with all of the strength at my command.

"And, by Godfrey, I mean it! If there's a mongrel platform adopted by the Republican convention, much as I dislike Wilson, I'll stomp the country for him from one end of it to the other, and I won't ask his permission to do so either.

"No platform and no man who swerves in the slightest degree from absolute loyalty to the greater Americanism can have my support. I will not be neutral if such a candidate is named or such a candidate nominated."

Bolshevism in the Past

Chartist Leaders, Nearly a Century Ago, Preached Revolutionary Doctrines

BOLSHEVISM is not new. It has in one form or another, broken out at various stages of the world's history. There was an individual of unusual character who essayed in the early days of colonization in America to establish communistic rule among the British colonists. They did not take kindly to his ideas so he went out and lived with the Indians. He so successfully organized the aborigines that the colonial authorities resorted to stratagem to get him into their power. He was clapped into jail where he soon after died. There is a most extraordinary story in connection with this man. History,

strangely enough, is silent on the subject.

In a department called: "The Odd Measure," in *Munsey's Magazine*, the fact is recalled that the Chartist movement in England paralleled in some respects the Bolshevist growth. The matter is referred to as follows:

Among the laboring classes in England, in the middle thirties of last century, there arose a wave of discontent and revolution that bore a strange resemblance to modern upheavals commonly grouped as Bolshevistic.

The Chartist movement, as it is known, was accompanied by wild threats of violence, inflammatory speeches, and sporadic riots. Its leaders were divided into physical-force men and moral-force men. Class war was preached openly. A back-to-the-land campaign was inaugurated, the aim of which was to make England a

land of small farmers instead of a nation of large estates and concentrated industries. O'Brien, the Chartist schoolmaster, and an adventurer named Feargus O'Connor were the early protagonists of this formidable uprising. The middle classes were in something like a panic. The Duke of Wellington enrolled two hundred thousand special constables to insure public safety. There were cannon in the squares of the big cities, and dragons with drawn swords rode through the streets.

As commonly happens with such movements, the leadership of the Chartists passed more and more into the hands of the extremists, the advocates of physical force. The most prominent

was Ernest Jones, a young lawyer born and educated in Germany. He was a man of much ability and of good social standing, but as a Chartist orator he outspokenly advocated revolution. He did not use such modern terms as "soviet," "general strike," and "the iron march of labor," but he urged the setting up of a national assembly, a "universal cessation of labor," and the formation of a national guard of armed workers. Finally the Government took action, and one day when Jones thundered that "soon the green flag of the Chartists would be flying over Downing Street," he was arrested and sentenced to two years in jail. When he came out, Chartism was dead.

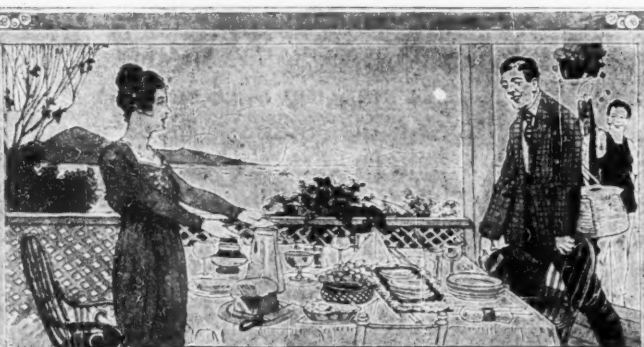
Winning the Secrets of the Desert

Extensive Excavating Operations To Begin Immediately After Peace

Writing in *The Scientific American* Edgar J. Banks says:

NOW that Britain is to have Mesopotamia, the work of excavating the buried cities of the desert will begin systematically. In all quarters of the arid land over which Turkey has held sway, the last traces of past and gone civilization show above the sands in the form of shapeless mounds. The Turks have in the past put every possible difficulty in the way of the archaeologists who have sought to unearth the secrets of these buried cities.

It may be truly said that excavation work among the ruins of the Babylonian and Assyrian cities has hardly begun. Nineveh, Nimrud, Assur and the ruins of two or three other smaller Assyrian cities have been partially explored. Farther south excavations have been made at Babylon, Nippur, Bismya and Tello. Not yet has a single Mesopotamian ruin been thoroughly explored, and there are hundreds and even thousands of them waiting to give up their treasures. The entire valley from Bagdad southward almost to the Persian Gulf is a vast cemetery of buried cities. Mounds, like tombstones, mark the places where they lie. Some of the mounds are so low



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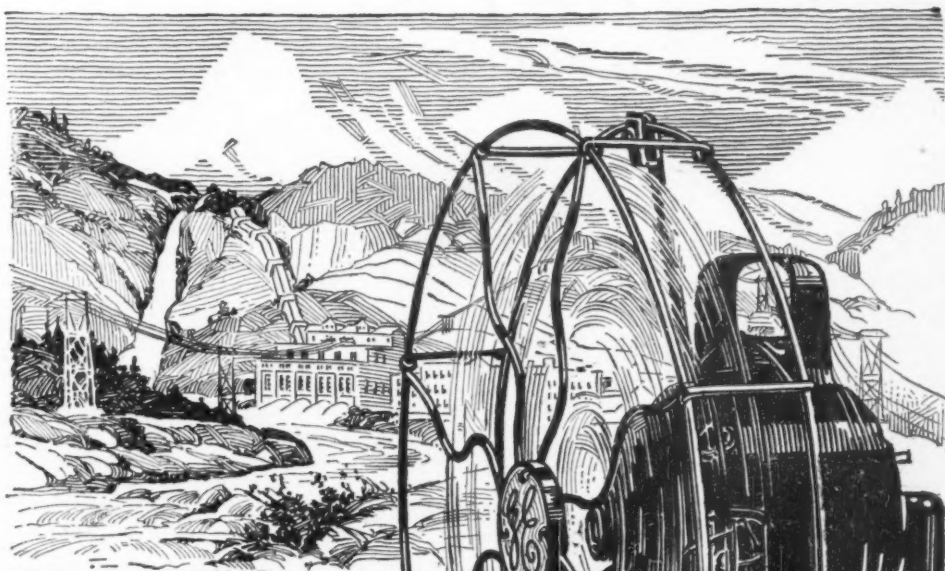
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that they are scarcely perceptible above the level of the plain; others rise to the height of 150 feet. The oldest of them cover the cities of the Sumerians and Babylonians. Others come from the Persian, Parthian or early Arabic times. In them are buried treasures, so many and so great that the museums of the whole world could not contain them all. Even in the level plain ancient objects are found whenever the natives dig for water or plow the land, and where none would think of seeking. A Tigris River boatman reached out his oar to push his boat from the shore toward which the current was carrying him. Suddenly he saw a stream of gold flow down to the water's edge. He had hit an earthen pot in which someone a thousand or more years ago had buried his wealth. De Sarcey, the French Consular Agent at Busreh, went shooting along the shore of an ancient canal. On the summit of a low, unpromising mound, Tello, he saw a large stone statue of an ancient Babylonian king. Later beneath the surface he found a dozen other similar statues which are now in the Louvre. For this discovery he was raised from the rank of consular agent to that of an ambassador, and was granted a large fortune by the French Government. Near the Arab encampment of Ibra is a small mound called Drehem. Once I visited it and decided that it could be nothing but the ruin of a mud fort guarding the canal. A little later the Arabs of the vicinity discovered in that mound several hundred thousand inscribed clay tablets which were written about 2250 B. C. This is the source of many of the small clay tablets in the museums throughout America. At the outbreak of the war some Arabs south of Babylon were digging for bricks in a mound so small and low that the explorer thought it unworthy of notice. In it they discovered more than 20 large clay cylinders, each inscribed with about 140 lines of fine writing by the great Nebuchadnezzar. There he tells how he built the walls of Babylon which were one of the seven wonders of the world, and how he restored the old temple which is sometimes called the Biblical "Tower of Babel." Once while walking over a low mound near Kut-el-Amara on the Tigris I found ancient Parthian copper coins so thickly scattered on the surface that I could not step without treading upon them. They were corroded and worthless, but they indicated what may some day be found down in the protecting clay of that mound. The work of the archaeologist in Mesopotamia has hardly begun—and centuries will pass before it can be completed.

At last the Turkish Empire is breaking up. At least Mesopotamia has been wrested from the obstructive Turks, and this wonderful archaeological field promises to be opened to the explorer. When the British took control of Egypt a new impetus was given to the study of the ancient civilization along the Nile. Instead of obstructing the work of the excavator, they encouraged him in every possible way. Scholars were invited to Egypt, and anyone with the necessary qualifications and means had been permitted to dig wherever he would. In Cairo was constructed a great museum where the scholars from all the world may study every detail of ancient Egyptian life. The Egyptian Government has been exceedingly liberal with the excavator, permitting him to take from the country all duplicate objects, or whatever was not desired for the Cairo Museum. Thus Egyptian antiquities now form a part of the collection of every museum, and the interest in things Egyptian has become widespread.

What has taken place in Egypt will also take place in Babylonia. Already steps have been taken to promote the explorations of the ruins. An American school of archaeology has been projected for Bagdad. Several expeditions are in formation to go to the most promising of the buried cities. Probably in Bagdad will be erected a great museum where the most valuable of the treasures will be stored and made accessible. The illicit digging by the



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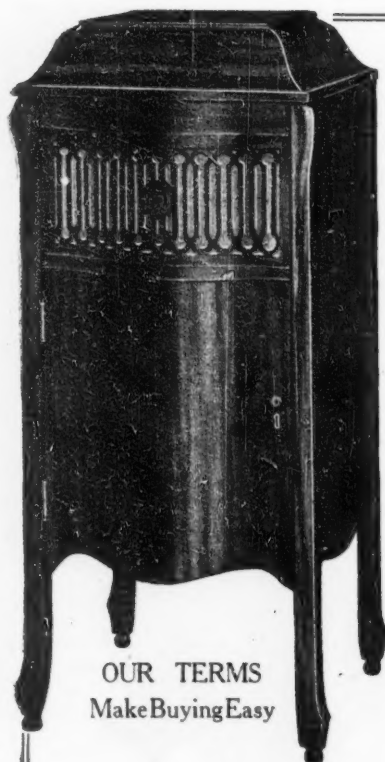
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Arabs will cease, for the traffic in antiquities and the smuggling of them from the country will no longer be possible. The excavator will be allowed a part of his discoveries for his home museum. From the Babylonian and Assyrian records so far discovered we have but faint glimpses of what may yet be found.

Another obstacle in the way of Babylonian exploration work has been the difficulty in reaching the country. No inhabited part of the world has been more inaccessible. The long journey overland from Damascus to Bagdad required nearly a month of the hardest desert travel. The longer way by water from Bombay up the Persian Gulf and the Tigris was so very expensive in both time and money that the tourist never ventured that way. Now Bagdad is all but connected with the Mediterranean by rail, and the journey once requiring a month may be made in less than 48 hours.

Still another obstacle has been the hostility of the native desert tribes. All that will soon pass. The explorer who ventured into the interior, even when guarded by Turkish soldiers, took his life in his hands. Sometimes he had to fight his way or buy his safety with gifts. The expedition to Nippur was broken up by the shooting of an Arab horse thief. The German work at Fara was closed when an Arab workman was killed. Nearly every expedition has

cost human life. Now a railroad has been built along the Tigris; other lines will reach into the interior. The desert along the rivers has been irrigated and converted to farms. The face of the European, which many a Mesopotamian Arab had never seen before the war, will be familiar. The native distrust will disappear and the desert will be safe.

The methods of excavation will probably change as European influence spreads over the valley. In the past the work has been carried on in a most primitive manner. The men have been ignorant of any kind of labor. Their tools were crude and of local make. The American pick is too heavy for the Arab to handle. The shovel is a mysterious and complicated instrument, and nothing is more amusing than to watch an Arab in his vain efforts to guide a wheelbarrow. The men work in gangs of nine. The head of the gang is armed with a small one-armed pick, almost a toy, with which he loosens the dirt. With him two men with short-handled triangular hoes scrape the dirt into the baskets, and the other six men, with the baskets of dirt on their hips, slowly dance and sing their way to the dump. The future excavator will adopt more modern methods. The Arabs will be trained for their work. They will use modern implements, and the dirt will be taken to the dump by rail.

Guarding Our Coast Line

Continued from page 33

band were taken off many of the ships searched, and it is said that many spies were discovered; but, so far as is known, no one was stood up against the stone walls of the Citadel and shot.

"The search of the *Frederick VII* was by no means fruitless," so one of the officers engaged told me. "The results fully justified the precautions taken. The Germans on board were carrying contraband, under the seal of the Swedish Embassy at Washington." The incident afterwards caused great trouble between the Allies and Sweden.

Much ingenuity was shown in the conveyance of documents and valuables; and the officers searching frequently found themselves in delicate situations; but the search went on relentlessly.

Sailing of the Convoy

THE convoy system, which was perfected here, was a reminder of the days of Nelson; but it was more than a century since convoys had been seen in Canadian waters. It was a standing wonder that it was not adopted earlier in the war. Its disadvantages, of course, are apparent; the whole convoy must be largely governed by the speed of the slowest ship.

At first, they left Halifax exclusively. Later on, the store and slower convoys went from Sydney; and when the subs came on the coast, many of the troop convoys went from Quebec, and had to be met off Cap Rosier, near Gaspé, and escorted to sea. In addition, the very important ships running between Conception Bay and Sydney, supplying ore for the steel works; and coastal ships between Sydney and Halifax and Halifax and Boston, had to be convoyed.

Not only was Halifax a point of departure for ships going East; but it proved in this war to be a great rallying point for troops in great numbers from Australia, New Zealand, reservists of all the Allied nations, and for great volumes of Asiatic labor; brought across the Pacific and then across Canada. Apparently those mythical "Russian troops" never passed through Halifax on their spirit journey to the Western front. After the United States entered the war, Halifax became a busy centre for furthering the rapid transit of American troops and material. Great flotillas left the port, protected by Imperial cruisers, in some cases in co-operation with United States cruisers, containing an extraordinary assortment of nationalities. It was not uncommon for convoys to have thousands of troops from Canada, United States, Australia,

New Zealand; with many Serbians, Jews, and so forth, from the United States.

A date would be fixed for the departure of a convoy of thirty-five or more ships. Departments existed in Halifax for the co-ordination of all the individual ships; and instructions were given to those in command that they should go to sea organized as a mobile fleet, to enable them from the time of their departure until their dispersal at the different ports on the other side to act in concert on such matters as changing course, conduct in fog or ice, and the understanding of all protective measures which experience had taught as necessary. They left the Basin in single line to pass out through the harbor, at the mouth of which methods for checking the order of departure existed.

There were strict prohibitions against photography of any sort around Halifax without permission during the war. I did discover one snap-shot of a convoy proceeding to sea; but it was so small and indistinct that it would not stand reproducing.

The average convoy would have two cruisers, in some cases accompanied by United States destroyers, when they became available. Before its departure, the course was carefully swept for German "eggs," and the hydroplanes hovered overhead, looking out for submarines. The warships took the convoy all the way across, and when it was dispersed there it was looked after by Allied cruisers.

Each ship had directions to be followed not only while with the convoy, but as to what she should do in case of parting company. All confidential literature necessary to be in the possession of the ships was brought up to date and issued to each ship concerned.

On another occasion a large convoy was proceeding to sea in single line, and each ship was towing a buoy some distance astern, according to custom, to maintain distance. The sub chasers spied these suspicious things on the face of the waters, and directed a terrific fire on them from their guns, completely demolishing every "periscope" in sight. They returned back to port, perfectly satisfied with themselves; but they heard something from the other side by the first mail, when there was a howl from a line of ships' officers who lamented the loss of their buoys.

It is believed that none of the submarines operating off this coast were ever sunk, although I understand the United States navy has claimed one. If

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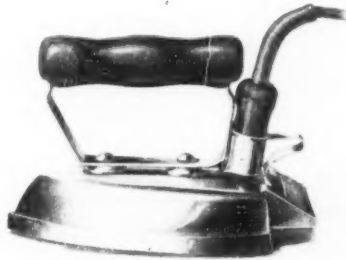
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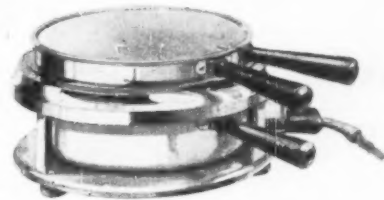


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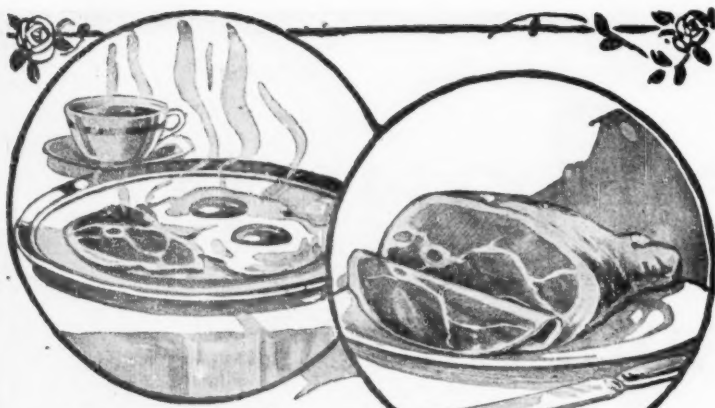
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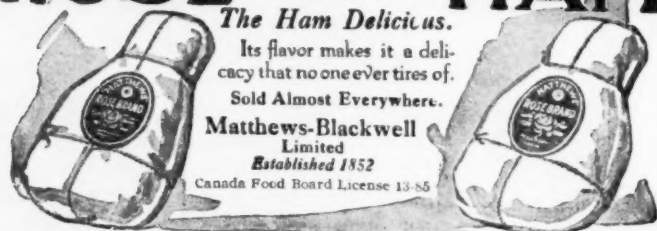


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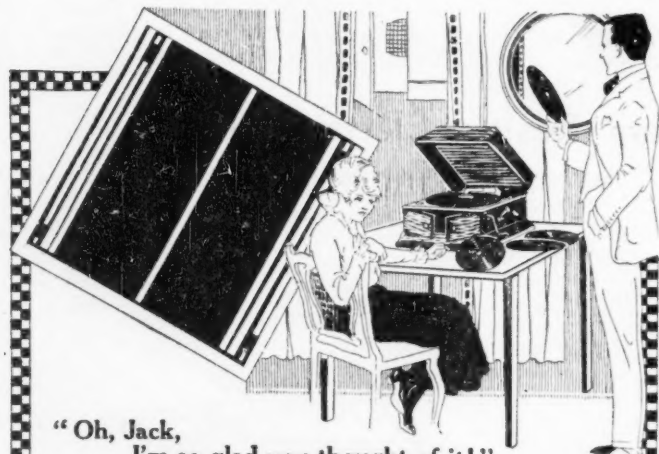
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they did not get it, it was not for lack of trying, at all events.

From the report of Halifax alone about fifteen hundred ships with stores and materials sailed every year. Some times it would be possible for 80 or 90 ships to sail in a week, much depending on the weather, the allies' requirements, and so forth. The organization and arrangements necessary to allow of this great volume of shipping being despatched was very great and very intricate, and never ceased, night or day. The constant movement of patrols alone in this connection proved a great task, as each departing convoy had to be surrounded by a cloud of protecting craft, whilst going to the open sea.

The Work of the Wireless

IN 1918, the most active period of hostile submarine operation in the Western Atlantic, all the chief Canadian wireless stations were busy night and day, picking up the many reports from ships at sea of submarine attacks. These messages were forwarded to the naval centre at Halifax, so that a continuous story of the movements of hostile subs flowed in. All reports were carefully examined, and those bearing either certainty or likelihood of truth were again sent out in the form of warnings or advice for the help of convoys, or to Allied shipping in general. Should a ship, when attacked, become crippled, the fact together with her condition and exact position could be passed through a first-class Canadian wireless station to any point where the most prompt help could be secured. The fact that a very large proportion of Allied ship movement could be plotted hour after hour enabled help to be summoned to a distressed ship, and her enemies driven off. In cases where ships were sunk, and crews had to take to their boats, the wireless was invaluable.

Early in the war the advantage of the powerful wireless station at Barrington Passage became apparent. Its transmitting range, under favorable circumstances, ran up to fifteen hundred miles. Barrington was reinforced by a chain of coast stations of lesser power, but capable of passing messages with great rapidity around the coast of Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and into the Gulf. Cape Race also has a powerful station, and a naval station of the first class exists at St. John's, Nfld. By the use of the chain of high power stations, the field of reception and transmission of messages can be greatly increased. Messages originating in German territory and in Paris have been frequently read in Canadian high power stations, although they were nearly always in cipher. The fact that by a recent invention the position from which a message has been sent can be measured accurately by other stations or ships increases the danger to the users.

German Mines Off the Coast

THE discovery, on the Canadian coast, of mines which are nowadays laid by subs in a series, proved a further complication and a source of care and concern to those engaged in the work of guarding shipping. Sometimes the presence of such mines would be first indicated by a ship striking one. In other cases a single mine would break away from its mooring wire and be found floating. The laying of connected mines would be expected off focal points on the coast, or positions where ships would be expected to draw together during the pursuit of the voyage. Very often those charged with the duty of searching for mines could, by placing themselves in the position of their enemy, judge what he would do. A likely spot for mines in the approaches to Halifax would be in the comparatively shallow waters of Sambro banks; where, in fact, a very dangerous nest of German mines was located and removed by an intensive process of mine sweeping. At this point eight mines were found in a row.

The business of mine sweeping made great progress in this war. The sweepers would proceed out of Halifax harbor in a flotilla and, arrived at the appointed area, would assume a formation roughly on the principle that the great-

est area is to be covered, having in view the number of vessels available for the service. They decide the depth at which the first sweep is to be made. This is regulated by a mechanism attached to the wire between each pair of sweepers. Unless the mines are badly laid, there are no surface indications of their presence. One came up off Sambro, which led to the discovery of the others. It was found by the people of Sambro Island. All the mines found were of the cylindrical type usually used by subs. They were particularly dangerous in that they floated at an angle of 45 degrees, and might easily be mistaken for a log. These particular mines were found in the summer of 1918, after the oil tanker *Lux Blanca* was sunk.

One nest found seemed to have been laid in error. It was found off Betty Island, to the south of Halifax. It could have done no harm to sea-going ships, and was probably put down in the fog, and in a hurry.

The whole area off Halifax has now been thoroughly swept, and the naval authorities consider that there is no likelihood of many mines being left, although this will be ascertained definitely under the agreement made with the enemy that the location of all mines shall be disclosed.

Two Subs Off Our Coast

IT is thought that two subs, both of the *Deutschland* type, operated off our coast. They were seen many times, and were of slow speed. They had two 5.7 guns with a range of about nine miles, and in the latter days of the war many merchant ships were more heavily armed.

In 1918 they must have begun to think that they were getting close to winter weather and they had to go south. They made a dead set at oil ships as they knew how necessary they were. There were enormous quantities of oil shipped from Halifax, where, on the Eastern passage the Imperial Oil Company is developing one of the largest plants in America.

The expected coming of the submarines was realized when, one fine summer day, August 6th, 1918, the *Lux Blanca*, an American oil tanker, was sunk after a fight, in which two of her crew were killed. The *Lux Blanca* and another oil tanker had discharged their cargo at Halifax, and were bound for Mexico.

The day after the destruction of the *Lux Blanca*, a report went about Halifax that the submarine had been captured, and was being towed in by two warships with flags flying and bands playing. Thousands of people gathered on Citadel Hill to see the triumphal procession. They pictured to themselves a repetition of a similar scene, over one hundred years ago, when the British ship "Shannon" towed the American frigate "Chesapeake" up the harbor, after their memorable duel. But they waited in vain; the sub was busy elsewhere.

For the next week or ten days there was a constant stream of reports coming in of ships falling victims of the submarines. Five or six Nova Scotian vessels were torpedoed or shelled. The attitude of the sub captains varied. The one who sank the *Annie M. Perry* gave the captain his position and congratulated him on being only 35 miles from land, saying he had frequently driven crews into their boats 500 miles from land. The captain of one of the schooners was told not to worry, as he would have plenty of time to save the lives of the crew. But they told the captain of the *Triumph* that they would wipe out the whole fishing fleet.

This Halifax steam trawler, the *Triumph*, after being captured, was fitted up with guns and wireless by the Germans, and a crew put on board; she was then sent out raiding on the Middle Banks, off Canso, and did much havoc. On one day there were 108 destitute fishermen came into Canso, having lost their ships. But she could not scare the fishermen off the seas. One Yarmouth skipper who refused to leave the Banks, even when the submarine was busiest there, came into port with a fare of fifty thousand pounds.

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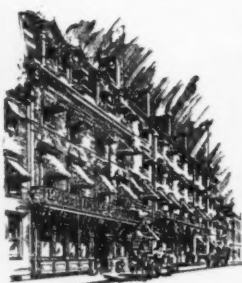


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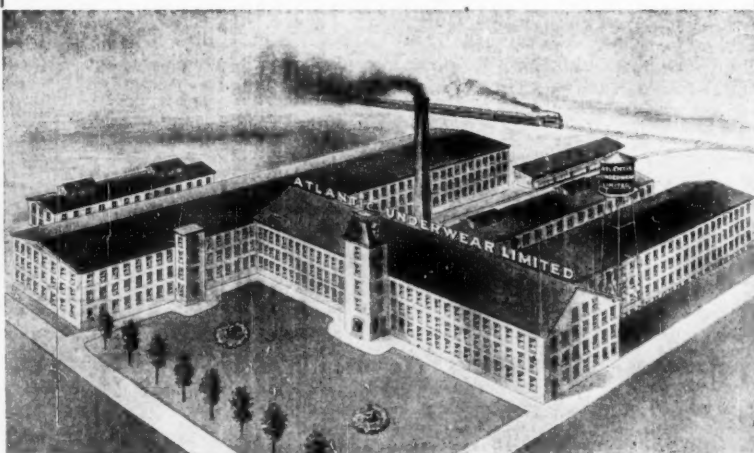
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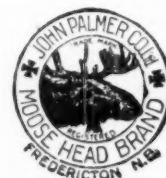
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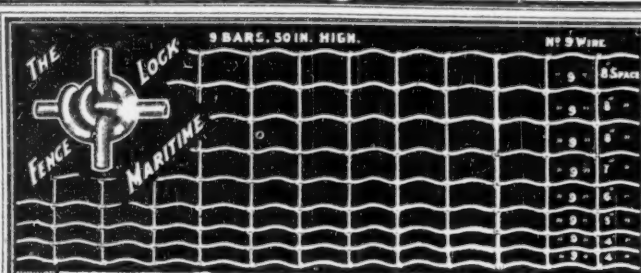


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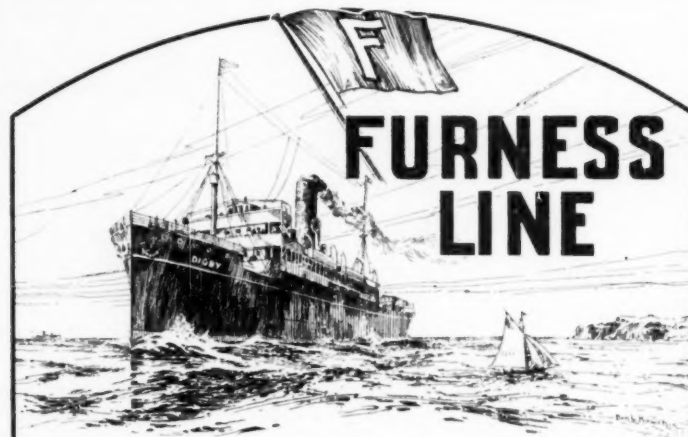
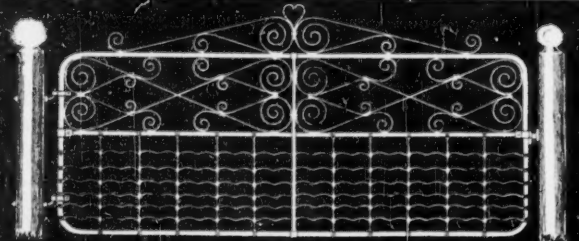


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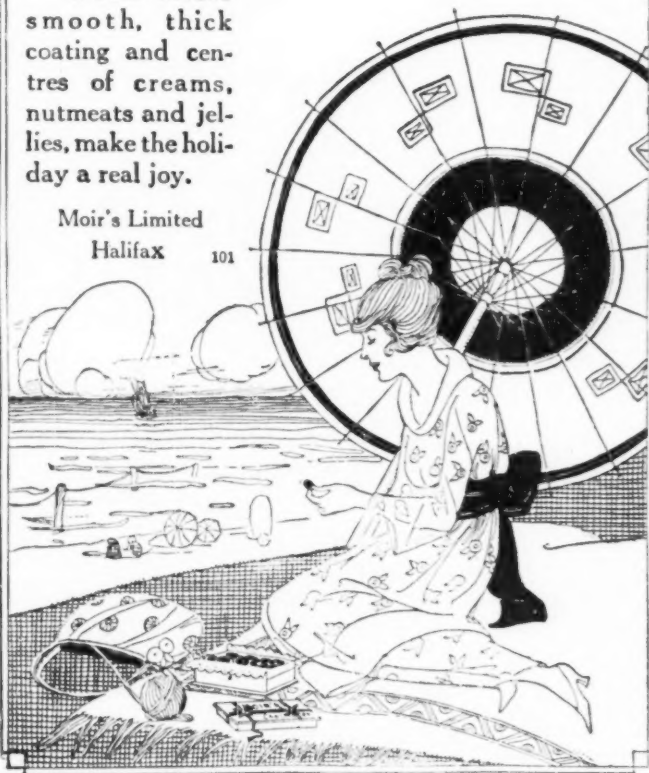
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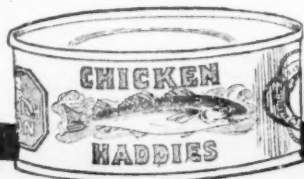
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Coal is the basis of modern industry. It is basic in the problem of reconstruction. A plentiful supply of coal at a fair price is of first importance and necessity to enable freight, manufacturing and living costs to descend to normal.

Nova Scotia has the only coal deposits on the Atlantic seaboard of America. The quantity available is authoritatively estimated at nine thousand million tons.

Investigate the industrial opportunities of this Province.

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Millions of Cups Enjoyed Every Day

Nothing succeeds like Quality and Value.

The more Quality given for the money the greater the success.

Figuring on this basis, the Quality given in the Red Rose Tea packages must be large for the money—

For millions of cups of Red Rose are enjoyed every day in Canada.

Wherever the railroad, the auto, the horse, the canoe, and the dogsled go—be it a main road or a trail through the wilderness—wherever “good” tea is enjoyed and value and economy appreciated—there you will find the Red Rose packages.

To supply the demand for Red Rose Tea, the T. H. Estabrooks Company operates in St. John, New Brunswick, one of the largest tea sorting, testing, blending, and packing warehouses in Canada, and, in addition,

there are branches in five other Canadian cities. Almost every grocery store in Canada sells Red Rose Tea.

While the residents of the Maritime Provinces look upon the T. H. Estabrooks Company as an industry that belongs to the provinces, the lovers of “good tea” all over Canada have made it an industry of national importance.

Every day they go by the thousands to the grocery stores to buy tea with the distinctive Red Rose flavor, the rich Red Rose strength, and the splendid Red Rose economy.

Red Rose Tea tastes better, goes farther and is more economical, because it consists chiefly of hill-grown ASSAM teas—the richest and strongest in the world.

Red Rose meets every tea requirement.

T. H. Estabrooks Company, Limited, Head Office, St. John, N. B.

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NO car has a better starting and lighting system than that now available to purchasers of Ford Cars. It is a Ford product, built into the motor—

—a positive starter as reliable as the motor itself:

—a powerful lighting system, uniform under all engine speeds.

On the open models—Touring Cars and Runabouts—it is **OPTIONAL EQUIPMENT**.

On closed cars—Sedans and Coupes—it is **STANDARD EQUIPMENT**.

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Ford Runabout \$660; Touring \$690

On open models the Electric Starting and Lighting Equipment is \$100 extra.

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These prices are F. O. B. Ford, Ont. and do not include the War Tax.

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Our Lawn Furniture will take care of your comfort.

STRATFORD LAWN FURNITURE

All large parks in Canada have been supplied with STRATFORD park seats. We also make folding tables, camp cots, stools, etc. Write for catalogue "H" and full particulars.

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of
Bugs, Fleas,
Flies,
Roaches,
Mosquitoes,
etc.,
all killed by

15c, 25c
and 40c

KEATING'S

Continued from page 58

told one of the schooner captains that he had come in so far that he saw the lights of Halifax.

That, or something else, decided the authorities that Halifax must be darkened; and for months the people were groping about with flashlights as all street lights were out. Later, this order was amended so that street lights should have the top and outside blackened. But business was done with the blinds down in the old garrison city for a long time. It was a gloomy time, and there was constant expectation of attack from airships. When the first deafening crash of the explosion came in December of 1917, the first thought of everyone was that the airships had come at last; but no airships could have wrought the damage and death of that one fell blast.

The Land Defences of Halifax

THE land defences of the Port of Halifax were of the most vital importance. On both sides of the harbor, for miles out, are enormously strong and well-armored forts with modern guns, powerful searchlights, and all the modern scientific devices for detection and protection. As soon as war broke out, the scheme of defence, always in the hands of the officer commanding, was put in force. All Halifax units were immediately mobilized, and all those in the Maritime Provinces, including the 1st Canadian Garrison Artillery, 18 officers and 249 men; 63rd Regiment, 34 officers and 490 men; 66th Regiment, 34 officers and 490 men; 94th Cape Breton Highlanders, 32 officers and 488 men. Soon after, the P.E.I. Heavy Artillery, 6 officers and 134 men; a Composite Battalion of 24 officers and 416 men, as well as the C. E., A. S. C., and A. M. C., were ordered out.

These troops were at once sent to their war stations, where they did hard and constant service, continually asking to be sent overseas, and continually being told that they were absolutely necessary where they were. Only by going out and doing personal recruiting among their friends and relatives at home, to fill their places in the garrison, could they get away; and in this manner each regiment sent drafts overseas equalling several times the number of men in the original establishment.

On the declaration of war, one of the two entrances of the harbor was blocked by the sinking of a ship in the channel; the other entrance was protected by sinking an anti-submarine net. This defence was maintained during the continuance of the war, being raised only for the admission of properly identified ships.

Wreckages on the Coast

THERE were many wrecks in war time, particularly when the submarines were operating. It was a common thing, indeed, for ships to go on the rocks, and then claim they were torpedoed. Five ships, one of which was filled with troops, ran ashore on the coast within reach of Halifax in one morning. Several of them were foreigners. There was fog and bad weather at the time, but the situation was further complicated by the fact that they were all keeping pretty well in to get clear of the submarines, and also by the fact that the foreigners were shooting out wireless messages, many of which were unintelligible or misleading. One ship made her messages with three different ships' signals, to the effect that three warships were ashore, and there was naturally some excitement when this reached Halifax. The troopship ashore that morning was the *City of Vienna*, with 1,400 men on board. She was on Sambro shoal, and two U. S. warships were called up and stood by her. The helpful Americans took the men off her before dark that night; but she became a total wreck, and is still bleaching her bones with many another around Sambro.

It is interesting to note here that, owing to the perfecting by a Canadian during the war of an invention, the germ of which has been in our marine department for thirty years, any ship may now come into Halifax by electrical guidance as easily as a car follows a trolley along the wire.

Owners Up

Continued from page 20

"Hurry up, gentlemen! Make your bets while the merry-go-round plays on."

"For a repeat!" Texas shrieked, dropping the chips, one after another, on to the thirteen square until they stood like a candle. Impatiently the croupier checked him:

"Mind the limit, Mister."

"When I play the sky's my limit," Texas answered.

"Not here," the croupier admonished, sweeping three-quarters of the ivory discs from thirteen.

The little ball of peripatetic fate that had held on its erratic way during this, now settled down into a compartment painted green.

"Double zero!" the croupier remarked, and swept the table bare.

Texas cursed. "There ain't no green-eyed horse runnin' for the track—everybody's got a chance. Here, I'm going to cash in."

HE shoved the ivory chips irritably across the table, and the croupier stacking them in his board, said: "A thousand and fifty."

As methodically as he had built up the chips, from a drawer he erected little golden plinths of twenty dollar pieces, and with both hands pushed them toward the winner.

Texas put the palm of his hand on the shiny mound, saying:

"I'm goin' to orate; I'm gettin' plumb hide-bound 'cause of this long sleep in Walla Walla. To-morrow I'm pullin' my freight down the trail to the outside where men is. But these yellor-throated singin' birds says I got a cow-hocked whangdoodle on four hoofs named Horned Toad that can outrun anything that eats with molars in Walla Walla, from a grasshopper's jump to four miles. Now I've said it, ladies—who's next?"

A quiet voice at his elbow answered almost plaintively: "If you will take your paw off those yellow boys I'll bury them twice."

At the sound of that drawing voice Texas sprang to his feet, whirled, and seeing Carney, struck at him viciously. Carney simply bent his lithe body, and the next instant Iron Jaw had Texas by the throat, shaking him like a rat.

"You damned locoed fool!" he swore; "what d'you mean—what d'you mean?" each query being emphasized by a vigorous shake.

"He simply means," explained Carney, "that he's a cheap bluffer—a wind gambler. When he's called he quits. That's just what I thought."

"Give him a chance, Blake," Death-on-the-trail interposed: "Let go!"

Iron Jaw pressed Texas back into his chair saying: "You've got too much booze. If you want to bet on your horse sit there and cut out this Injun stuff."

SNACKY DICK had jumped to his feet, startled by the fact that Carney was about to break in on his preserve. Now he said: "If Texas is pinin' for a race Clatawa is waitin'—so is his backin'."

Carney turned his gray eyes on the speaker:

"There's a rule in this country, Snaky, that when two men have got a discussion on, others keep out. I've undertaken to call this jack-rabbit's bluff, and he makes good or takes his noisy organ away to play it outside of Walla Walla."

Texas Sam had received a thumb in the rib from Iron Jaw that meant, "Go ahead," so he said, surlily: "There's my money on the table. Anybody can come in—the game's wide open."

"That being so," Carney drawled, "there's a little bucksin horse tied to the post outside, that's carried me for three years around this land of delight, and he looks good to me."

He unslung from his waist a leather roll, and dropped its snake-like body across the Texas coin, saying:

"There's two thousand in twenties, and if this cheap-singing person sees the raise, it goes for a race at a mile-and-a-quarter between the little bucksin outside and this cow-hocked mule he sings about."

"I want to see this damn bucksin," Texas objected.

"You don't need to worry," Iron Jaw commented; "the horse is pretty nigh as well known as Bulldog."

But Texas, having been born in a very nest of iniquity, a stable boy, tout, half-mile-track ringer, and runner for a wire-tapping bunch, was naturally suspicious.

"I don't match against an unknown," he objected; "let me lamp this Flyin' Dutchman of the Plains; it may be Salvator for all I know."

"Let him get out the door," Carney sneered; "it will be good-bye—we'll never see him again."

"And if we don't," Snaky Dick interposed, "I'll cover your money, Carney."

Bulldog swung the gray eyes, and levelled them at the red-and-yellow streaked beads that did seeing duty in Snaky's face:

"You ever hear about the gent who was kicked out of Paradise and told to go scoot along on his belly for butting in?" Then he followed the little crowd at Texas Sam's heels.

IN the yellow glare of the Del Monte lights the bucksin looked very little like a race horse. He stood about fifteen-and-a-quarter hands, looking not much larger than a pony, as, half asleep, he had relaxed his body; the lop ears hanging almost at right angles to his lean bony head suggested humor more than speed. He stood "over" on his front legs, a habit contracted when he favored the weak knees. As he was a gelding his neck was thin, so far removed from a crest that it was almost ewe-like; his tremendous width of rump caused the hip bones to project, suggesting an archaic design of equine structure. The direct lamplight threw cavernous shadows all over his lean form.

Texas Sam shot one rapid look of appraisal over the sleepy little horse; then he laughed.

"Pinch me, Iron Jaw!" he cried; "am I ridin' on the tail-board of an overland bus, seein' things in the desert, and hearin' wings?"

He pointed a forefinger at the bucksin: "Is that the lopin' jack-rabbit that runs for your money?" he queried of Carney.

"That horse's name is Pat," Bulldog answered quietly, "and we've been pals so long that when any yapping coyote snaps at him I most naturally kick the brute out of the way. But that's the horse, Bucksin Pat, that my money says can outrun, for a mile-and-a-quarter, the horse you describe as a cow-hocked cow pony, the same being, I take it, the horse you scooted away on when I slapped you on the mouth this mornin'."

Texas Sam was naturally of a vicious temper, and this allusion caused him to flare up again, as Carney meant it to. But Iron Jaw whirled him around, saying:

"Cut out the man end of it—let's get down to cases. We aint had a live huss race for so long that I most forget what it looks like. If you two mean business come inside and put up your bets, gentlemen."

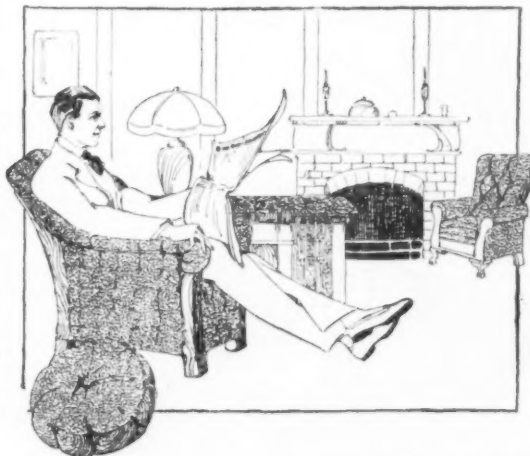
IRON JAW abrogated to himself the duty of master of ceremonies. First he set his croupier to work counting the gold of Texas Sam and Bulldog Carney. There were an even hundred twenty dollar gold pieces in the belt Carney had thrown on the table.

"You're shy on the raise," Iron Jaw remarked, winking at Texas.

"I'll see his raise," the latter growled. "You've got more 'n that of mine in your safe, Iron Jaw, so stack 'em up for me till they're level. I might as well win somethin' worth while though there won't be no fun in the race. That jack—that bucksin"—he checked himself—"won't make me go fast enough to know I'm in the saddle."

"You let me in on that and I'll furnish the speed," Snaky Dick could not resist

DU PONT CANADIAN INDUSTRIES



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Living-room furniture upholstered in Craftsman Fabrikoid is always comfortable, clean and inviting looking.

Soft leather splits soon lose their shape and also get shabby looking in a short time. Not so Fabrikoid. It always holds its shape and looks fresh.

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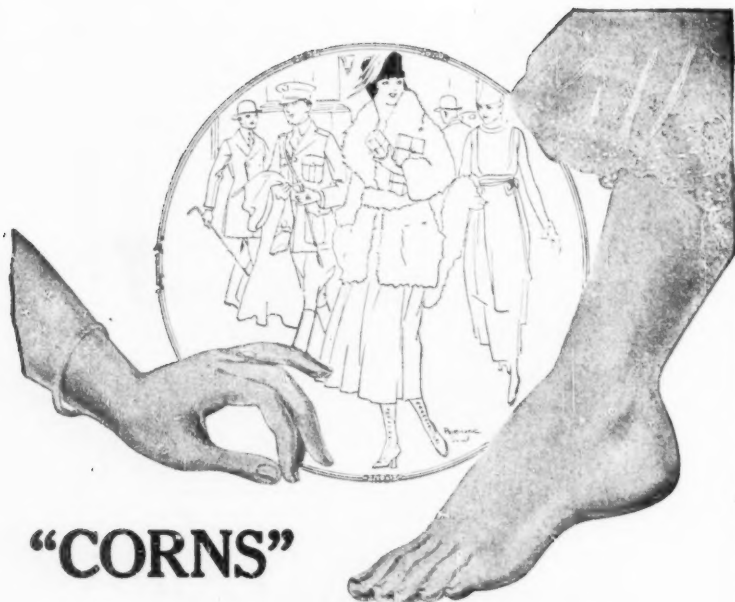
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Lift Corns Right Off!
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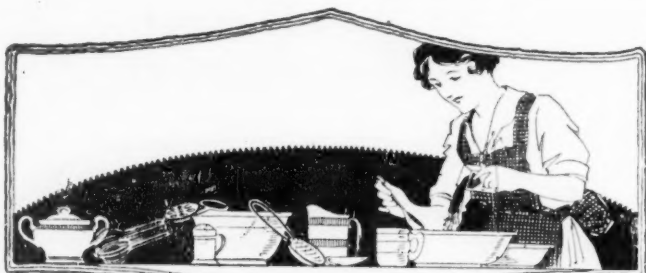
Apply a few drops of Freezone on a touchy corn or a callus, instantly it stops aching, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, root and all, with the fingers. No pain at all! No soreness!

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You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, also corns between the toes and the "hard-skin" calluses on bottom of feet.

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QUICK PUDDINGS

Pure Gold Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Toronto

the temptation to clutch at the money he saw slipping away from him. "Make it a three-cornered sweep, Mr. Carney," he pleaded; "I'll ante."

"It would be some race," Iron Jaw encouraged; "some race, boys. I've seen the little buckskin amble. I don't know nothin' about this Texas person's caravan, but Clatawa, for a sauce bottle that holds both warm and cold blood, aint so slow—he aint so slow, gents."

The idea caught on; everybody in the saloon rose to the occasion. Yells of "Make it a sweep! Let Clatawa in! Wake up old Walla Walla with something worth while!" came from many throats.

Bulldog seemed to debate the matter, a smile twitching his drab mustache.

"I've said it," Texas cried: "she's wide open. Anybody that's got a pet eagle he thinks can fly faster 'n my cow-pony can run, can enter him. There aint no one barred, and the limit's up where the pines point to."

SNACKY DICK had edged around the table till he stood close beside Bulldog, where he whispered: "Let me in, Carney; I've been layin' for this flannel-mouth. I don't want to see him get away with Walla Walla money. You save your stake with me, if I'm in."

Carney pushed the little wizen-faced speaker away, saying: "Any kind of a talking bird can swing in on a winning if he's got a copper-riveted, cinch bet. But sport, as I understand it, gentlemen, consists in providing excitement, taking on long chances."

"That's Bulldog talkin'," somebody interrupted; and they all cheered.

"That being acknowledged," Carney resumed, "I feel like stealing candy from a blind kid when I crowd in on this Texas person. A yellow man wouldn't know how to own a real horse; that money on the table is, so to speak, mine now; but as Snaky Dick is panting to make it a real race, purely out of a kindly feeling for Walla Walla sports, I'm going to let him draw cards. Clatawa is welcome."

"The drinks is on the house when I hear a wolf howl like that," Snaggle Tooth yelled. "Crowd up, gentlemen—the drinks is on the house! Old Walla Walla is goin' to sit up and take notice; Bulldog is some live wire."

CHAIRS were thrust back; men crowded the bar; liquors were tossed off. Sheriff Teddy the Leaper, who had come in, felt his arm touched by Carney, and inclining his head to a gentle pull at his coat sleeve, he heard the latter whisper, "Stake holder for my sake." That was all.

Then the crowd swarmed back to the table where the croupier had remained beside the mound of gold.

"You give Jim, there, a receipt for a thousand, and he'll pass it out," Iron Jaw told Texas.

Jim the croupier took from the safe behind him rolls of twenty-dollar gold pieces and stood them up in Texas's pile. He removed a few coins, saying: "The pot is right, gentlemen; two thousand apiece."

"Hold on," Snaky Dick cried; "it aint closed yet—I draw cards."

"Not till you see the bet and the raise," Carney objected. "Nobody whispers his way into this game; it's for blood."

"Give me a cheque book, Snaggle Tooth."

"Flimsies don't go," Carney objected. "Nothin' but the coin weighs in agin me," Texas agreed; "put up the dough, boys, or keep out."

Snaky was in despair. Here was just the softest spot in all the world, and without the cash he couldn't get in.

"Will you cash my cheque?" he asked Iron Jaw.

"If Baker 'll O.K. it I figger you must have the stuff in his bank—it'll be good enough for me," Iron Jaw replied.

There was a little parley between Snaky Dick, his associate, and Baker, who was a private banker. The cheque was made out, endorsed, and cashed from the gambling funds, Iron Jaw being a partner of Snaggle Tooth's in this commercial enterprise.



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should be kept constantly in the medicine chest at home, factory or office. Doing double the duty of ordinary liniments it naturally has many more practical uses. It is just the thing for tired, sore, aching feet. Takes out the sting and burning and gives the feet "increased mileage."



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Pyorrhoea commences with tender gums, or with gum-bleeding, at tooth-brush time. Gradually the gums become spongy. They inflame and then shrink. The teeth become exposed to decay at the base and tiny openings in the gums become the breeding places of disease germs which infect the joints—or tonsils—or cause other ailments.

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And Forhan's cleans teeth scientifically as well. Brush your teeth with it. It keeps the teeth white and clean.

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Montreal

When the pot was complete, six thousand on the table, Texas said: "We've got to have a stake holder. Are you both agreeable to Mr. Blake?"

SNACKY DICK coughed, and hesitated. He had no suspicion that Iron Jaw had any interest with Texas Sam, but knowing the man as he did, he felt sure that before the race was run Iron Jaw and Snaggle Tooth would be in the game up to the eyes.

The drawing voice of Carney broke the little hush that followed this request.

"You're from the outside, Texas; you know all about your own horse, and that lets you out. The selecting of a stake holder, and such, most properly belongs to Walla Walla, that is to say, such of us interested as more or less live here. The Sheriff of Shoshone, who is present, if he'll oblige, is the man that holds my money, and yours, too, unless you want to crawfish. Does that suit you, Snaky?"

"It does," the latter answered cheerfully, for, fully believing that Clatawa was going to show a clean pair of heels to the other horses, he wanted the money where he could get it without gun-play.

"That's settled, then," Carney said blithely, ignoring Texas completely. He turned to Teddy the Leaper: "Will you oblige, Sheriff?"

The Sheriff was agreeable, saying that as soon as they had completed details they would take the money over to Baker's bank and lock it up in the safe, Baker promising to take charge of it, even if it were at night.

"Just repeat the conditions of the match," the Sheriff said, and he drew from his pocket a note book and pencil.

Carney seized the opportunity to say: "A three-cornered race between the buckskin gelding Pat, the black gelding Horned Toad, and the bay horse Clatawa at one mile and a quarter. The stake, two thousand dollars a corner; winner take all. To be run one week from today."

"Is that right, gentlemen?" the Sheriff asked; "all agreed?"

"Owners up—this is a gentleman's race," Texas snapped.

"Satisfactory?" the Sheriff asked, his eyes on Carney. The latter nodded; and Iron Jaw winked at Snaggle Tooth. Snaky Dick could scarce credit his ears; surely the gods were looking with favor upon his fortunes; the other riders would be giving him many pounds in this self-accepted handicap.

AT Sheriff Teddy's suggestion the gold was carried over to Baker's bank, a stone building almost opposite the Del Monte; the bag containing it was sealed, and placed in a big safe, Baker giving the Sheriff a receipt for six thousand dollars.

Then they went back to the Del Monte for target practice at the bottle, each man implicated buying ammunition.

At this time Carney had taken the buckskin to his stable, going back to the saloon.

Snaggle Tooth made a short patriotic speech, the burden of which was that the saloon was full of men of eager habit who had not had a chance to sit into the game, and to ameliorate the condition of these mournful mavericks he would sell pools on the race, for the mere honorarium of five per cent.

Fever was in the men's blood; if he had suggested twenty per cent. it would have gone.

Snaggle Tooth took up his position behind a faro table and called out:

"The pool is open, with Clatawa, Horned Toad, and Pat in the box. What am I bid for first choice?"

"Twenty dollars," a voice cried.

"Thirty," another said.

"Forty."

"Fifty."

A dry rasp that suggested an alkaline throat squeaked, "A hundred. Is this a horse race, or are we dribblin' in to the plate at the Synagogue?"

"Sold!" Snaggle Tooth yapped, knowing well that excitement begat quick action. "Which cayuse do you favor, plunger?"

"The range horse, Clatawa."

The croupier at Snaggle Tooth's el-

bow took the bidder's five twenty-dollar gold pieces and passed him a slip with Clatawa's name on it.

"A hundred dollars in the box and second choice for sale," Snaggle Tooth drawled, his prominent fang gleaming in the lamp light as he mouthed the words.

Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, was bid like the quick popping of a machine gun; at seventy-five the bids hung fire, and the auctioneer, thumping the table with his bony fist, snapped: "Sold! Name your jack-rabbit."

"Horned Toad," came from the bidder of the seventy-five.

"A hundred and seventy-five in the box," Snaggle Tooth droned, "and the buckskin for sale. What about it, you pikers—what about it?"

There seemed to be nothing about it, unless silence was something. The hush seemed to dampen the gambling spirit.

"What!" yelled Snaggle Tooth; "two thousand golden bucks staked on the horse now, and no tin-horn with sand enough in his gizzard to open his trap! This is a race, not a funeral—who's dead? Bulldog, you laid even money; here's a hundred and seventy-five goin' a-beggin'. Ain't you got a chance?"

"Ten dollars?" Carney bid as if driven into it.

"Ten dollars, ten dollars bid for the buckskin; a hundred and seventy-five in the box, and ten dollars bid for the buckskin. Sold!"

The first pool was followed by others, one after another; the roulette table, the keno game, and faro were in the discard—their tables were deserted.

It soon became evident that Clatawa was a hot favorite, the public's money was all for the Walla Walla champion. Noting this the Horned Toad trio hung back, bidding less. Clatawa was selling for a hundred, Horned Toad about fifty, and the buckskin sometimes knocked down at ten to Carney, or sometimes bid up to twenty by someone tempted by the odds.

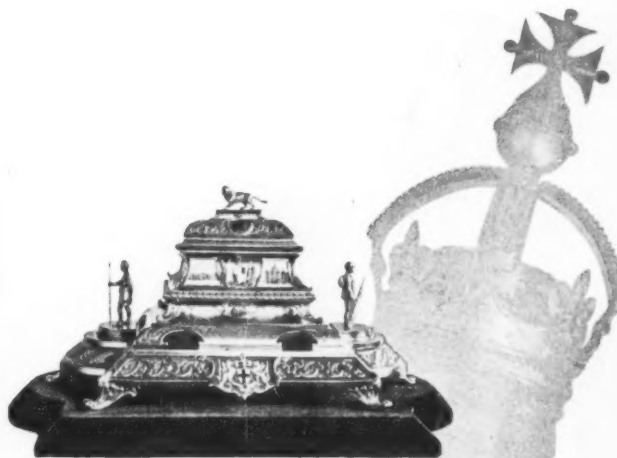
At last Carney slipped quietly away, having bought at least twenty pools that stood him between three and four thousand to a matter of two hundred.

IN the morning he rode the buckskin out to Molly's cottage and turned him over to Billy.

The boy's voice trembled with delight when he was told of what had taken place.

"Gee! now I will get well," he said; "I'll beat the bug out now—I'll have heart. You see, Mr. Carney, I got set down in California a year ago. It wasn't my fault; I was ridin' for Timberleg Harley, and he give the horse a bucket of water before the race; he didn't want to win—was lettin' the horse run for Sweeny, layin' for a big price later on. He had an interest in a book, and they took liberties with the horse's odds—he was favorite. He didn't dare tell me anything about it, the hound. When I found the horse couldn't raise a gallop, hangin' in my hands like a sea lion, I didn't ride him out thinkin' he'd broke down. They had me up in the judges' stand, and sent for the books. It looked bad. Timberleg got off by swearin' I'd pulled the horse to let the other win; swore that I stood in with the books that had overlaid him. I was give the gate, and it just broke my heart. I was weak from wastin' away. And you can't beat the bug out if you lose your courage; there ain't nothin' to it, the bug 'll win—it's a hundred to one on him."

"First thing, I'm goin' to give Waster a ball to clean him out; give him a bran mash, too. He must be like a curry-comb inside, grass and hay and everything here is full of this damn cactus. A week aint much to ready-up a horse for a race, but he aint got no fat to work off, and he knows the game. In a week he'll be as spry as a kitten. I'll just play with him. I'll bunk with him, too. If Slimy Red got wise to anythin' he'd slip him a twig of locoe, or put a sponge up his nose. Do you know what that thief did once, Mr. Carney? He was a moonlighter; he sneaked the favorite for a race that was to be run next day out of his stall at night and



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MONTREAL

galloped him four miles with about a hundred and sixty in the saddle. That settled the favorite; he run his race same 's if he was pullin' a hearse."

"That's a good idea, Billy. There's half-a-dozen Slimy Reds in Walla Walla; it's a good idea, only I'll do the sleeping with the buckskin. I'd be lonesome away from him."

The boy objected, but Carney was firm.

BILLY was not only a good rider, but he was a man of much brains. There was little of the art of training that he did not know, for his father had been a trainer before him—he had been brought up in a stable.

Fortunately the buckskin's working life had left little to be desired in the way of conditioning; it was just that the sinews and muscles might have become case-hardened, more the muscles of endurance than activity.

But then the race was over a distance, a mile-and-a-quarter, where the endurance of the thoroughbred would tell over Clatawa. Indeed, full of the contempt which a racing man has for a cold-blooded horse, Billy did not consider Clatawa in the race at all.

"That part of it is just found money," he assured Carney. "Clatawa will go off with a burst of speed like those Texas half-milers, and he'll commence to die at the mile; he hasn't a chance"

As to Ding Dong it was simply a question of whether the black had improved and Waster gone back enough through being thrown out of training to bring the two together. Anywhere near alike in condition Waster was a fourteen pound better horse than Ding Dong. It might be that now, his legs sounder than they had ever been when he was racing, Waster might run the best mile-and-a-quarter of his life.

Of course this might not be possible in a three-quarter sprint, for, at that terrific rate of going, running it from end to end at top speed, a certain nervous or muscular system would be called upon that had practically become atrophied through the more leisure ways of the trial work.

The little man pondered over these many things just as a man of commerce might mentally canvass great markets, conveying his point of view to Carney generally. He would map out the race as they sat together in the evening.

"Of course Snaky Dick will shoot out from the crack of the pistol, and try to open up a gap that'll break our hearts. He won't dare to pull Clatawa in behind; a cold-blooded horse's got the heart of a chicken—he'd quit. Slimy'll carry Ding Dong along at a rate he knows will leave him enough for a strong run home; but he'll think that he's only got Clatawa to beat and he'll pull out of his proper pace—he'll keep within strikin' distance of Clatawa. I'll let them go on. I know 'bout how fast Waster can run that mile-and-a-quarter from end to end. Don't you worry if you see me ten lengths out of it at the mile. Waster won all his races comin' through his horses from behind, 'cause he's game. When Clatawa cracks, and I'm not up, Slimy'll stop ridin', he'll let his horse down, thinkin' he's won. You'll see, Mr. Carney. If a quarter-of-a-mile from the finish post I'm within three lengths of Ding Dong and not drivin' him you can take all the money in sight. I'll tell you somethin' else, Mr. Carney; if I'm up with Ding Dong, and Slimy Red thinks I've got him, he'll try a foul."

"Glad you mentioned it, little man," Carney remarked drily.

THE buckskin was given a long steady gallop the day after he had received the ball of physic; then for three days he was given short sprinting runs and a little practice at breaking from the gun. Two days before the race he was given a mile-and-a-quarter at a little under full speed; rated as though he were in a race, the last half a topping gallop. He showed little distress, and cleaned up his oats an hour later after he had been cooled off. Billy was in an ecstasy of happy content.

Nobody who was a judge of a horse's



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pace had seen Waster gallop his trial over the full course, for the boy had arranged it cleverly. Texas Sam and Snaky Dick both worked their horses in the morning, and sometimes gave them a slow gallop in the evening. Billy knew that at the first peep of day some of the Clatawa people would be on the track, so he waited that morning until everybody had gone home to breakfast thinking all the gallops were over; then he slipped on to the course and covered the mile-and-a-quarter without being seen.

The course was a straight away, one hundred feet wide, lying outside of the town on the open plain, and running parallel to the one long street. The finish post was opposite the heart of the town.

The week was one long betting carnival; one heard nothing but betting jargon. It was horse morning, noon, and night.

Carney had acquired another riding horse, and the Horned Toad cabal laughed cynically at his seriousness. Iron Jaw could not understand it, for Bulldog had a reputation for cleverness; but here he was acting like a tenderfoot. Once or twice a suspicion flashed across his mind that perhaps Bulldog had discovered something, and meant to call them after they had won the race. But there was Clatawa; there was nothing to cover up in his case, and surely Carney didn't think he could beat the bay with his buckskin. Besides they weren't racing under Jockey Club rules. They hadn't guaranteed anything; Carney had matched his horse against the black, and there he was; names didn't count—the horse was the thing.

Molly had heard about the match and had grown suspicious over Billy's active participation, fearing it might bring on a hemorrhage if he rode a punishing race. When she taxed Billy with this he pleaded so hard for a chance to help out, assuring Molly that Waster would run his own race, and would need little help from him, that she yielded. When she talked to Bulldog about it he told her he was going to give the whole stake to Billy, the four thousand, if he won it.

AND then came the day of the great match. From the time the first golden shafts of sunlight had streamed over the Bitter Root Mountains, picking out the forms of Walla Walla's structures, that looked so like a mighty pack of wolves sleeping in the plain, till well on into the afternoon, the border town had been in a ferment. What mattered whether there was gold in the Coeur d'Alenes or not, whether the Nez Percés were good Presbyterians under the leadership, physically, of Chief Joseph, and spiritually, Missionary Mackay, was of no moment.

A man lay cold in death, a plug of lead somewhere in his chest, the result of a gambling row, but the morning would be soon enough to investigate; today was the day—the day of the race; minor business was suspended. It made men thirsty, this hot, parching anticipation; women had a desire for finery. Doors stood open, for the dwellers could not sit, but prowled in and out, watching the slow, loitering clock hands for four o'clock.

One phrase was on everybody's lips: "I'll take that bet."

Numerically the followers of Clatawa were in the majority; but there was a weight of metal behind Horned Toad that steadied the market; it came from a mysterious source. Texas Sam had been played for a blatant fool; nobody had seen Horned Toad show a performance that would warrant backing.

The little buckskin was looked upon as a sacrifice to his owner's well-known determination, his wild gambling spirit, that once roused could not be bluffed. They pitied Carney because they liked him; but what was the use of stringing with a man who held the weakest hand. And yet when somebody, growing rash, offered ten to one against the buckskin, a man, quite as calm and serene as Bulldog Carney himself, looking like a placer miner who worked a rocker on some bend of the Columbia, would say, diffidently, "I'll take that bet." And he would make good—one yellow eagle or fifty. It was

almost ominous, the quiet seriousness of this man who said his name was Oregon, just Oregon.

"Talk of gamblers," Iron Jaw said with a spluttering laugh, and he pointed to the street where little knots of people stood, close packed against some two, who, money in hand, were backing their faith. Then the fatty laugh chilled into a cold-blooded sneer:

"Snaggle Tooth, we'll learn these tin-horns somethin'; to-morrow your safe won't be big enough to hold it. But say, don't let that Texas brayin' ass have no more booze."

"If you ask me, Blake, I think he's yeller. He's plumb babyfied now because of Carney—sober he'd quit."

"Carney won't turn a hair when we win."

"Course he won't. But you can't get that into Texas's noddle with a funnel—he's hoodooed; wants me to plant a couple of gun-men at the finish for fear Bulldog'll grab him."

"Look here, Snaggle, that coyote—hell! I know the breed of them outlaws, they'd rather win a race crooked than by their horse gallopin' in front—he just can't trust himself; he's afraid he'll foul the others when the chance flashes on him. You just tell him that we can't stand to kiss twenty thousand good-bye because of any Injun trick; the Sheriff wouldn't stand for it for a minute; he'd turn the money over to the second horse quick as a wolf'd grab a calf by the throat."

THAT was the atmosphere on that sweet-breathed August day in the archaic town of Walla Walla.

It was a perfectly conceived race; three men in it and each one confident that he held a royal flush; each one certain that, bar crooked work, he could win.

The sporting Commandant of the U.S. Cavalry troop had been appointed judge of the finish at the Sheriff's suggestion. And another officer was to fire the starting gun.

It was a springy turf course, just the going to suit Waster, whose legs had been dicky. Or a hard course, built up of clay and sand, guiltless of turf, the fierce hammering of the hoofs might even yet heat up his legs, though they looked sound; his clutching hoofs might cup out unrooted earth and bow a tendon.

An hour before race time people had flocked to the goal where would be settled the ownership of thousands of dollars by the gallant steed that first caught the judge's eye as he flashed past the post. Even Lieutenant-Governor Moore was there; that magnificent Nez Percés, Chief Joseph, sat his half-blooded horse, a six-foot-three bronze Apollo, every inch a king in his beaded buckskins and his eagle feathers. The picture was Homeric, grand, and behind the canvas the subtle duplicity of gold worshippers.

At half-past three a hush fell over the chattering, betting, vociferating throng, as the judge, a tall soldierly figure of a man, called:

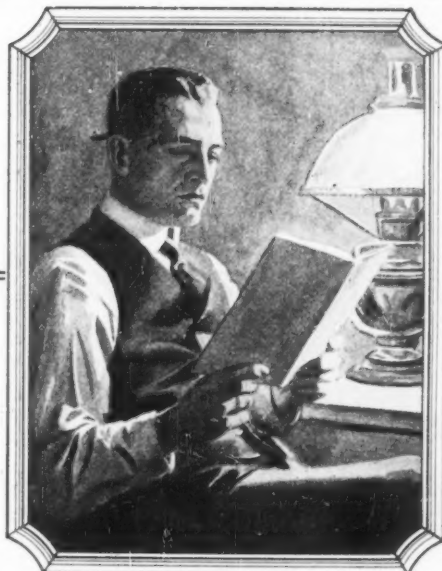
"Bring out the horses for this race: it is time to go to the post!"

Clatawa was the first to push from behind the throng to the course where the judge stood. He was a beautiful, high-spirited bay with black points, and a broad line of white starting from a star from his forehead adown his somewhat Roman nose. Two men led him, one on either side, and a blanket covered his form.

Then Horned Toad was led forward by a stable man; beneath a loose blanket showed the outlines of a small saddle. The horse walked with the unconcerned step of one accustomed to crowds, and noise, and blare. Beside him strode Texas Sam, a long coat draping his form.

Behind Horned Toad came the buckskin, at his heels Bulldog Carney, and beside Carney a figure that might have been an eager boy out for the holiday. The buckskin walked with the same indifference Horned Toad had shown.

As he was brought to a stand he lifted his long, lean neck, threw up the flopped ears, spread his nostrils, and with his big bright eyes gazed far down the track, so like a huge ribbon laid out on the



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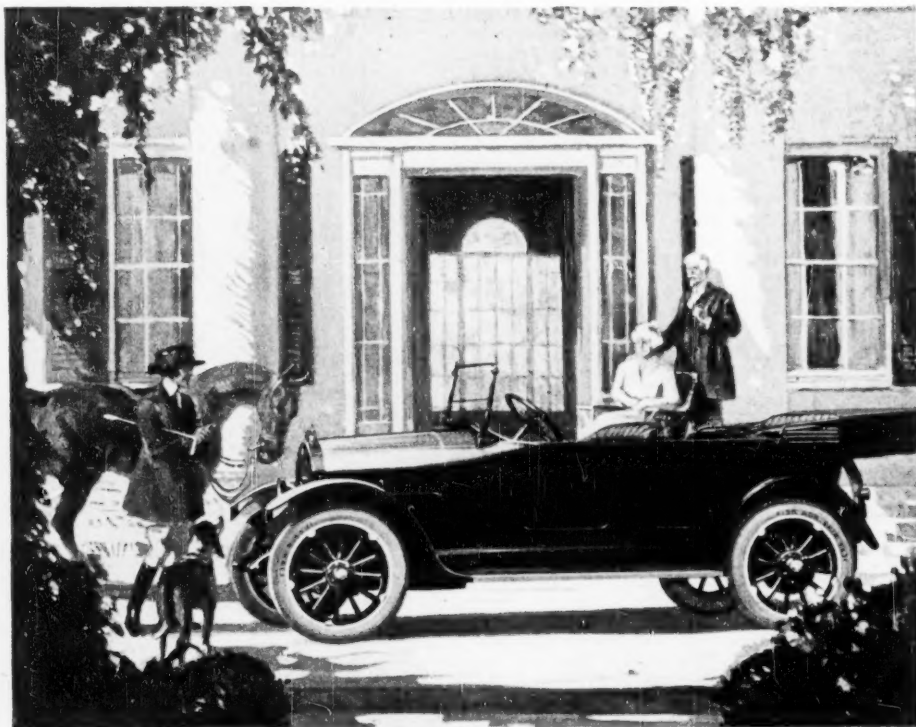
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plain, as if wondering where was the circular course he loved so well. He knew it was a race—that he was going to battle with those of his own kind. The tight cinching of the little saddle on his back, the bandages on his shins, the sponging out of his mouth, the little sprinting gallops he had had—all these touches had brought back to his memory the game his rich, warm, thoroughbred blood loved. His very tail was arched with the thrill of it.

"Mount your horses; it is time to go to the post!" Judge Cummings called, watch in hand.

THE blanket was swept from Clatawa's back, showing nothing but a wide, padded surcingle, with a little pocket either side for his rider's feet. And Snaky Dick, dropping his coat, stood almost as scantily attired; a pair of buckskin trunks being the only garment that marked his brown, monkey-like form.

Horned Toad carried a racing saddle, and from a snaffle bit the reins ran through the steel rings of a martingale.

At this Carney smiled, and more than one in the crowd wondered at this get-up for a supposed cow-pony.

Then, when Texas threw his long coat to a stable man, and stood up a slim lath of a man, clad in light racing boots, thin, white racing breeches, and a loose silk jacket, people stared again. It was as if, by necromancy, he had suddenly wasted from off his bones forty pounds of flesh.

But there was still further magic waiting the curious throng, for now the buckskin, stripped of his blanket, showed atop his well-ribbed back a tiny matter of pigskin that looked like a huge postage stamp. And the little figure of a man, one foot in Carney's hands, was lifted lightly to the saddle, where he sat in attire the duplicate of Texas Sam's.

With a bellow of rage Iron Jaw pushed forward, crying:

"Hold there! What th' hell are you doin' on that horse, you damn runt? Get down!"

He reached a huge paw to the rider's thigh, as though he would yank him out of the saddle.

HIS fingers had scarce touched the boy's leg when his hands were thrown up in the air, and he reeled back from a scimitar-like cut on his windpipe from the flat open hand of Carney, and choking, sputtering an oath of raging astonishment, he found himself looking into the bore of a gun, and heard a voice that almost hissed in its constrained passion:

"You coarse butcher! You touch that boy and you'll wake up in hell. Now stand back, and make to Judge Cummings any complaint you have."

Snaggle Tooth and Death-on-the-trail had pushed to Iron Jaw's side, their hands on their guns, and Carney, full of a passion rare with him, turned on them:

"Draw, if you want that, or lift your hands, damn quick!"

Surlily they dropped their half-drawn guns back into their pig-skin pockets. And Oregon, who had thrust forward, drew close to the two and said something in a low voice that brought a bitter look of hatred into the face of Snaggle Tooth.

But Oregon looked him in the eye and said audibly: "That's the last call to chuck—don't forget."

Iron Jaw was now appealing to the judge:

"This match was for owners up."

He beckoned forward the stakeholder:

"Aint that so, Sheriff—owners up?"

"That was the agreement," Teddy sustained.

"Wasn't that the bargain, Carney?"

Iron Jaw asked, turning on Bulldog.

"It was."

"Then what th' hell 're you doin' afoot—and that monkey up?" And Iron Jaw jerked a thumb viciously over his shoulder at the little man on Waster.

CARNEY'S head lifted, and the bony contour of his lower jaw thrust out like the ram of a destroyer.

"Mr. Blake," he said quietly, "don't use any foul words when you speak to me—we're not good enough pals for that; if you do I'll ram those crooked teeth of yours down your throat. Secondly that's the owner of the buckskin sitting on his back. But the owner of Horned Toad is sitting in a chair down in Portland, a man named Reilly, and that thing on Ding Dong's back is Slimy Red, a man who has been warned off every track in the West. He doesn't own a hair in the horse's tail."

Iron Jaw's face paled with a sudden compelling thought that Carney, knowing all this, and still betting his money, held cards to beat him.

The judge now asked: "Do you object to the rider of Horned Toad, Mr. Carney?"

"No, sir—let him ride. I'm not trying to win their money on a technicality, but on a horse."

"Well, the agreement was owners up, you admit?"

"I do," Carney answered.

"Did this boy on the buckskin's back own him when the match was made?"

"He did."

"Is there any proof of the transaction, the sale?" Major Cummings asked.

"Let me have that envelope I asked you to keep," Carney said, addressing the Sheriff.

When Teddy drew from a pocket the sealed envelope, Carney tore it open, and passed to the judge the bill of sale to MacKay of the buckskin. Its date showed that it had been executed the day the match was made, and Teddy, when questioned, said he had received it on that date, and before the match was made.

"It was a plant," Iron Jaw objected: "that proves it. Why did he put it in the Sheriff's hands—why didn't the boy keep it—it was his?"

"Because I had a hunch I was going up against a bunch of crooks," Carney answered suavely; "crooks who played win, tie, or wrangle, and knew they would claim the date was forged when they were beat at their own game. And there was another reason."

Carney drew a second paper from the envelope, and passed it to the judge. It was a brief note stating that if anything happened Carney his money, if the buckskin won, was to be turned over to the owner, Billy MacKay.

When the judge lifted his eyes Carney said, with an apologetic little smile: "You see, the boy's got the bug, and he's up against it. Molly Burdan is keeping both him and his sister, and she can't afford it."

Major Cummings coughed, and there was a little husky rasp in his voice as he said quietly:

"The objection to the rider of the buckskin horse is disallowed. This paper proves he is the legitimate owner and entitled to ride. Go down to the post."

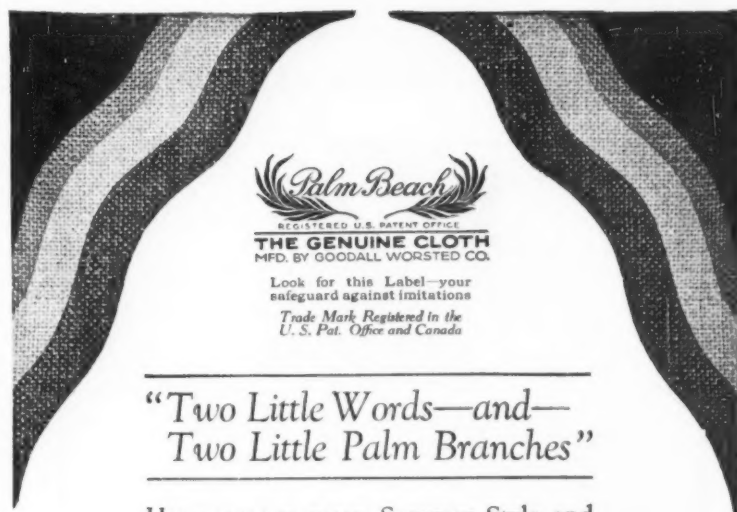
A YELL of delight went up from many throats. The men of Walla Walla, and the riders of the plains who had trooped in, were sports; they grasped the idea that the gambling clique had been caught at their own game; that the intrepid Bulldog had put one over on them. Besides, now they could see that the race was for blood. The heavy betting had started more than one whisper that perhaps it was a bluff; some of the Clatawa people, believing in the invincibility of their horse, had hinted that perhaps there was a job on for the two other horses to foul Clatawa and one of them go on and win, though few would admit that Carney would be party to cold-decking the public.

But accident had thrown the cards all on the table; it was to be a race to the finish, and the stakes represented real money.

Before they could start quite openly Carney stepped close to the rider of Horned Toad, and said, in even tones:

"Slimy Red, if you pull any dirty work I'll be here at the finish waiting for you. If you can win, win; but ride straight, or you'll never ride again."

"I'll be hangin' round the finish post, too," Oregon muttered abstractedly, but



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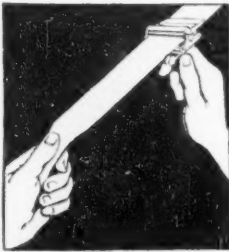
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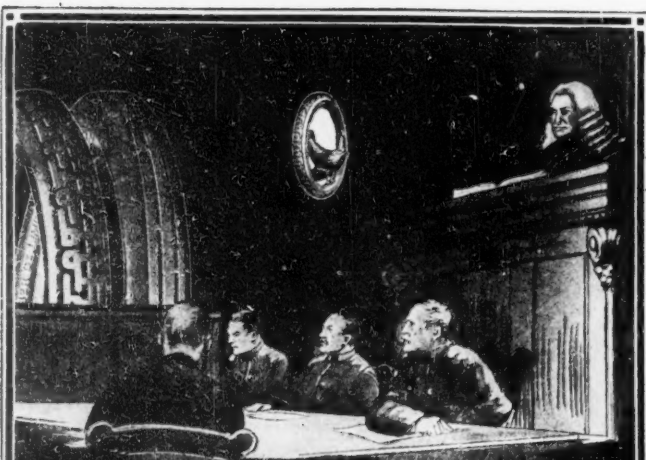
Stropping, you see, is needful because it removes the roughness of the new blade and re-aligns the saw-like edge that shaving produces; because it keeps the blade free from rust; and because it is the only means that will provide you each morning with a keen edge for shaving.

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both Iron Jaw and Snaggle Tooth could hear him.

THE three horses passed down the course, Clatawa sidling like a boat in a choppy sea, champing at his bit irritably, flecks of white froth snapping from his lips, and his tail twitching and swishing, indicating his excitable temperament: Horned Toad and Waster walked with that springy lift to the pasterns that indicated the perfection of breathing. Indians and cowboys raced up and down the plain, either side of the course on their ponies, bandying words in a very ecstasy of delight. Old Walla Walla had come into its own; the greatest sport on earth was theirs in all its glory.

After a time the three horses were seen to turn far down the course; they criss-crossed, and wove in and out a few times as they were being placed by the starter. The excitable Clatawa was giving trouble; sometimes he reared straight up; then, with a few bucking jumps, fought for his head. But the sinewy Snaky Dick was always his master.

Atop the little buckskin the boy was scarce discernible at that distance, as he sat low crouched over his horse's wither. Almost like an equine statue stood Waster, so still, so sleepy-like, that those who had taken long odds about him felt a depression.

Horned Toad was scarcely still for an instant; his wary rider, Texas, was keeping him on his toes, not letting him chill out; but, like the buckskin's jockey, his eye was always on the man with the gun. They were old hands at the game, both of them; they paid little attention to the antics of Clatawa—the starter was the whole works.

Clatawa had broken away to be pulled up in thirty yards. Now, as he came back, his wily rider wheeled him suddenly short of the starting line, and the thing that he had cunningly planned came off. The starter, finger on trigger, was mentally pulled out of himself by this; his finger gripped spasmodically; those at the finish post saw a puff of smoke, and a white-nosed horse, well out in front, off to a flying start.

The backers of Clatawa yelled in delight.

"Good old Snaky Dick!" some one cried.

"Clatawa beat the gun!" another roared.

"They'll never catch him—never catch him! He'll win off by himself!" was droned.

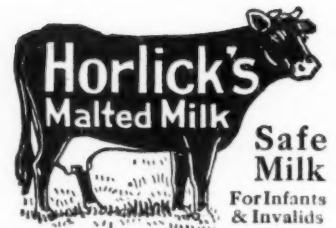
BEHIND, seemingly together, half the width of the track separating them, galloped the black and the buckskin. It looked as if Waster raced alone, as if he had lost his rider, so low along his wither and neck lay the boy, his weight eased high from the short stirrups. A hand on either side of the lean neck, he seemed a part of his mount. He was whispering, "Ste-a-dy boy! stead-dy boy! stead-dy boy!" a soft, low monotonous sing-song through his clinched teeth, his crouch discounting the handicap of a strong wind that was blowing down the track.

He could feel the piece of smooth-moving machinery under him flatten out in a long rhythmic stride, and his heart sang, for he knew it was the old Waster he had ridden to victory more than once; that same powerful stride that ate up the course with little friction. He was rating his horse. "Clatawa will come back," he kept thinking: "Clatawa will come back!"

He himself, who had ridden hundreds of races, and working gallops and trials beyond count, knew that the chestnut was rating along of his own knowledge at a pace that would cover the mile-and-a-quarter in under 2.14. Methodically he was running his race. Clatawa was sprinting; he had cut out at a gait that would carry him a mile, if he could keep it up, close to 1.40. Too fast, for the track was slow, being turf.

He watched Horned Toad; that was what he had to beat, he knew.

Texas had reasoned somewhat along the same lines; but his brain was more flighty. As Clatawa opened a gap of



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a dozen lengths, running like a wild horse, Texas grew anxious; he shook up his mount and increased his pace.

The buckskin reached into his bridle at this, as though he coaxed for a little more speed, but the boy whispered, "Steady, lad, steady!" and let Horned Toad creep away a length, two lengths; and always in front the white-faced horse, Clatawa, was galloping on and on with a high deer-like lope that was impressive.

At the finish post people were acclaiming the name of Clatawa. They could see the little buckskin trailing fifteen lengths behind, and Horned Toad was between the two.

Carney watched the race stoically. It was being run just as Billy had forecast; there was nothing in this to shake his faith.

Somebody cried out: "Buckskin's out of it! I'll lay a thousand to a hundred against him."

"I'll take it," Carney declared.

"I'll lay the same," Snaggle Tooth yelled.

"You're on," came from Carney.

And even as they bet the buckskin had lost a length.

Half-a-mile had been covered by the horses; three-quarters; and now it seemed to the watchers that the black was creeping up on Clatawa, the latter's rider, who had been almost invisible, riding Indian fashion lying along the back of his horse, was now in view; his shoulders were up. Surely a quirt had switched the air once.

Yes, the Toad was creeping up—his rider was making his run; they could see Texas's arms sway as he shook up his mount.

Why was the boy on the little buckskin riding like one asleep? Had he lost his whip—had he given up all idea of winning?

They were at the mile; but a short quarter away.

A moan went up from many throats, mixed with hoarse curses, for Clatawa was plainly in trouble; he was floundering; the monkey man on his back was playing the quirt against his ribs, the gyrations checking the horse instead of helping him.

And the Toad, galloping true and straight, was but a length behind.

Watching this battle, almost in hushed silence, gasping in the smothered tenseness, the throng went mentally blind to the little buckskin. Now somebody cried:

"God! look at the other one comin'! Look at him—lo-ok at him, men!"

HIS voice ran up the scale to a shrill scream. Other eyes lengthened their vision, and their owners gasped.

Clatawa seemed to be running backwards, so fast the little buckskin raced by him as he dropped out of it, beaten.

And Horned Toad was but three lengths in front now. Three lengths? It was two—it was one. Now the buckskin's nose rose and fell on the black's quarter; now the mouse-colored muzzle was at his girth; now their heads rose and fell together, as, stride for stride, they battled for the lead: Texas driving his mount with whip and spur, cutting the flanks of his horse with cruel blows in a frantic endeavor to lift him home a winner.

How still the boy sat Waster; how well he must know that he had the race won to nurse him like a babe. No swaying of the body to throw him out of stride; no flash of the whip to startle him—to break his heart; the brave little horse was doing it all himself. And the boy, creature of brains, was wise enough to sit still.

They could hear the pound of hoofs on the turf like the beat of twin drums; they could see the eager strife in the faces of the two brave, stout-hearted thoroughbreds; and then the buckskin's head nodding in front; his lean neck was clear of the black, and he was galloping straight as an arrow.

"The Toad is beat!" went up from a dozen throats. "The buckskin wins—the buckskin wins!" became a clamor.

Pandemonium broke loose. It was stilled by a demoniac cry, a curse, from some strong-voiced man. The black had swerved full in on to the buckskin; they

saw Texas clutch at the rider. Curses, cries of "Foul!" rose; it was an angry roar like caged animals at war.

CARNEY, watching, found his fingers rubbing the butt of his gun. The buckskin had been thrown out of his stride in the collision: he stumbled; his head shot down—almost to his knees he went: then he was galloping again, the two horses locked together.

Fifty feet away from the finish post they were locked: twenty feet.

The cries of the throng were hushed; they scarce breathed.

Locked together they passed the post, the buckskin's neck in front. Their speed had been checked; in a dozen yards they were stopped, and the boy pitched headlong from the buckskin's back, one foot still tangled in the martingale of Horned Toad.

Men closed in frantically. A man—it was Oregon—twisted Carney's gun skyward crying: "Leave that coyote to the boys."

He was right. In vain Iron Jaw and Death-on-the-trail sought to battle back the tense-faced men who reached for Texas. Iron Jaw and Death-on-the-trail were swallowed up in a seething mass of clamoring devils. Gun play was out of the question: humans were like herrings packed in a barrel.

Major Cummings, cool and quick-witted, had called shrilly "Troopers!" and a little cordon of men in cavalry uniform had Texas in the centre of a guarding circle.

Carney, on his knees beside the boy was guarding the lad from the mad, trampling fighting men; striking with the butt of his pistol. And then a woman's shrill voice rose clear above the tumult, crying:

"Back, you cowards—you brutes: the boy is dying: give him room—give him air!"

Her bleached hair was down her back, her silk finery was torn like a battered flag, for she had fought her way through the crowd to the boy's side.

"Don't lift him—he's got a hemorrhage!" she shrielled, as Carney put his arms beneath the little lad. "Drive the men back—give him air!" she commanded, and turned Billy flat on his back, tearing from her shoulders a rich scarf to place beneath his head. The lad's lips, coated with red froth, twitched in a weak smile; he reached out a thin hand, and Molly, sitting at his head, drew it into her lap.

"Just sit still, Billy. You'll be all right, boy; just lie still; don't speak," she admonished.

SHE could hear the lad's throat click, click, click at each breath, the ominous tick, tick of "the bug's" work; and at each half-stifled cough the red-tinged yeasty sputum bubbled up from the life well.

The fighting clamor was dying down; shame-faced men were widening the circle about the lad and Molly.

The judge's voice was heard saying: "The buckskin won the race, gentlemen." And he added, strong condemnation in his voice:

"If Horned Toad had been first I would have disqualified him: it was a deliberate foul."

The cavalry men had got Texas away, mounted, and rushed him out to the barracks for protection.

"Get a stretcher, someone, please," Molly asked of the crowd.

"Billy will be all right, but we must keep him flat on his back."

"You'll be all right, Billy," she added, bending her head till her lips touched the boy's forehead, and her mass of peroxidized hair hid the hot tears that fell from the blue eyes that many thought only capable of cupidity and guile.

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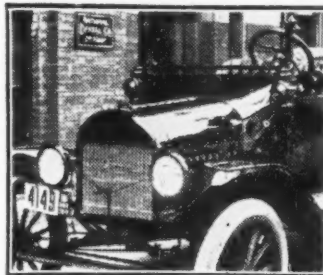
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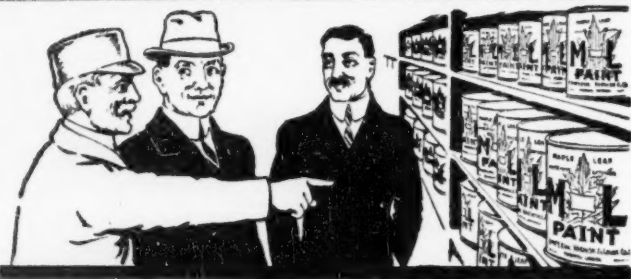
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Bunkered

Continued from page 28

"You don't understand how it is, Mr. Macara," she said, with a shaky kind of smile and an effort to disengage herself. "Jack!" he corrected, holding her more closely.

"You don't understand — Jack," she amended. "We decided this morning, father and I, that we can fight no longer. We are going into liquidation on Monday. We're afraid we may not come out clean if the sale turns out badly."

"Liquidation! I doubt it," he replied. "But we'll talk that later. What's your answer, Mary?"

"I can't—Jack! I can't! We may be broken and disgraced. If we can't pay everybody a hundred cents on the dollar, I wouldn't stay in this place. I couldn't," she said.

"We are getting away from the subject again," he answered, and to mend matters he drew her still nearer to him. "I don't care about Seascope, about knitting mills, about golf, about debtors or creditors, one snap, just now. If you express a preference for Patagonia, we'll pull up stakes and start out. There's only one absolutely necessary thing in life to me as I regard it, and it is you—just you, Mary."

"There's going to be no more worry of that kind for you, no more bothers about money, no more anxiety about business. That's my side of the partnership. You never were intended for a dingy old office, Mary, but just for the delight of my heart and home. Will you come to me, Mary, lassie?"

She hesitated a moment, her eyes cloudy, her lips quivering.

"I am so tired of it all. It will be just heaven! You seemed to be fighting against me—and it hurt dreadfully! And if I get irritable and bunker you sometimes?"

"Didn't I take my medicine like a man out there?" he nodded in the direction of the fatal hazard.

"Yes, like an angel," she agreed.

"The grand thing about medicine is the sweet that goes with it—or comes after," he observed.

They drew closer still, while the flying seagulls made flip remarks to each other about the queer ways of humans.

IV

"I WANT you to congratulate me, Uncle," said Macara to McWham on Monday morning. "Mary Warrender has promised to marry me."

"Are ye daft? Ye've got to excuse me, John, but I dinna feel just joke-some the day," complained the old man. "I've no got over the putt that lost you the cup on Saturday. It came near bunkering me for gude. John, it was no slip, but juist de'il-like pairvairsity,—female pairvairsity."

"I've seen Jim Braid do as bad many a time, and as for Johnny Ball!" laughed Macara. "If a lassie hasn't the right to bunker her future husband when she wants to, what's to become of the whole question of woman's rights? Maybe she was just testing me. I came through with full marks—passed, and nothing needed but the minister's diploma."

"Which o' the twa of us is the crazy yin?" demanded McWham. "Ye talk, John, like an addled egg."

"I'm telling you the plain fact. I'm going to marry Mary Warrender," asserted Macara.

"Then we pairt!" snarled McWham. "Ye can juist gang to the de'il yir ain gait."

"I'm pretty well used to my own gait," smiled Macara. "Better call up the accountants and get the partnership affairs straightened out. I'd like it done quick, for I can use the money."

"I reckon ye do this because I'm an auld, auld man," whimpered McWham.

"No, because I'm a young, young one," laughed Macara. "I like the business here well enough; the mills are rounding into good fettle, we're opening up grand markets. All those things are important in their way. But business is one thing, the lassie another."

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The implication was that business was rather a drossy thing.

"I'll ha'e the accountants in and we'll square up," said McWham furiously. "This prankie has cost ye better than a million."

"No' an unreasonable price," said Macara, dropping into dialect in his earnestness. "I'm like the McWhams that way—I dinna mind price when I'm satisfied wi' my bargain. Ye ken aboot the man and the pearl o' great price? He sold all he had to get it. His modern name is John McWham Macara. I'll get my bit things ready in the office. Maybe I'll send a laddie over to fetch 'em later."

"Ower from whaur?" demanded McWham.

"I'll likely be ower the road," said John. "They need a bit lift. The business has an auld name, and if modernized —"

"They're next door to bankruptcy!" interrupted McWham.

"Hoots! Siller'll cure that!" scoffed Macara. "I'm no a beggar. I can get all the money I want for new mills, after what we've done here in a short time. Then there's my share o' the partnership. What I've done this side of the road I can do on the other."

"And ye'll build the Warrenders up wi' my money?" screamed McWham.

"No, with mine," answered John. "Ye told me the other day I had doubled the place's worth."

V.

MACARA was fussing with papers at his desk when McWham shuffled in.

"John," he whimpered. "I'm an auld, auld man!"

"Aye, nane of us grows younger," replied his nephew with chill philosophy.

"To be beaten on the eighteenth is sair wark," McWham moaned.

"Ten down and eight to play is worse," observed Macara.

"Aye, laddie, but to be stymied when ye've the game as good as won," lamented the old man.

"But, uncle, man, you've got to be a philosopher if you're a golfer, else ye're naething but a divot-cutter miscalled," returned Macara.

"A good man wi' the putter has ways o' twisting round a stymie. I mind Willie Park, at the Himalayas hole at Prestwick —"

"Ne'er mind about Wullie Park!" snapped McWham. "Ye've got something on yir mind, John."

"Yes, I have," said Macara. "First,

Mr. Warrender's no business man, and kens as much about stockings as he does about the plumbing in the mansions of the New Jerusalem. Second, he's solvent—no working capital, but a fair, old-fashioned plant, that can be put in shape not over expensive. Third, there's a good mill in running order. Fourth, ye do not want a local rival if ye can help it. Fifth, ye've been crazy for years to have the two mills one. Sixth, ye'll have to build soon, or demand will attend to the matter of supply, and there'll be new folk here, and here's a mill, not sixty feet away, in running order. I've as many heads to my discourse as a Free Kirk dominie."

"Gang on, John," said McWham, his head bent in thought.

"You'll buy, or we'll buy, Warrender out, lock, stock, and barrel, at fair valuation," said Macara.

"Better let him crack. It'll be cheaper under the sheriff's hammer," suggested McWham.

"There'll be no sheriff's hammer," replied Macara. "What would hurt the lassie badly would hurt me worse. That's part of the price you'll have to pay if I stay here. If we don't buy as a firm, I'll buy as John Macara."

"Gang forrit, John McWham," said the old man, attentive again.

"There'll be enough money for Mr. Warrender to retire on comfortably. He'll be able to live at his ease with his books and flowers," explained Macara. "We will add a much needed mill to the business, and building costs money these days. That's the way round the stymie. The Warrenders will be out, the two firms one, the old mill yours again. What more could any man want of ambition's fulfilment this side Jordan's flood? The point now to be settled is: McWham and Macara both sides of the road, or McWham this side, Macara the other?"

"The one firm, John, for I'm an auld, auld man. Shake hands, laddie. Fix it wi' Warrender as ye wull. What ye say goes. There's no holding a lad that can win through oot of a bunker. Ask the bit lassie to come see me one day and tell me about bunkerin' ye. She's juist the image o' her mother. Aye, John, get wed sune. I'm an auld, auld man, the wee yins bring back the days that were as well as promise for those to be. I was a wee bit disappointed at first, John, but I'm satisfied the noo."

"That's golf!" said John, in high commendation, and taking up his hat, he stepped over the way, for he had seen a face at the other window.

The Land of National Leaders

Continued from page 31

whole thing will typify absolute correctness. So far as the world knows, there has not been one redeeming vice in Sir Robert's career: If, when the peace treaty is finally signed, he should join Lloyd-George and "The Tiger" and celebrate in a really human manner with a mild fling at the *Folies Bergeres* or *La Cigale*, I think all Canada would breathe a sigh of relief and think rather more of him.

But, if not particularly loved, he has been immensely respected. The burden of respect he has borne since entering politics, constantly piling up as it has, would be almost insupportable to many men, but Sir Robert seems designed to bear it. He is not, nor ever has been, a man whose personality appealed to his supporters, either in the country or in Parliament; too many of them have been frozen by casual contact with his icy regularity, but his uprightness has been a great asset to his party, and he has frequently revealed the possession of political acuteness and determination.

Most Liberals, and some Conservatives, used to consider Sir Robert Borden a political accident, and, when Union Government was being born, he was the bitterest pill the Liberals of the Mari-

time Provinces had to swallow. While the Conservatives were in power, the feeling seemed to be that, if there had to be a Conservative Premier, it was as well that he should come from the Maritime Provinces; and, perhaps, in their hearts they were rather proud of him. But when it came to the Liberals of Nova Scotia accepting him as a leader, it proved one of the biggest obstacles in the way of Union. His attitude at that time seems to have been generous to a fault. He offered to retire from his old constituency and seek election elsewhere, and did retire, on the understanding that a Liberal and a Unionist should be chosen from Halifax. But agreement proved impossible, and two Unionists were returned by acclamation.

What the Liberals in the Maritime Provinces seem to have resented particularly was the manner in which candidates were chosen. They describe the preparations for Union Government as a number of self-constituted leaders getting together and choosing certain candidates, and then exposing them to the people as their representatives. They are very proud people, politically, and prefer to do their own thinking, not only on politics, but on every other sub-

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ject. I am referring mainly to Liberals in discussing recent political events in the Maritime Provinces; because the feeling is, and it is probably correct enough, that Union was a proposal emanating from the Conservative Government in power when the idea was conceived; and Conservative support for it was assumed as much from party fealty as from conviction as to the necessity and rightness of it.

It largely resolved itself into a conflict of allegiance to the two leaders. It is, perhaps, vain to be threshing old straws; but had the question of conscription been presented to the people before it became so purely a partisan one; or even if the Union Government had been under some other leader than Sir Robert Borden, it would have received more support in Nova Scotia.

Some Other Head-liners

FOR absolute fluency, knowledge of political history, and quickness of repartee, Hon. W. S. Fielding stands in a class by himself. He is rarely interrupted, because he is always courteous to a fault himself—and Parliament learned long ago that it is not healthful for the interrupter. He walks briskly to the front of the House, carries all his notes in his head, and can speak for hours without being at a loss for a word. Though he speaks far too seldom, he never rises without having a valuable contribution to make to the subject under discussion. After a public career of nearly forty years, without a stain, he is to-day in the front rank of Parliamentarians, and in some respects the most notable figure in the Liberal party or in the House of Commons.

New Brunswick seems to produce men of caustic utterances, skilled in invective, resourceful. White age has mellowed the nature of Sir George Foster, it also seems to have lessened his interest, and he has not been the prominent figure in Parliament since 1911 that he once was; but he was a tower of strength to his party when in Opposition. Foster and Fielding had it out many a long night on the floor of the House, and it was always a "grand fecht." Carvell is a fighter, pure and simple, and he also shone more in Opposition than he has done since becoming a member of a Government where his heart is not; but no Government ever had a more troublesome and critical opponent than he, in the days, not so very long ago, when he was cursing what he now has either to bless or leave severely alone. In changing times like these, with strange political bedfellows for so many, past records rise very often to confound our politics and our politicians; and they find themselves stopped to-day by what has happened yesterday. Carvell's quietness as a member of the Cabinet is perhaps due to a desire to let sleeping dogs lie; and perhaps not to put too much on record that might be inconvenient in the near future.

The New Mackenzie

Lastly, there are the two Cape Bretoners, Maclean and Mackenzie. Mackenzie knows the more Scripture of the two, probably because he stayed behind, in Cape Breton, where they still "tak the buiks" night and morning, say long and eloquent "graces" at each meal, and have the Bible at their finger ends generally; and it would be hard to find a speech of his of any length which is not garnished with apposite Scriptural quotations. But this is not to say that he is of the type of meek and lowly follower who turns the other cheek. He comes back quick as a flash to anyone who tries to heckle him, and as the dignified Michael Clark remarked in Parliament recently: "It is impossible to get the last word with my honorable friend." As the titular leader of the Opposition himself said, he "may or may not be Premier of Canada; but he is a mighty ready and well-furnished speaker, with a wide knowledge of public affairs, whom any Premier would be glad to have at his

back. When the name of Mackenzie was announced as temporary leader of the Opposition I recall that some of the members of the Press Gallery jeered; and some members of the House seemed to think it was a step down from Laurier. Now, the titular leader of the Opposition is not a subject for jeers. He was always a useful man in his party, and is certainly much above the average in ability. There was once a Mackenzie—from Ontario—who led the Liberal party to victory; and I will make bold to say that he was no abler a member of the clan than his namesake who is in the running to-day.

The outstanding feature of A. K. Maclean's character is what Matthew Arnold called his "sweet reasonableness." There is no more effective speaker in the House; because he convinces every one who listens to him that he is convinced himself, and that what he is stating is the naked truth. He is a very useful type of Parliamentarian; because he never makes pretensions to knowledge which he does not possess, and always appears most anxious for light, even from members of the Opposition. He never deviates from the courtesy which is innate, whether in the House or out of it. He is responsible for a very large measure of whatever popularity the Government enjoys.

While the articles in this number of *Maclean's Magazine* on the Maritime Provinces are intended less to be an attempt to explain the people of the Maritime Provinces to themselves than to the other parts of Canada, they will be read, nevertheless, by a good many people in those Provinces. There will probably be a good deal of what is contained in them with which they will not agree. They may even resent it when I say that it is hard to understand why, of all those who entered Union Government, Hon. A. K. Maclean should be the man against whom there is most bitterness in his own province among his old political friends. It is, of course, just another Highland characteristic. There is no one who can be a warmer friend, or a more bitter enemy; and they still carry the skene dhu in their stocking down there, when it comes to politics. I have heard no one suggest that "A.K." was not perfectly sincere in going into Union Government; and the gravamen of the charge against him seems to be that he put too much heart in his new allegiance. When the returns from the 1917 election came in, and before the soldiers' vote was counted, there were seven Government supporters elected in Nova Scotia, and nine Opposition. It is said that Mr. Maclean gave an interview to the *Montreal Gazette* about this time, in which he expressed the hope that, when the soldiers' vote was taken, this showing would be reversed—as it was. His old political friends resented what looked to them like unnecessary satisfaction over this possibility; and perhaps, considering the bitterness engendered over the situation in Nova Scotia, it would have been better left unsaid. But to those who know the circumstances under which the handy man of the Cabinet entered Union Government, and who remember his absolute straightforwardness and political "decency" on all occasions, it seems something that might be forgiven. I think the time will come when it will be; and the Liberals of the Maritime Provinces will yet think no worse of the man who played the game as fairly towards Union Government as he did when a straight Liberal.

The political attitude of the Maritime Provinces since Confederation has been, on the whole, Liberal. In Nova Scotia the two parties have broken about even in Federal politics although in Provincial affairs there has been a Liberal administration in power, with one short "lapse," since Confederation. In New Brunswick, the Liberals have been triumphant eight times, and the Conservatives, five. In Prince Edward Island, Liberals have won five times and Conservatives four. In the two last elections the parties have stood 2, 2.

The Spirit of the Maritimes

Continued from page 25

a dissipation of effort and resources that is lamentable. With unequalled "raw material," they might have a university down there which would make adequate use of the finest product they have—brains. But though proposals for amalgamation have been broached more than once, they never took definite shape.

Unfair Treatment is Charged

THE circumstances under which the Maritime Provinces entered Confederation have been detailed in another article in the present number of this magazine; so it is not necessary to refer to them at length here. There is certainly a strong feeling down there that the union has not been so advantageous to them as to the other partners; and Confederation is, with a surprisingly large number of Maritime Province people, more or less of a grievance, in the way it has worked out. They think that the tendency is to "hog" everything for the Upper Provinces.

"The moving of the offices of the I.C.R. from Moncton to Toronto," said one New Brunswick man to me, "is indicative of the attitude towards us ever since Confederation. We are the 'poor relations' of Canada, now."

Some of what are now the greatest banks in Canada—such as the Royal and the Bank of Nova Scotia—were founded and established in Halifax; but they looked good to some outsiders, and the process of expansion was followed by flight.

"The energies and brains of the people of the Maritime Provinces have been systematically picked by Ontario and the West," complained a Halifax man bitterly, "and used to develop that part of Canada rather than our own. Before Confederation, we were progressing rapidly and increasing in wealth and population. It was a time at which wooden shipbuilding, in which we had ranked high among the nations of the world, was beginning to go down. We had many able men here, and if they had thrown their energies into the maintaining of the proud position of their own province, instead of sacrificing their time and attention to pulling chestnuts out of the fire for Ontario, we might have had a flourishing iron ship-building industry here to-day. Instead of that, they were lured away by the cry of a great Canada—in which the Upper Provinces and the West have had the lion's share."

"If there is one thing," said another man; and a prominent man too, "that makes me absolutely sick of having the name of Canadian, it is to hear you—"

"Excuse me," I said: "Not mine!"

"Well, the people, papers, and politicians of the Upper Provinces speak about the Intercolonial Railway as though it were constructed by them for us. The best paying part of the road had been built by us before we ever entered the union; and while Ontario and Quebec came in without any railway or other public works of national advantage, but with a large debt, we at least had some assets.

"While the new lands of Canada, which are the property not of any one part of it, but of the whole Dominion, have been applied to the advantage, at one time or another, of Quebec and Ontario, and the West, we have remained down here, hemmed in by the sea, with nothing to offer the immigrants whom we have been helping to bring here for the benefit of other provinces. Occasionally, you hear some one ignorantly retort that Nova Scotia was given her coal, which should be the property of all Canada. Nova Scotia bought her coal from private interests in England, to whom it had been granted in the early days; and she paid for it herself, and took it into Confederation with her, along with many other valuable assets."

This is not the statement of a disgruntled individual with a "grouch." It is the expression of a pretty general viewpoint.

The Feeling Toward the West

THE spirit of the people of the Maritime Provinces, in reference to the rest of Canada, is not unlike the spirit of the people of Great Britain towards some newer and more aggressive peoples. They are, comparatively, very old and have the dignity which age brings. They do not wish to complete the building of the world in a day; and they are not exclusively absorbed with the idea of making a great deal of money quickly. It is for this reason that they have been frequently called slow. Rather, they should be called leisurely. Somebody has to stop and think how the wealth shall be applied and distributed.

There is a great deal of intellectual pride among them. They do think that they are a peg higher than the rest of Canada. How could they refrain from so thinking, when from one county in Nova Scotia—Pictou—have come six presidents of Canada's greatest universities, and professional men numberless as the sands of the sea.

Again, like the people of Great Britain, they are not giving to boasting about their accomplishments, only when driven to it, as I am here; but I will say that, like the Briton, their calm air of conscious superiority is sticking out all over them.

It is this feeling they have towards Ontario and the West; the feeling towards Quebec is more akin to the feeling they have for themselves; Quebec is no parvenu. They feel, as I have already shown, that they were dragged into Confederation against their will; that it was never any advantage to them and never will be. Latterly, the paternal interest of the Government of Canada, and the allocation of her resources, has been entirely for Ontario and the West. The constant irritation emanating from Ontario in the way of slighting criticism of the Maritime Provinces and their people, which is more common than the people of Ontario perhaps realize, has intensified the feeling of estrangement.

Continued on page 80

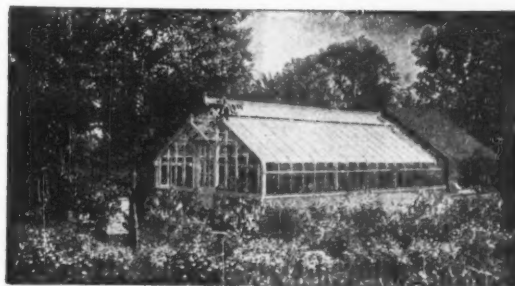
Solving the Problem of the Arctic

Continued from page 23

Heating Our House of Snow

WHEN the floor has been covered and the bedding, cooking gear, writing materials, and other things brought in, a fire is lighted, the fuel varying according to circumstances. The end to be gained, if fuel is abundant, is to heat the house until the snow in its roof and walls begins to thaw. If the fuel allows it, we sometimes bring the temperature within, doors temporarily as high as eighty degrees Fahrenheit. We keep feeling of the roof and walls to watch the progress of thawing. The thawing, of course, is most rapid in the roof, as the hot air accumulates against it, and

usually the lowest tier of blocks near the floor does not thaw at all. As thawing proceeds no dripping occurs, because dry snow is the best sort of blotter and soaks the water into itself as fast as it forms. When the inner layer of the roof has become properly wet with the thawing and the walls damp to a less degree, we either put out the fire temporarily or make a large hole in the roof, or both, and allow the house to freeze. This forms a glazing film of ice for the house, giving it far greater strength than it had before, with the further advantage that if you rub against the glazed surface scarcely any-



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thing will adhere to your clothing, while if you were to rub against the dry snow before the glazing takes place you would get your shoulder white, with a good deal of the snow perhaps falling on the bed. After this glazing the house is so strong that, without taking special care, any number of men could climb on top of it, and polar bears may, and occasionally do, walk over these houses, and I have never known of one breaking. Their strength, however, is somewhat the same as the strength of an egg-shell, and while they are difficult to crush with pressure, they are easy to break with a blow. A polar bear has no trouble in getting in if he wants to, for one sweep of his paw will scratch a great, penetrating hole.

Attaining Perfect Comfort

TWO hours after the building of the house is begun every one is comfortably inside, eating a warm supper. Whether on the sea-ice or ashore, we usually feel that we have an abundance of fuel. This will explain any apparent discrepancy between our accounts of the comfort of our snow houses and the accounts of others, who describe the temperature in them as being ten or twenty degrees below freezing. Those who have depended in cooking and heating on the alcohol or other fuel brought with them, have usually omitted heating except as it was incidental to the cooking. They had cunningly devised means for concentrating the flame of either alcohol or kerosene stoves against the bottom of the pot, and if any heat escaped into the house it was in spite of them. When the cooking was done the stove was promptly extinguished. We, by contrast, take no pains to concentrate our fire against the pot and are glad to have half the heat escape into the room, but even at that our houses are seldom warm enough when the cooking is finished and we burn the stove for some time afterward. If the house was built at fifty below zero, each block in the wall was also of that temperature and contained what we may unscientifically speak of as a great deal of "latent cold." To neutralize this it is necessary to keep the house at a temperature of about sixty degrees Fahrenheit

for a considerable time, which we usually do. The snow out of which the house has been built is so nearly cold-proof that when the latent cold has once been neutralized, the heat of our bodies keeps the temperature well above the freezing-point, even with the hole in the roof for ventilation. But if the weather outside gets a little warmer than when we made camp, our body heat may be too great or the cooking may produce too much heat, and the roof in that case will begin to melt. This we take not so much as a sign that the house is too warm, but rather that the roof is too thick, so we send a man out with a knife to shave it down, perhaps from four inches to two inches, giving the cold from outside a chance to penetrate and neutralize the heat from within, stopping the thawing. It may happen the next day that the weather turns cold again and in that case hoar frost begins to form on the roof and drops in the form of snowflakes on the bed. That is a sign that the roof is now too thin, and a man goes out with a shovel and piles the necessary amount of soft snow on the roof to blanket it till the formation of hoar frost stops.

If you remember that all of us who have spent more than a year "living on the country" are quite of the Eskimo opinion that no food on earth is better than caribou meat, and if you have any experience in the life of a hunter anywhere, you will realize that in the evenings when we sit in these warm houses, feasting with keen appetites on unlimited quantities of boiled ribs, we have all the creature comforts. What we lack, if we feel any lack at all, will be possibly the presence of friends far away, or the chance to hear opera or see the movies. At any rate, it is true that to-day in the movie-infested city I long for more snow-house evenings after caribou-hunts as I never in the north longed for clubs or concerts or orange-groves. And this is not peculiar to me. The men who have hunted with me are nearly all of the same mind—they are either in the north now on way back there by whaling-ship, or eating their hearts out because they cannot go.

To be Continued

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What U.S. Did—And Didn't Do

Rear-Admiral Sims Talks of Anti-Sub War, And Reminds Vain Boasters of The Truth

REAR-ADMIRAL SIMS, commander during the war of the U.S. naval forces operating in European waters, and a Canadian-born admiral at that, in New York recently disclosed some interesting facts about the anti-submarine warfare. In an address before the English-speaking union, at the Hotel Astor, he let his audience in on a few "secrets," and incidentally made some remarks about editors, and others, who think—or think they think—that the United States won the war.

The foundation stone of the whole allied military machine, he said, was the British grand fleet, lying in Scapa Flow, always ready for sea on two hours' notice, and so much greater in power that the High Sea fleet never left port. With the British fleet in some way destroyed, even if we had had ten million soldiers and a thousand destroyers and 30,000,000 tons of shipping, the Germans would have won a victory in short order.

The popular idea that the convoy system was an American idea, the adoption of which was opposed by the English authorities until tests had demonstrated its utility, was utterly wrong, the Admiral declared.

The convoy system was not adopted earlier, for two reasons, both of which turned out to be wrong. Naval officers did not believe that merchant seamen could handle their ships effectively in

the close formations necessary. I did not share this belief because I had taught navigation for several years on the schoolship Pennsylvania and I knew what the average naval officer has never learned, that the merchantman is a far better seaman than the naval officer. The reason is that the merchant officer passes his whole life at sea, while the naval officer stays on shore just as much as he can and goes to sea only when the Navy Department orders him there.

So far from the Americans demanding the convoy system, we were rather behind the English in the matter. When it was decided that such a system was necessary the second obstacle was the attitude of the merchant sailors themselves. They doubted their own ability until they tried it out.

But its adoption made protection by destroyers with depth charges easy. To understand how easy it was it is necessary to understand the limitations of the submarine, which can proceed only a short distance under water and must always keep the power necessary for under water action in reserve in order to escape an attack by our destroyers.

Now, many people do not understand why the submarine was put down and why the submarine did not sink all the battleships the Allies had.

The explanation is very simple. Great Britain transported across the channel about eighteen or nineteen million passengers without losing any at all although the submarines were supposed to infest those waters.

The problem was relatively simple on account of the short distance, only twenty-two miles. All they had to do was to have a sufficient number of patrol vessels in this area, to span across the

channels, so that no submarine could show its periscope within that area without being fired upon immediately.

If we could do that all over the ocean there would be no trouble from submarines. But it would take several hundred million patrol vessels, of course, to do it all the way over the ocean.

Now, that band of water across the Channel was immune to submarines. If you move it any place else, it will stay immune. If you put some troopships in the middle and move the whole business, it still stays immune; and that is the convoy system.

It is an aggregation of vessels as close together as safety will permit with one or two lines of destroyers around them. The destroyer is dangerous to the submarine, because it carries the terrible depth charge, commonly called "ash cans" on account of their shape and size—a perfectly simple appliance containing 300 pounds of TNT, a very high explosive, with a fuse which will set it off when it drops down to a certain depth, anywhere from 40 to 100 feet.

As soon as a submarine is seen, or the track of a torpedo is seen, the destroyer gets after him, up the line at full speed, and begins to drop these bombs in a circle around where the submarine must be. The shock of each one of those is like the entire broadside of a battleship. It very frequently sends them to the bottom or brings them to the surface, which we like just as well.

There would not have been much difficulty with the submarines if there were enough destroyers. We did not have enough destroyers. We may have been blamed for not having built destroyers in anticipation of this campaign, but how could you expect any decent people to believe that any white people on earth would do what the Germans did?

It is quite true I could name you a couple of British officers and a couple of American officers who said: "That is exactly what the Germans will do." But that simply meant that those men were that kind themselves; that is what they would have done.

The Grand Fleet at all times has been able to navigate around the North Sea simply because it was surrounded by screens of destroyers.

The submarine is not a dangerous weapon to the military vessel.

Now, there is a popular impression that we were doing the whole business, because when an American editor writes a story he writes it about we Americans; he does not bother about anybody else particularly. As a matter of fact, we had only a small proportion of the anti-submarine forces there.

Around the British Isles Great Britain had about 3,000 at the time when we had less than 200.

The best of those men, in my estimation, were the mine sweepers. The German submarines were continually planting mines around the coast, in the Channel, on the east coast of England, in the Irish Sea, on the west coast of Ireland. All those areas had to be swept. Six or seven hundred vessels were at it all the time. Hardly a day passed when some of them did not disappear; but they never weakened.

Now, back of all that was the great Grand Fleet, reinforced by the American destroyers lying in Scapa Flow or Rosyth, at Edinburgh, ready to tackle the German fleet if it came out. So great in strength that the German fleet did not dare come out, but you did not dare not to be ready with the Grand Fleet.

When I say we knew when I first went over there that the Germans were winning the war, that is only a polite way of saying that we were pretty scared about it. We didn't know what to do. There was no room for any differences of opinion. We had to agree.

So in conjunction with the British and the other Allies we discussed the matter entirely dispassionately. Our mission was to defeat the enemy; and the means we employed was consolidation of the forces, the adoption of the Allied methods, as we were the newcomers, the elimination of all friction, or the officer that caused the friction and the suppression of all personal ambition.



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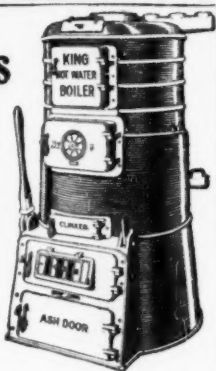
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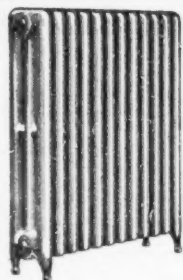
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The Spirit of the Maritimes

Continued from page 79

The U.S. and Reciprocity

THE feeling towards the United States is warm, and always has been. The trade of the Maritime Provinces was with the people of the New England States long before Ontario was ever more than a name to them; and the tradition is that trade relations were far more satisfactory than they have ever been with Ontario. The people of the Maritime Provinces were at heart strong for reciprocity no matter how they voted; and, I believe, would be still, if the issue were again presented. How that issue was bedeviled by political casuistry, is an old story. The present writer, having no preconceived attachment one way or the other, and a year before reciprocity became a partisan issue, spent weeks interviewing men of all shades of opinion in Nova Scotia on the question; putting to them a suppositious reciprocity arrangement far wider than the one afterwards introduced in Parliament and there was practical unanimity from men of both political parties as to the value it would be for the Maritime Provinces. Long ago, when the question of union with Canada was being agitated in Newfoundland, it is said that the fishermen in the remote parts of that island were warned by those who opposed it that "their babies would be taken for gun wadding" if they went into any such scheme. Some of the arguments against reciprocity in Nova Scotia were based on fears not much more complimentary to the intelligence of the people.

The East—and Strong Drink

AS an abstract proposition, the Maritime Provinces seem in favor of prohibition. The majority of them voted for it when the plebiscite was taken. It was then largely academic, and it gave one a virtuous feeling to banish the demon for a day, through the ballot box. Prince Edward Island was one of the first parts of Canada to go "dry"; and the druggists there for a time vied with the promoters of fox ranches as the plutocrats of the island. In New Brunswick, a referendum will be submitted to the people this summer somewhat along the lines of that proposed in Ontario. The women will not have a vote, and it would not be surprising if New Brunswick should become one of the oases in the great prohibition desert in Canada. Meanwhile, a brisk trade in liquor is being carried on illicitly; and it was amusing in St. John to hear "wholesale bootleggers" and "retail bootleggers" referred to in the most casual manner.

Nova Scotia will probably remain dry; but it will be an awful wrench for the Highlanders. Cape Breton is Highland to the core; and the number of stills operated in the hills there is said to be enormous. That was what I was told in Sydney:

"A feature of the hardware trade is the great demand for copper pipe: Dealers do not ask to what use it is going to be put. As one of them said: 'We keep still about it.'"

Can you imagine a country which puts on a Gaelic play (as was being done in Sydney when I was there) refreshing itself with buttermilk? It

may be different in Halifax. The bill at the local theatre there was commended as featuring "Laughter, Loveliness, and Lingerie." Presumably that end of the province will go in for light wines.

WHEN D. D. McKenzie, the Leader of the Opposition, announced in the House this spring in the most casual way that he was a moderate protectionist, some people thought that he had made terrible "break." As a matter of fact, he was not more than two jumps ahead of his party in the Maritime Provinces, if that. If the future of Nova Scotia and, to a large extent, New Brunswick, with abundant raw materials, water power, coal, shipping facilities, and a reasonable supply of labor is not as a manufacturing country, all precedents in the New England states and elsewhere, are valueless. Nova Scotia is now the third manufacturing province in Canada—but a poor third; yet her manufactured products more than doubled in the decade ending 1910. With the rise in manufacturers comes an inevitable leaning towards a protective tariff. The pure free trader is as rare in the Maritime Provinces as anywhere else, although there are some. Generally speaking, the McKenzie attitude of moderate protection is not likely to antagonize many of his supporters outside of the West. The feeling in the East is that the tariff is not a sacred thing, the ark of the manufacturers' covenant, from which unholy hands are ordered off. It should be ordered on a scientific basis; applied where necessary, and removed or lowered where unnecessary. The tariff was made for man; not man for the tariff.

The East and the War

THE Scotch and English people of the Maritime Provinces took an active part in the war. There could not be any finer men in the world physically than the Highlanders of Cape Breton. They went without much fuss, and they are coming back the same way. Looking out of the train window early one morning, I saw two returned soldiers, who had just alighted at a lonely platform at the foot of a steep hillside, with nothing but trees and snow for a background, as far as the eye could reach. They were fine types of the young Cape Breton Highlander and they stood tightening up their straps, and looking after the train. I could imagine them climbing the hills together, perhaps thinking about some of the companions who had gone away with them but who did not come back; and keeping the thoughts to themselves. When they came to the parting of the paths, they would go their separate ways without any elaborate ceremony of leavetaking. And when they reached home I question if either got any more effusive greeting, from the head of the house, at least, than an: "Aye, Sandy; you're back!"

Somebody down there told me a typical story of the coming home of one of these boys. He had been away four years; and when he came back he thought there was some kind of little outburst of diversion coming to him, but his pooch was bare. There was a picnic to be held in the neighborhood, and he approached his father, as diplomatically as a Scotchman can, for the necessary finances. There was no enthusiasm for the proposal visible; but it was finally agreed that, if he went out and caught a sheep, he could have part of the proceeds. They were wild hill sheep; and he had expended enough energy to capture a German trench before the animal was finally brought in; but he was spurred on by thoughts of the revelry to come.

"I see you caught him," said his father.

"Aye."
 "It's a fearful fine day for makin' the hay, Donald. I'm thinking we will not go to the picnic the day, but we'll all drive over to the Sacrament on Sunday."

Florenceville, N.B.

Your Review of Reviews is particularly educative and your other articles on Canadian problems no less so. I wish you continued growth and prosperity.

A. S. J.

Ferguson, B.C.

I enclose a year's subscription to your magazine, sample copy of which shows a paper second to none on this continent. Many thanks for the copy.

A. C. C.

With the Snowball Brigade

Continued from page 13

"You have plenty of men of your own," he was told. "Why have us send British troops for this service?"

"I want the gold to reach its destination," Kolchak replied.

This train made the trip in ten days. Two padres once took the train for Omsk, and got off at an intermediate station, nothing but a desolate, wind-swept hamlet, to stretch their legs, leaving all their belongings on board. They wandered too far from the station and the train pulled out without them.

They got another train in a week.

Drinks of Various Kinds

WE were not allowed to use unboiled water for drinking purposes, nor even to wash in. Even without the Headquarters order on this subject, I think we would have boiled the water. Strictest economy was enjoined in the use of water, but none of us became so saving that we formed the Russian habit of filling their mouths with water, and then squirting it out into their cupped hands, washing their faces that way.

A bath is a distinct luxury in Vladiv. Everything has to be improvised, so there are difficulties apart from the scarcity of water. My bath was originally a large fish barrel, and although there wasn't a great deal of room it proved serviceable.

Sometime ago the American Red Cross were fixing up an anti-typhus train and the man who was in charge was a Russian Jew with all sorts of qualifications. He went to work and built in one of the railway coaches a big steam bath where a person could go in, undress, have a thorough cleansing, and in the meanwhile his clothes would be thoroughly disinfected, washed in a de-lousing chamber and returned to him clean—that's how it was meant to work out.

To start with this genius built the steam chamber of zinc, a cold current of air came in from somewhere near the floor, so that naturally anybody would want to sit down on the benches. These by some means were made scalding hot so that if you tried to sit down once!!!

The clothes and undergarments were to be disinfected, and the Jew said he knew that Hydrocyanic Acid would do that all right. It was only just in time that he was prevented from using HCN which is commonly known as Prussic Acid.

The simple-minded Russians were told about having these nice baths on the train and it was tried at First River. Men sent their wives and children and sometimes whole families came, got undressed innocently, gave up their clothes, went into the steam room, got the draft on their legs, sat down, woof! jumped up again, then they decided that they had had enough so they went back to the dressing room.

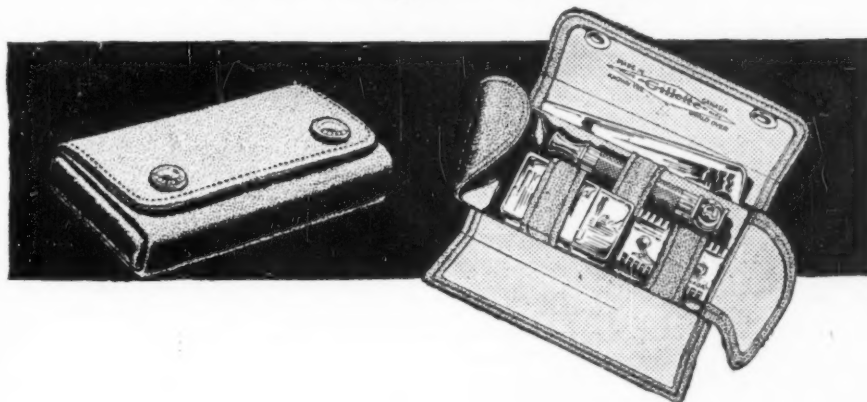
The steam had been shot through their garments from all angles and the clothes were nice and clean, but had shrunk to one-third their size and immediately they were taken out of the steam room into the air they froze stiff as boards. Large-sized Russians were given things which looked like a pair of frozen running pants in place of their trousers and elderly corpulent dames received beautiful white garments which would have fitted them probably in the years before they put their hair up.

Vodka is still sold in Siberia, and while we were there the "official" ban was taken off. Most of it is put up in little flat tins, as it is too strong to be put into glass bottles! It is very bad stuff; some men went almost crazy from the effects of drinking it. There's a fight in every drink.

There is no doubt that vodka was—and is—a great curse, for it is so cheap and the people drink it in such vast quantities. It is a colorless fluid, and almost pure alcohol. At any time of

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the day or night it was a common sight to see drunks rolling along the sidewalks, or else dead asleep in the gutter—soldiers, officials and women.

When the ban was lifted there was but little change, if any, in the quantity consumed. The only change we could see was that the price went up!

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As this is a perfectly free country now, the motorman and ticket-collector quit when they like and where they like. Besides stopping for all meals, the crew will often leave the car deserted on the tracks while the conductor and his mate put down a few more glasses of vodka.

It is a common sight to see pigs and goats wandering along the car tracks, getting in the car's road, and this gives the crew another excuse for quitting, and getting a drink. This is a common occurrence; they always have plenty of time. Nitchevo!

I was surprised to find out that they actually had rules which are posted up inside each car. When the Canadians first arrived in Siberia these rules were published as an addenda to routine orders. I will quote one rule only:

"Passengers are requested not to get in and out of the cars by the windows."

Nothing Matters!

WHEN it was announced that the "Snowball Brigade" was to be withdrawn from Siberia most of us were ready to return. Discomforts, when one can have the variation of fighting now and again, are things to be borne with. But our famous policy of non-interference had caused most of us to be "fed up."

I suppose the people at home imagined we lived high, clothed in sables and ermine. We were certainly glad to learn we'd soon be crossing the Pacific again. I went into Vlady to get some money changed.

About the time that this issue of MACLEAN'S is being read I expect that the balance of the "Kanatskies" will be back home in Canada. When we packed up at Gornastai, and started on the trip home we passed the same piles of ammunition and supplies, the same wharves crowded with congested freight, that we had observed in landing there. Millions upon millions of roubles' worth of goods were exposed to the elements—rotting. The Russians had ordered some of this stuff three or four years ago—and had even paid for some of it.

As we passed a siding where the goods were cluttering up everything but the right-of-way, partially covered with rotting tarpaulins, I said to a Russian yard-master:

"Why don't you either store that stuff properly, or send it on where it can be used?"

The man looked at it with apathetic eyes, then turned listlessly, and said: "Nitchevo!"

His Majesty's Well-Beloved

Continued from page 16

That, I think, was her chief attitude of mind, one that caused me much indignation at the time; for I felt that I could have knelt down and worshipped the heaven-born genius who was delighting the whole Kingdom with his Art. But Mr. Betterton, with his habitual kindness and good humour, paid no heed to Mistress Euphrosine's sour disposition towards him, and when she tried to wither him with lofty speeches, he would quickly make her ridiculous with witty repartee.

those lines which our great Dramatists have thought proper to write.

But Mr. Betterton's influence and his unanswerable arguments soon got the better of those old-fashioned ideas, and anon I found myself looking eagerly forward to the happy time when you would be freed from the trammels of Mistress Euphrosine's tyranny and, as the Wife and Helpmate of the greatest Actor of our times, take your place beside him among the Immortals.

III

IT was not until the spring of the following year that I first noticed the cloud which was gathering over your happiness. Never shall I forget the day when first I saw tears in your eyes.

You had finally decided by then to adopt the Stage as your profession, and at the instance of Mr. Betterton, Sir William Davenant had promised you a small part in the new Play, wherewith he was about to open his new Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The piece chosen was called Othello, written by one William Shakespeare, and Sir William had finally decided that the parts written in this Play by the Author for Women should be enacted by Women; an arrangement which was even then being worked quite successfully by Mr. Killigrew at his theatre in Clare Market.

I knew that a brilliant future lay before You; but Mistress Euphrosine, who had constituted herself your Guardian and Mentor, tried in vain to turn you from your career. The day when you made your decision was yet another of those momentous ones which will never fade from my memory. You had hitherto been clever enough to evade Mistress Euphrosine's vigilance whilst you studied the art of speaking and acting under the guidance of Mr. Betterton. She thought that his frequent visits to the house were due to his regard for her, whereas he came only to see You and to be of service to You in the pursuit of your studies.

But the time came when You had to avow openly what were your intentions with regard to the future. Sir William Davenant's theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields was to be opened in June,

HE came more and more frequently to the house, and mine eyes being unusually sharp in such matters, I soon saw that You had wholly won his regard. Those then became happy times. Happy ones for You, Mistress, whose love for a great and good Man was finding full reciprocity. Happy ones for him, who in You had found not only a loving heart, but rare understanding and that great talent which he then and there set himself to develop. They were happy times also for me, the poor, obscure Scrivener with the starved heart and the dreary life, who now was allowed to warm his Soul in the sunshine of your joint happiness.

It was not long before Mr. Betterton noticed the profound admiration which I had for him, not long before he admitted me to his Friendship and Intimacy. I say it with utmost pride, that I was the first one with whom he discussed the question of your career and to whom he confided the fact that You had a conspicuous talent for the Stage, and that he intended to teach and to train You until You could appear with him on the boards. You may imagine how this idea staggered me at first—aye! and horrified me not a little. I suppose that something of the old puritanical middle-class prejudice had eaten so deeply into my Soul that I could not be reconciled to the idea of seeing any Woman—least of all you, Mistress—acting a part upon the Stage. Hitherto young Mr. Kynaston and other boy-actors had represented with perfect grace and charm all the parts which have been written for Women; and I could not picture to myself any respectable female allowing herself to be kissed or embraced in full view of a large audience, or speaking some of

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and you, Mistress, were, together with his principal Actresses, to be boarded after that by him at his own house, in accordance with one of the provisions of the Agreement. The question arose as to where You should lodge, your poor mother having no home to offer You. Mistress Euphrosine made a great show of her abhorrence of the Stage and all the immorality with such a career implied. My cheeks blush with shame even now at the recollection of the abominable language which she used when first You told her what You meant to do, and my heart is still filled with admiration at your patience and forbearance with her under such trying circumstances.

Fortunately for us all, Mr. Betterton arrived in the midst of all this wrangle. He soon succeeded in silencing Mistress Euphrosine's exacerbating tongue, and this not so much by the magic of his Persuasion as by the aid of the golden Key which is known to open every door—even that which leads to a scolding harrikan's heart. Mr. Betterton offered his sister a substantial Sum of Money if she in return would undertake to give you a comfortable lodging until such time as he himself would claim You as his Wife. He stipulated that you should be made comfortable and that no kind of menial work should ever be put upon you.

"Mistress Saunderson," he said impressively, "must be left absolutely free to pursue her Art, unhampered by any other consideration."

Even so, Mistress Euphrosine could not restrain her malicious tongue, and the whole equitable arrangement might even then have fallen through but for your gentleness and quiet determination. Finally, Mistress Euphrosine gave in. She accepted the liberal terms which her illustrious Brother was offering her for your maintenance, but she reserved unto herself the right of terminating the arrangement at her will and pleasure. Obviously she meant to be as disagreeable as she chose; but you had to have a respectable roof over your head until such time as you found a Haven under the aegis of your future husband's name.

After that, it seemed as if no cloud could ever come to obscure the Heavens of your happiness. Nevertheless, it was very soon after that episode that I chanced upon You one evening, sitting in the parlour with the book of a Play before you, yet apparently not intent upon reading. When I spoke your name You started as if out of the dream and quickly You put your handkerchief up to your eyes.

I made no remark then; it would have been insolence on my part to intrude upon your private affairs. But I felt like some faithful cur on the watch.

For a while dust was thrown in my eyes from the fact that Mr. Betterton announced to us his projected trip abroad, at the instance of Sir William Davenant, who desired him to study the Scenery and Decorations which it seems were noted adjuncts to the Stage over in Paris. If Mr. Betterton approved of what he saw there, he was to bring back with him a scheme for such Scenery to be introduced at the new Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which would be a great triumph over Mr. Killigrew's Management, where no such innovations had ever been thought of.

Naturally, Mr. Betterton, being a Man and an Artist, was eager and excited over this journey, which showed what great confidence Sir William Davenant reposed in his Judgment. This, methought, accounted for the fact that You, Mistress, seemed so much more dejected at the prospect of his absence than he was. I also was satisfied that this absence accounted for your tears.

Fool that I was! I should have guessed!

MR. BETTERTON was absent two months, during which time I oft chanced upon You, dear Mistress, with a book lying unheeded on your lap and your dark eyes glistening with unnatural brilliancy. But I still believed that it was only Mr. Betterton's absence that caused this sadness which

had of late fallen over your spirits. I know that he did not write often, and I saw—oh! quite involuntarily—that when his Letters came they were unaccountably short.

Then, one day—it was in May—seeing you more than usually depressed, I suggested that as the weather was so fine we should repair to the theatre in Clare Market and there see Mr. Killigrew's company enact "The Beggar's Bush," a play in which Major Mohun was acting the part of Bellamonte with considerable success.

Had I but known what we were destined to see in that theatre, I swear to God that I would sooner have hacked off my right leg than to have taken You thither. Yet we both started on our way oblivious of what lay before us. Time had long since gone by when such expeditions had to be done in secret. You, Mistress, were independent of Mistress Euphrosine's threats and tantrums, and I had come to realize that my Employer could nowhere else in the whole City find a Clerk who would do so much for such very scanty pay, and that he would never dismiss me for fear that he would never again meet with such a willing Drudge.

So, the day being one on which Mr. Baggs and Mistress Euphrosine were absenting themselves from home, I persuaded You easily enough to come with me to the Play.

Your spirits had risen of late because you were expecting Mr. Betterton's home-coming. In fact, You had received authentic news that he would probably be back in England within the week.

IV

AT once, when I took my seat in the Gallery beside you, I noticed the beautiful fair Lady in the box, whom I had not seen since that marvellous day a year ago, when you and I sat together at the Play. She was more radiantly beautiful than ever before.

Discreet enquiries from my neighbour elicited the information that she was the Lady Barbara Wychwoode, daughter of the Marquis of Sidbury and the acknowledged Belle among the Débutantes of the season. I understood that nothing had been seen of the Lady for the past three years owing to the grave and lingering illness of her Mother, during the whole course of which the young girl had given up her whole life to the tending of the invalid.

Now that his Lordship was a widower, he had insisted on bringing his Daughter to London so that she might be brought to the notice of His Majesty and take her place at Court and in Society, as it becometh her rank. That place the Lady Barbara conquered quickly enough, by her beauty, her charm and her wit, so much so that I was told that all the young Gallants in the City were more or less over head and ears in love with her, but that her affections had remained steadfastly true to the friend and companion of her girlhood, the young Earl of Stour, who in his turn had never swerved in his allegiance and had patiently waited for the day when her duty to her mother would cease and her love for him be allowed to have full sway.

All this, of course, sounded very pretty and very romantic; and you, Mistress, gave ungrudging admiration to the beautiful girl who was the cynosure of all eyes. She sat in the Box, in the company of an elderly and distinguished Gentleman, who was obviously her father, and of another man who appeared to be a year or two older than herself and whose likeness of features to her own proclaimed him to be her Brother. At the rear of the box a number of brilliant Cavaliers had congregated, who had obviously come in order to pay court to this acknowledged Queen of Beauty. Foremost among these we noticed a tall, handsome young Man whose noble features looked to me to suggest a somewhat weak yet obstinate disposition. He was undeniably handsome: the huge, fair periwig which he wore lent a certain manly dignity to his countenance. We quickly came to the conclusion that this must be the Earl of Stour, for it was obvious



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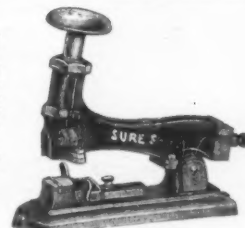
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that the Lady Barbara reserved her most welcoming smile and her kindest glances for him.

The company in the Box kept us vastly amused for a time, in the intervals of watching the Actors on the Stage; and I remember that during the second Act, the dialogue in the Play being somewhat dull, both You and I fell to watching the Lady Barbara and her throng of admirers. Suddenly we noticed that all these Gentlemen gave way as if to a newcomer who had just entered at the rear of the box and was apparently desirous of coming forward in order to pay his respects. At first we could not see who the newcomer was, nor did we greatly care. The next moment, however, he was behind the Lady Barbara's chair. Anon he stooped forward in order to whisper something in her ear.

And I saw who it was.

It was Mr. Betterton.

For the moment, I remember that I felt as if I were paralyzed; either that or crazed. I could not trust mine eyes. Then I turned my head and looked at You.

You too had seen and recognized. For the moment you did not move, but sat rigid and silent. Your face had become a shade or two paler and there was a scarce perceptible tremor of your lips.

But that was all. I alone knew that you had just received a stab in your loving and trusting heart, that something had occurred which would for ever mar the perfect trustfulness of your early love. . . . something which you would never forget.

V

YOU sat out the rest of the Play, dear

Mistress, outwardly quite serene. Never, I think, has my admiration for your character and for your worth been more profound. I believe that I suffered almost as much as you. I suffered because many things were made clear to me then that I had ignored before. Your tears, your many Silences, that look of trustful happiness now gone from your eyes. I understood that the Incident was only the confirmation of what you had suspected long since.

But You would not let any one see your heart. No! not even me, your devoted bondsman, who would gladly die to save you from pain. Yet I could not bring my heart to condemn Mr. Betterton utterly. I did not believe even then that he had been unfaithful—led away no doubt by the glamour of the society Beauty, by the talk and the swagger of all the idle Gentlemen about them—but not unfaithful. His was not a nature to love more than the once, and he loved you, Mistress—loved you from the moment that he set eyes on You, from the moment that he knew your worth. His fancy had perhaps been captured by the beautiful Lady Barbara, his heart wherein your image was eternally enshrined had been momentarily bewitched by her wiles; but he was not responsible for these actions—that I could have sworn even then.

Mr. Betterton is above all an Artist, and in my humble judgment Artists are not to be measured by ordinary standards. Their mind is more fanciful, their fancy more roving; they are the Butterflies of this world, gay to look at and light on the wing.

You never told me, Mistress, what course You adopted after that eventful afternoon; nor would I have ventured to pry into your secrets. That You and Mr. Betterton talked the whole matter over, I make no doubt. I could even tell you, methinks, on which day the heart to heart talk between you took place. That there were no recriminations on your part I dare aver; also that Mr. Betterton received his final dismissal on that day with a greater respect than ever for You in his heart, and with deep sorrow weighing upon his Soul.

After that, his visits to the house became more and more infrequent; and at first you would contrive to be absent when he came. But, as I always have maintained, his love for You still filled

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his innermost being, even though the Lady Barbara ruled over his fancy for the time being. He longed for your presence and for your friendship, even though at that time he believed that you had totally erased his image from your heart.

And so, when he came, and I had perforce to tell him that You were absent, he would linger on in the hope that You would return, and he would go away with a bitter sigh of regret whenever he had failed to catch a glimpse of You.

You never told me in so many words that You had definitely broken off your engagement to Mr. Betterton, nor do I believe that such was your intention even then. Mistress Euphrosine certainly never realized that You were smarting under so terrible a blow both to your pride and to your sentiments, and she still spoke glibly of your forthcoming Marriage.

It was indeed fortunate for You, fortunate for us all, that both she and Mr. Baggs were too self-absorbed—he in his Business and she in her Piety—and too selfish to be aware of what went on around them. Their self-absorption left You free to indulge in the luxury of suffering in silence; and I was made almost happy at times by an occasional surreptitious pressure of your Hand, a glance from your Eyes, telling me that my understanding and sympathy were not wholly unwelcome.

CHAPTER THREE

A Criminal Folly

I

IN June, you made your debut upon the stage, dear Mistress. Though You only played a small part, your Grace and Charm soon won universal approval. I have so often told You of my feelings, my hopes, my tremors and my joy on the occasion when first I saw you upon the boards, that I will not bore you with the re-telling of them once again. Securely hidden behind a pillar, I only lived through the superacuteness of my senses, which drank in your Presence from the moment when You stepped out from behind the Curtain and revealed your gracious personality to an admiring Audience.

As long as I live, every word which You spoke on that day will continue to ring in mine ear, and when mine eyes close for ever in their last long Sleep, I shall see your exquisite image floating dreamlike before their gaze.

II

FROM that day onward, I saw you more seldom than I had been wont to do before. Your Success at the new Theatre had been so pronounced that Sir William Davenant soon entrusted You with more important parts. Thus your time was greatly taken up both with Performances and with Rehearsals and with the choosing and trying on of dresses. Of necessity your work threw you often in the company of Mr. Betterton, he being the leading Actor in Sir William's Company, and the most popular as he was the most eminent of His Majesty's Well-Beloved Servants. In fact, his fame at this time was reaching its apogee. He was reckoned one of the intimates of His Majesty himself; Gentlemen and Noblemen sought his company; great ladies were zealous to win his favours.

Needless to say that concurrently with his rise to pre-eminence, an army of Enemies sprung up around him. Hungry curs will ever bay at the moon. Set a cat upon a high post and in a moment others will congregate down below and spit and yowl at their more fortunate kind. Scandal and spite, which had never been so rife as in these days, fastened themselves like evil tentacles on Mr. Betterton's fair name.

He was too proud to combat these, and You too proud to lend an ear to them. You met him now upon an easy footing of Friendship, of gentle gratitude as of a successful Pupil towards a kindly teacher. To any one who did not know you as I do, You must at that time have seemed completely happy. You were independent now, earning a good salary, paying Mistress Euphrosine liberally for the lodgings which she placed at your disposal; free to come and go as you pleased, to receive the visits of Gentlemen who were desirous of paying their respects to You. You were, in fact, Mistress Saunderson, the well-known Actress, who was busy climbing—and swiftly too—the Ladder of Fame.

Of your proposed Marriage with Mr. Betterton there was of course no longer any talk. For some reason best known to herself and which I myself never tried to fathom, even Mistress Euphrosine had ceased to speak of it.

Did she, with the depths of her ambitious and avaricious heart, harbour the belief that her Brother would one day wed one of those great Ladies who were wont to hang entranced upon his lips when he spoke the immortal words of the late Mr. William Shakespeare or of Mr. John Dryden? I know not; nor what benefit she would have derived from it if such an unlikely Event had indeed taken place.

Towards me, she was still frigidly contemptuous. But as to that, I did not care. I was determined to endure her worst gibes for the sake of dwelling under the same roof which still had the privilege of sheltering you.

III

IT was one day early in September—just something over a year ago, in fact—that my Lord Stour called at the house of Mr. Theophilus Baggs. I knew him at once for the Cavalier who was ever in attendance upon the Lady Barbara Wychwoode and whom rumour had assigned to her as her future husband.

Frankly, I had never liked him from the first. I thought him overbearing and arrogant. His manner towards those who were inferior to him in station was always one of contempt. And I often wondered how Mr. Theophilus Baggs, who was an Attorney of some standing in the City of London, could endure the cool insolence wherewith young gentlemen like my Lord Stour and others were wont to treat him. Not only that, but he seemed to derive a sort of gratification from it, and was wont to repeat—I was almost going to say that he would boast of—these acts of overbearance to which he was so often subjected.

"Another of the stiff-necked sort," he would say after he had bowed one of these fine Gentlemen obsequiously out of his office. "An honest, God-fearing Man is as dirt beneath the feet of these Gallants."

My Lord Stour, of a truth, was no exception to the rule. I have since been assured that he was quite kindly and gracious in himself and that his faults were those of the milieu in which he had been brought up, rather than of himself.

Of course You, dear Mistress, were out of the house during the whole of that never-to-be-forgotten day of which I am about to speak, and therefore knew nothing of the terrible Event which then occurred and which, in my humble judgment, completely revolutionized Mr. Betterton's character for the time being. But Fate had decreed that I should see it all. Every moment of that awful afternoon is indelibly graven upon my Memory. I had, however, neither the Chance nor the Opportunity to speak to you of it all.

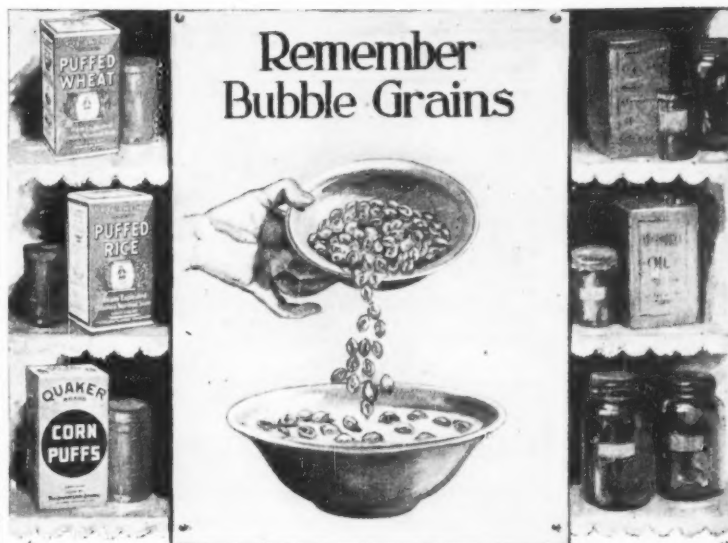
My Lord Stour came to call upon Mr. Theophilus Baggs at three o'clock of the afternoon. Kathleen, the maid of all work, opened the door to him and Mistress Euphrosine received him in the Parlour, where I was also sitting at my desk, engaged on copying out a lengthy Indenture.

"Master Baggs awaits me, I think," my Lord said as he entered the room. Mistress Euphrosine made a deep curtsy, for she was ever fond of the Aristocracy.

"Will you deign to enter, my Lord?" she said. "My husband will wait upon your pleasure."

"Tell him to be quick, then," said my Lord; "for I have not a great deal of time to spare."

He seated himself beside the table and drew off his gloves. He had taken



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"Yes," he said quietly, when he had finished reading. "It can be done."

"At once?" asked Lord Douglas.

"At once. Yes, my Lord."

"By a sure hand?"

"Discretion, my Lord," replied Mr. Baggs, with the first show of dignity I have ever seen him display, "is a virtue in my profession, the failing in which would be a lasting disgrace."

"I rely even more upon your convictions, Mr. Baggs," Lord Douglas rejoined earnestly, "than upon your virtues."

"You and your friends, my Lord, have deigned to talk those matters over with me many a time before. You and they know that you can count on me."

Mr. Baggs spoke with more Quietude and Simplicity than was his wont when dealing with some of these noble Lords. You may be sure, dear Mistress, that I was vastly astonished at what I heard, still more at what I guessed. That Mr. Baggs and his Spouse belonged to the old Puritan Party which had deplored the Restoration of the Kingship, I knew well enough. I knew that both he and Mistress Euphrosine looked with feelings akin to horror upon a system of Government which had for its supreme head a King more than half addicted to Popery and wholly to fast living, with women, gambling and drinking all the day. But what I had never even remotely guessed until now was that he had already lent a helping hand to those numerous Organizations which had for their object the overthrow of the present loose form of Government, if not that of the Monarchy itself.

I did not know, in fact, that beneath a weak and obsequious exterior, my Employer hid the stuff of which dangerous Conspirators are often made.

For the nonce, however, I imagine that he contented himself with writing out Deeds and Proclamations for the more important malcontents, of whom apparently my Lord Douglas Wychwoode was one. He had never taken me into his confidence, even though he must have known that he could always rely upon my Discretion. What caused him to trust me now more than he had done before, I do not know. Perhaps he had come to a final decision to throw in his lot with the ultra-Protestant party, who viewed with such marked disfavour the projects of the King's marriage with the Popish Princess of Portugal. Certain it is that he came to me without any hesitation with the Papers which Lord Douglas had just entrusted to him, and that he at once ordered me to make the twelve copies which his Lordship desired.

I RETIRED within the window-recess which you know so well, and wherein I am wont to sit at my copying work. Mr. Baggs then set me to my task, after which he drew the screen across the recess so that I remained hidden from the view of those who were still in the room. I set to with a will, for my task was a heavy one. Twelve copies of a manifesto which in itself covered two long pages.

A manifesto, in truth!

I could scarce believe mine eyes as I read the whole rambling, foolish, hot-headed rigmarole. Did I not have the Paper actually in my hand; had I not seen Lord Douglas Wychwoode handing it himself over to Mr. Baggs, I could not have believed that any men in their sober senses could have lent a hand to such criminal folly.

Folly it was; and criminal to boot!

The whole matter is past history now, and there can be no harm in my relating it when so much of it hath long ago been made public.

That manifesto was nothing more or less than an appeal to certain Sympathizers to join in one of the maddest enterprises any man could conceive. It seems that my Lady Castlemaine's house was to be kept watched by Parties of these same Conspirators, until one night when the King paid her one of his customary evening visits. Then the signal was to be given, the house surrounded, my Lady Castlemaine kidnapped, His Majesty seized and forced to abdicate in favour of the young Duke of Monmouth, who would then be proclaimed King of

England, with the Prince of Orange as Regent.

Now, have you ever heard of anything more mad? I assure you that I was literally staggered, and as my Pen went wearily scratching over the Paper I felt as if I were in a dream, seeing before me visions of what the end of such a foolish Scheme would be: the Hangman busy, the Prisons filled, sorrow and desolation in many homes that had hoped to find peace at last after the turmoil of the past twenty years. For the appeals were directed to well-known people outside London, some of whom were connected with the best known Families in the County. I must, of course, refrain from mentioning names that have been allowed to fall into oblivion in connection with the affair; but you, dear Mistress, would indeed be astonished if you heard them now.

And what caused me so much worry, whilst I wrote on till my hand felt cramped and stiff, was mine own helplessness in the matter. What could I do, short of betraying the trust which was reposed in me?—and this, of course, was unthinkable.

I WROTE on, feeling ever more dazed and numb. From the other side of the screen the voices of the two young Gentlemen came at times to mine ear with unusual clearness, at others only like an intermittent hum. Mr. Baggs had apparently left the room, and the others had no doubt become wholly oblivious of my presence. Lord Douglas Wychwoode had told his friend something of his madcap Schemes; his voice sounded both eager and enthusiastic. But my Lord Stour demurred.

"I am a soldier," he said at one time; "not a Politician."

"That's just it!" the other argued with earnestness. "It is men like you that we want. We must crush that spendthrift Wanton who holds the King in her thrall and we must force a dishonoured Monarch to give up the Crown of England to one who is worthier to wear it, since he himself, even in these few brief months has already covered it with infamy."

"You have set yourself a difficult task, my friend," my Lord Stour urged more soberly; "and a dangerous one, too."

"Only difficult and dangerous," retorted Lord Douglas, "whilst such men as you still hold aloof."

"I tell you, I am no Politician," his friend rejoined somewhat impatiently.

"But you are a man, and not a senseless profligate—an earnest Protestant who must loathe that cobweb of Popery which overlies the King's every action and blurs his vision of duty and of dignity."

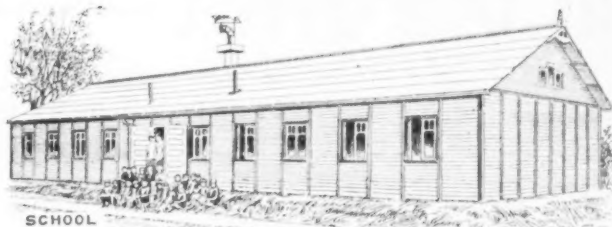
"Yes—but—"

Then it was that Lord Douglas, with great impatience and earnestness, gave to his friend his criminal Scheme—for criminal it was, however much it might be disguised under the cloak of patriotism and religious fervour. How Lord Stour received the communication, I could not say. I had ceased to listen and was concentrating my mind on my uncongenial task. Moreover, I fancy that Lord Stour did not say much. He must have disapproved of it, as a right-minded Man would, and no doubt tried his best to bring Lord Douglas to a more rational state of mind. But this is mere conjecture on my part, and of course I could not see his face, which would have been a clear index to his thoughts. At one time I heard him exclaim indignantly:

"But surely you will not entrust the distribution of those manifestoes, which may cost you your head, to that obsequious and mealy-mouthed notary?"

Mr. Baggs should have heard the contempt wherewith my Lord uttered those words! It would have taught him how little regard his servile ways had won for him and how much more thoroughly would he have been respected had he adopted a more manly bearing towards his Clients, however highly these may have been placed.

After this, Lord Douglas Wychwoode became even more persuasive and eager. Perhaps he had noted the first signs of yielding in the attitude of his friend.



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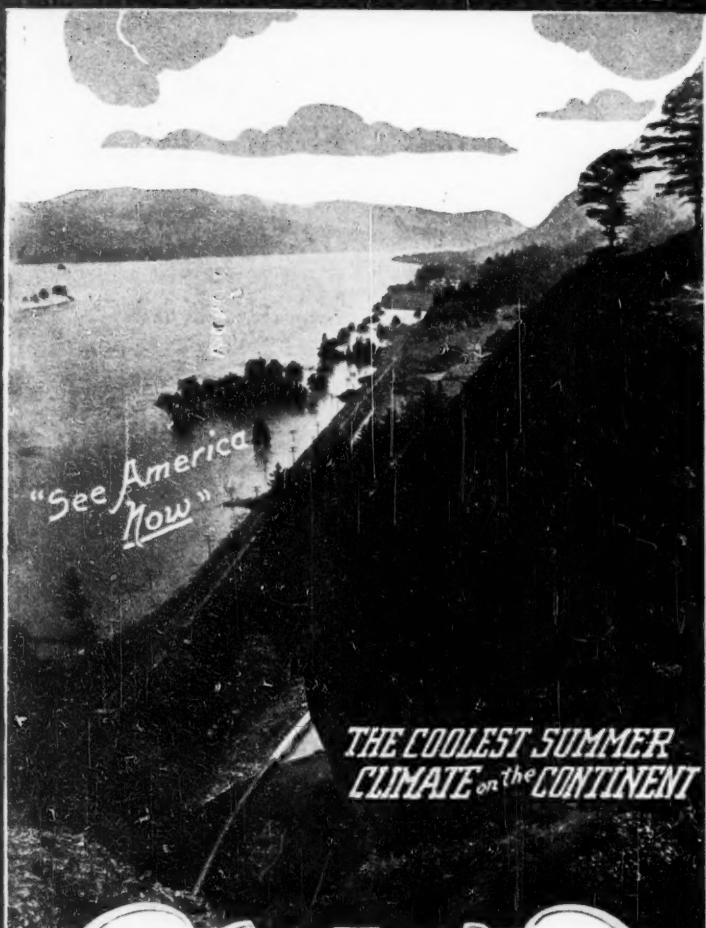
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"No, no!" he said. "And that is our serious trouble. I and those who are at one with me feel that we are surrounded with spies. We do want a sure Hand—a Hand that will not err and that we can trust—to distribute the Manifestos, and if possible to bring us back decisive answers. Some of the men with whom we wish to communicate live at some considerable distance from town. We only wish to approach influential people, but some of these seldom come to London; in fact, with the exception of the members of a venal Government and of a few degenerate Peers as Profligate as the King himself, but few men, worthy of the name, do elect to live in this degenerate City."

This talk was somewhat rambling; perhaps I did not catch all that he said. After awhile Lord Stour said casually: "And so you thought of me as your possible emissary?"

"Was I wrong?" retorted Lord Douglas hotly.

"Nay, my friend," rejoined the other coldly. "I am honoured by this trust which you would place in me; but—"

"But you refuse?" broke in Lord Douglas with bitter reproach.

I M AGINE that my Lord Stour's reply must have been an unsatisfactory one to his friend, for the latter uttered an exclamation of supreme impatience. I heard but little more of their conversation just then, for the noise in the Street below, which had been attracting my attention on and off for sometime, now grew in intensity, and, curious to know what it portended, I rose from my chair and leaned out of the window to see what was happening.

From the window, as you know, one gets a view of the corner of our Street as it debouches into Fleet Street by the "Spreading Tavern," and even the restricted view which I thus had showed me at once that some kind of rioting was going on. Not rioting of an ordinary kind, for of a truth we who live in the heart of the city of London are used to its many cries; to the "Make way there!" of the sedan chairman and the "Make room there!" of the drivers of wheel-barrows, all mingling with the "Stand up there, you blind dog!" bawled by every carman as he tries to squeeze his way through the throngs in the streets.

No! this time it seemed more than that; and I, who had seen the crowds which filled the Streets of London from end to end on the occasion of the death of the Lord Protector, and had seen the merry-makers who had made those same streets impassable when King Charles entered London a little more than a year ago, I soon realized that the Crowd which I saw flocking both up and down Fleet Street was in an ugly mood.

At first I thought that some of those abominable vagabonds from Whitefriars—those whom we call the Alsations, and who are in perpetual conflict with the law—had come out in a body from their sink of iniquity close by and had started one of their periodical combats with the Sheriff's Officers; but soon I recognized some faces familiar to me among the crowd as they ran past the corner—men, women and boys who, though of rough and turbulent character, could in no way be confounded with the law-breaking Alsations.

There was, for instance, the tinker, whom I knew well by sight. He was running along, knocking his skillets and frying pans against one another as he passed, shouting lustily the while. Then there was a sooty chimney-sweep, whom I knew to be an honest man, and the broom men with their boys, and many law-abiding pedestrians who, fearful of the crowd, were walking in the traffic way, meekly giving the wall to the more roisterous throng. They all seemed to be a part of that same crowd which was scampering and hurrying up and down Fleet Street, shouting and causing a disturbance such as I do not remember ever having seen before.

I SHOULD have liked to have gazed out of the window until I had ascertained positively what the noise was about; but I remembered that my task was only half-accomplished and that I had at the least another half dozen

Manifestos to write out. I was on the point of sitting down once more to my work, when I heard Lord Douglas Wychwoode's voice quite close to the screen, saying anxiously, as if in answer to some remark made by his friend:

"I trust not. My sister is out in her chair somewhere in this neighbourhood, and only with her two bearers."

Apparently the two Gentlemen's attention had also been arrested by the tumult. The next moment Mr. Theophilus Baggs came in, and immediately they both plied him simultaneously with questions: "What were those strange cries in the street? Was there likely to be a riot? What was the cause of the tumult?" All of which Mr. Baggs felt himself unable to answer. In the end, he said that he would walk down to the corner of the Street and ascertain what was happening.

Enconced within the window recess and hidden from view by the Screen, I soon gave up all attempts at continuing my work. Somehow, the two Gentlemen's anxiety about the Lady Barbara had communicated itself to me. But my thoughts, of course, were of You. Fortunately for my peace of mind, I knew that You were safe; at some distance, in fact, from the scene of the present tumult. Nevertheless, I had already made up my mind that if the rioting spread to the neighbouring streets, I would slip out presently and go as far as Dorset Gardens, where You were busy at rehearsal, and there wait for You until you came out of the Theatre, when, if You were unattended, I could escort You home.

I COULD not myself have explained why the Noise outside and the obvious rough temper of the People should have agitated me as they undoubtedly did.

Anon Mr. Baggs returned with a veritable sackful of news.

"There is a great tumult all down the neighbourhood," said he, "because Lady Castlemaine is even now at the India House drinking tea, and a lot of rowdy folk have made up their minds to give her a rough welcome when she comes out. She is not popular just now, my Lady Castlemaine," Mr. Baggs continued complacently, as he gave a look of understanding to Lord Douglas Wychwoode. "And I fancy that she will experience an unpleasant quarter of an hour presently."

"But, surely," protested my Lord Stour, "a whole mob will not be allowed to attack a defenceless woman, however unpopular she may be!"

"Oh, as to that," rejoined Mr. Baggs with an indifferent shrug of his shoulders, "a London mob is not apt to be squeamish when its temper is aroused; and just now, when work is scarce and food very dear, the sight of her Ladyship's gorgeous liveries are apt to exasperate those who have an empty stomach."

"But what will they do to her?" urged my Lord, whose manly feelings were evidently outraged at the prospect of seeing any Woman a prey to an angry rabble.

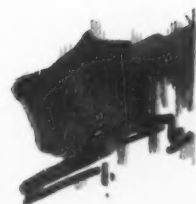
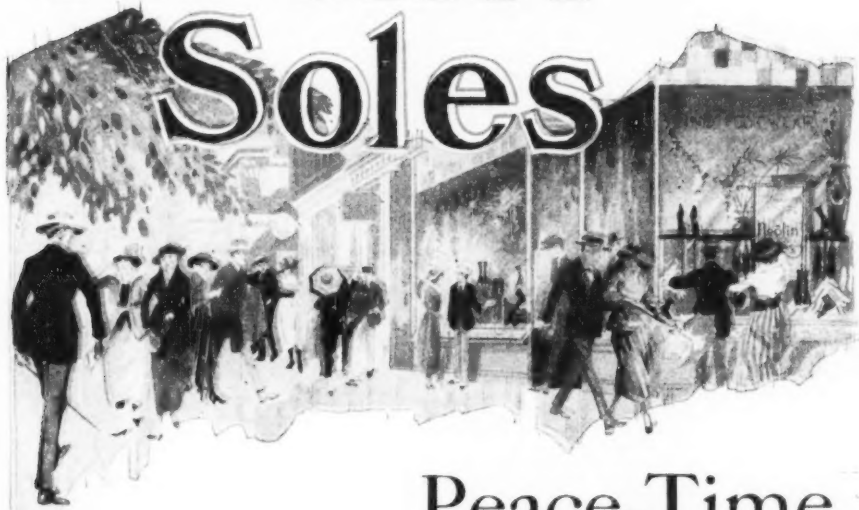
"That I cannot tell you, my Lord," replied Mr. Baggs. "The crowd hath several ways of showing its displeasure. You know, when a Frenchman or some other Foreigner shows his face in the Streets of London, how soon he becomes the butt of passing missiles. The sweep will leave a sooty imprint upon his coat; a baker's basket will cover him with dust; at every hackney-coach stand, some facetious coachman will puff the froth of his beer into his face. Well! you may draw your own conclusions, my Lord, as to what will happen anon, when my Lady Castlemaine hath finished drinking her dish of tea."

"But surely no one would 'rent a Lady so?' once more ejaculated my Lord Stour hotly.

"Perhaps not," retorted Mr. Baggs drily. "But then you see, my Lord, Lady Castlemaine is . . . Well! she is Lady Castlemaine . . . and at the corner of our street just now I heard murmurs of the pillory or even worse for her—"

To be continued

Neolin Soles



Peace-Time Production *on* Neolin Shoes

If you have been deprived of the comfort and economy of Neolin Soles, you will welcome the tremendously increased production of our factory.

War's urgent needs prevented us from securing additional heavy steel machinery. But now all bars are down. Production is ahead on a peace-time basis greater than ever. Shoe manufacturers can be supplied with all the Neolin Soles they need. Shoe merchants can show you all kinds of shoes with Neolin Soles. Every pair of shoes you buy now can be Neolin-Soled.

Think what this means to you and your family in shoe economy, in comfort, in style. Neolin Soles are flexible—even on narrow, smart shoes; they are long-wearing and waterproof.

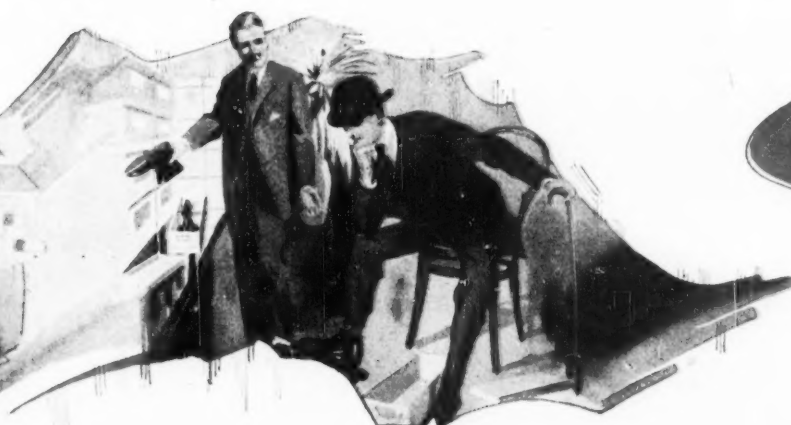
Ask your shoe merchant to show you the new models with Neolin Soles; the school shoes for children; the smart street shoes for women—and the comfortable house shoes.

Neolin Soles—half-soles and full-soles—are nailed or sewn on all kinds of shoes by manufacturers, repairmen, and at home.

Neolin Soles have been a great success. So they have imitators. But the methods and materials that make Neolin Soles superior are known only to Goodyear. You can be sure of Neolin Sole quality only when you see the trade mark "Neolin" on the bottom of the sole.

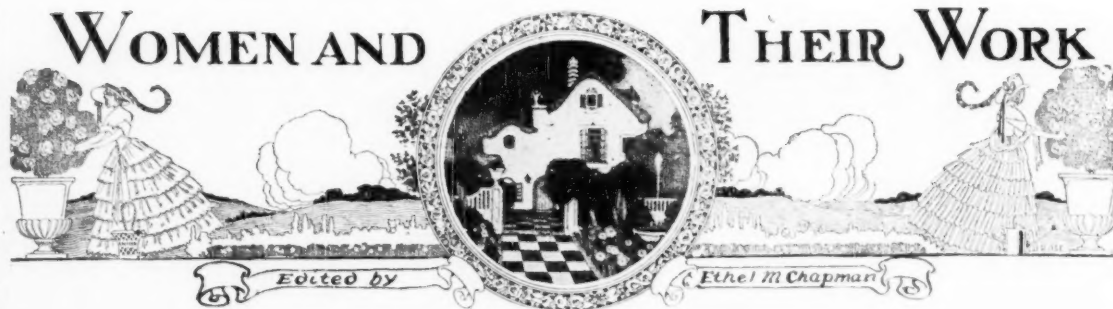
This price ticket will mark for you the store where shoes with Neolin Soles are in stock.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited



WOMEN AND

THEIR WORK



The Romance of Girl Guiding

AT a girls' summer vacation camp along the wooded shore of a lake, the girls, dressed in the most appropriate kind of out-door clothes, were trying to gather from the sun and the air and the water, the reserve force necessary for the next year's work. Some of them were swimming in the lake, some were playing folk games on the sand, others were carrying drift wood for the camp-fire, when three outsiders stopped to look at them. One was an artist, one was a journalist, one was a physician.

"What a picture they'd make!" exclaimed the artist.

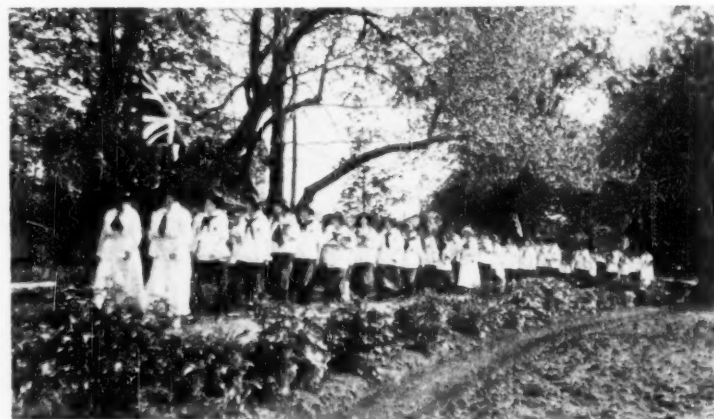
"What a story they'd make!" said the journalist.

The doctor was pretty sober. He said: "I'm not thinking what a picture they'd make, or what a story they'd make; but, my, what mothers they'd make!"

This expresses something of the attitude of the women who are working to promote the Girl Guide movement—at least they are looking ahead to the girl's womanhood in every single detail of the guide programme. In an address during her present tour of Canada Lady Baden-Powell, Chief Guide, said:

"We are just beginning to realize the force of a girl's influence. Even the little girl has an influence on her own family, when she becomes a flapper she influences for good or evil the young men who come across her path, and later in her own home and through her children, if she has any, she exerts perhaps a greater influence than any other person, on the social and national life of the country. If the girl has a fine mind and body, the woman will have likewise in the days to come, and she will in her turn see that the next generation after her will be the fine type of citizen that the country needs."

"We are beginning to realize, too, that the girl of to-day must have some right outlet for her energies—some wholesome channel for self-expression. It is not in keeping with the spirit of the times that girls when they are out of



Girl Guides celebrate Empire Day by attending Church in a body.

school are at home helping their mothers to cook and wash and sew. The girls of to-day are restless—they must not be allowed to drift into habits of idleness and wastefulness or other wrong paths. Any effort to prevent this is worth while because any social evil is preventable; it may not be curable, but it is preventable if it is taken in time.

"The Girl Guide movement has been planned with these things in view. We don't set out to 'do the girl good.' We want her to do herself good. The organization is non-political, broad enough to take in every country—there are guides in practically every country from Great Britain and the United States and Canada to Japan and India; the last request for organization came from Gwanganda. We must have certain rules but we are not bound up with red tape, only tied with a little elastic. And we are not out for numbers on paper; it is quality we want."

Notwithstanding the last condition, the Girl Guide movement was started in

Canada only seven years ago and the membership is now fourteen thousand.

WHEN a girl becomes a Guide, who promises three things, to honor God and the King; to obey the Guide law; to do at least one good turn to someone every day. She is reminded of these three promises every time she makes the Guide salute, with three fingers upright, the thumb and little finger bent and touching. "And," says Lady Baden-Powell, "that all important little self then becomes the second consideration, and the well-being of others is of primary importance. It is when girls and boys have the desire for the welfare of the State deeply ingrained in their minds, to the extinction of purely personal wishes, that we may look for a new world and happier national life."

The Guide law is an ideal chart and compass for the girl in her teens. It consists of ten definite rules: First, a Guide's honor is to be trusted. There was a time when honesty was not considered essentially a woman's virtue, but the poet who wrote "cunning, coy and hard to please," didn't describe the type of woman desirable as a friend or wife or mother or citizen to-day. The world needs women who can be good comrades, dependable friends and safe counsellors, and the training must begin with the girls. The second law is like unto the first;—a Guide is loyal to the King, her country, her employer. Third, it is a Guide's duty to do at least one kind action every day. This might be almost anything, from washing the dishes by the Brownies or the little juniors of the guides to the splendid war work done by the senior Guides. It is the particular feature of Guide work that Lady Baden-Powell says "makes the all-important little Self become a second consideration." It is this law of helpfulness too, perhaps more than the badges they earn which encourages them to train in useful accomplishments. The fourth is the law of friendliness. A Guide is a friend to all no matter to what social class they may belong. We know that legislation is not nearly so powerful a force as neighborliness—especially in a nation like Canada where one-third of the people speak languages other than English and where the per-



Girl Guides taking part in an out-door pageant.



The Shoe for Growing Boys and Girls

Giving perfect freedom of growth for toes, absolute support and protection for ankles and heels and yet as comfortable as the Chums sandal.

Not being a welted shoe there are no nails to bruise and hurt the foot; stitching placed so it cannot irritate the foot. A sole that is soft and pliable—giving with the foot muscles.

Just the shoe for active boys and girls for every day in the year.

Chums
REGISTERED
SHOE

Made to conform with the shape of the healthy foot. See that the shoes your children wear are stamped on the sole with the "Chums" trade-mark—then you need not worry about hammer toe, fallen arches, crossed toe and the other foot troubles caused by wrong shaped shoes.

Foot troubles will be a severe handicap in years to come—protect your children's feet now. Buy Chums.

Ask us to give you the name of the nearest dealer selling the Chums' Shoe. You should buy from him regularly. We will send full particulars by return mail.

Charles A. **AHRENS** Limited
KITCHENER, ONT.



Tent "Dippy-go-easy" in a Guides' Camp at Collingwood.

sonal touch is so much needed to create a spirit of unity. The fifth law is, *a Guide is courteous*. It is amazing how little common politeness there is among us. Next, *a Guide is a friend to animals*. We don't expect to find unkindness to animals among girls, but the object of the Guide law goes beyond that. The idea is that the girls should go into the fields and woods and learn the ways and wonders of the wild life and through this have a greater reverence for the laws of Nature and their Creator. *A Guide obeys orders*. This is not only to teach obedience to her superiors; rather to lead the girl to obey quickly and cheerfully the dictates of her own conscience.

The eighth law is the law of cheerfulness. *A Guide smiles under all circumstances*. This isn't always possible of course, but there is nothing equal to trying to smile under difficulties to develop self-control—and almost every regrettable trait in men and women can be put down to lack of self-control. The ninth is the law of thrift. *A Guide is thrifty*, in the use of money, clothes, food, everything—a very important consideration in these times of high prices and rather extravagant habits of living. Last, and perhaps most important, *a Guide is pure in thought, word and deed*.

THE idea of earning badges appeals strongly to the girl in her teens. Incidentally it sets her learning arts and handicrafts which are going to make her not only more useful, but which will indirectly work miracles in her whole personality and character. Lady Baden-Powell quotes an unvarnished criticism of the growing tendency to artificiality in the conduct of the girls of Great Britain, which might well be considered in our own country: "The student of manners may well wonder how much farther the reaction against the Victorian code of womanly good form is likely to go on the part of

the younger girls. The flapper, while she consumed quantities of sweets, and tied her hair with astonishing bows, was amusing enough. But in her newer manifestations, as she expands towards the costliest of silk stockings, smokes numberless cigarettes, and makes up with paint and powder as if to go on the stage in a revue chorus, she stands for tendencies that the more experienced man or woman of the world knows to be undesirable from every point of view. Not until the next generation is born shall we know the full extent of the mischief that these restless young girls, craving to draw attention to themselves, are doing the race."

And the Chief Guide, herself, adds:

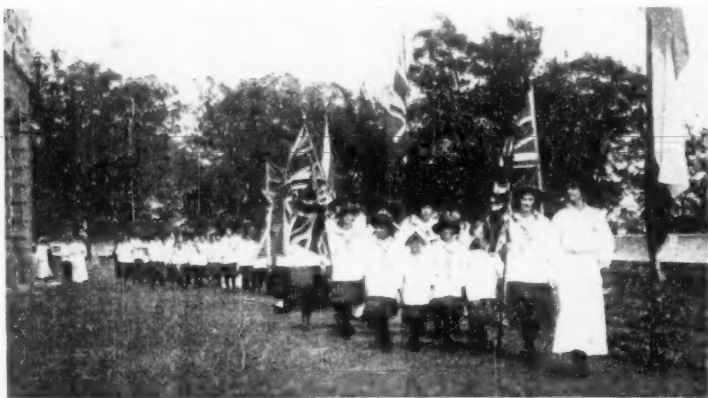


Out-door cooking in a Vancouver girls' camp.

"That is one of the main troubles. The restlessness of the girls whose energies must run somewhere is what it is our business to cope with now while there is yet time. In the Girl Guides we can supply the right channel for these energies. Let them bedeck themselves with simple uniform—attractive yet serviceable and without frills. Let them bedeck themselves with badges on their arms—after they have earned them through solid work."

The accomplishments which win badges are varied and practical. The War had a tendency to give every girl a new interest in "First Aid" work. The ambulance badge, a button with a red cross, is awarded to the girl when she passes an examination in simple first aid. A badge bearing the sign of an

Continued on page 94



Drill and physical culture are a part of the Guide programme. The "march past" Chief Commissioner Lady Pellatt, at the annual Guide Rally, Toronto.



The NORDHEIMER "Human Touch" Player Piano Means Much to Your Home

THE value of anything is its value to life. Does it bring happiness? Is it uplifting, ennobling? Is it broadening and educational? Herein lies the power of the Nordheimer Player Piano. It is a tremendous force as an educational element in music. It is a prolific source of pleasure in the home—BECAUSE IT MAKES MUSIC AVAILABLE to you, who cannot play a note. The whole world of music is opened to you through the marvellous mechanism and tonal perfections of this superb instrument.

The fine tonal quality of the Nordheimer Piano itself is the fundamental feature in the success of this instrument.

Played by hand, the Nordheimer "Human Touch" Player Piano reveals the same tonal qualities that are achieved only by a few instruments of world renown.

Played as a Player, the "Human Touch" feature removes all suggestion of the mechanical. It gives to the automatic playing a light, firm touch, closely resembling the actual finger playing of an artist.

The Nordheimer Player Piano is made in two styles, and two sizes.

The smaller is known as the Nordheimer Apartment Player. It is a little jewel of an instrument—dainty, artistic, and with most astonishing tone and sensitive control for so compact an instrument.

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NEAR neighbors are excellent judges of a phonograph. The unpleasant twang of the ordinary instrument is particularly thin and noticeable at a distance.

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Others make the records—the Sonora plays them all, and plays them better.

It is better not to buy a phonograph until you hear the Sonora—test you hear it after and regret your purchase.

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Wholesale Distributors, RYRIE BUILDING, TORONTO

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Sonora
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Three grades—loud, medium, soft.

Save yourself constant needle changing. If your dealer does not carry these new needles, send 35c to the address below.

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Wholesale Distributors, RYRIE BUILDING, TORONTO

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(Write for free sample of this delightful Cold Cream)

Write for Booklet D

The Hiscott Institute, Ltd., 59F College St., Toronto



Nellie McClung on Women and Reconstruction

When Nellie McClung speaks, you want to quote every word she says, but you never do because you also want not to take your eyes off her. The paragraphs given here were taken from a lecture and cannot be claimed to be absolutely verbatim. However, there is enough that is characteristic of her wit and vision to belong to no one else.

WE can take one cue for our principles of reconstruction in Belgium. They want the new houses very much like the old ones because the old places are dear to them, but they are willing to have more windows; which means more light, more sun, more happiness. Perhaps we have come to the place where we need to let in more light, to have more calling of things by their right names, less censorship, more honesty.

Another inspiration is left us in the message from Edith Cavell as she was being taken out to her execution—*Patriotism is not enough. We must have no ill will or hatred against anyone.* It was no wonder, then, that when one of her executioners, kinder

than the others, offered to blindfold her before the shot was fired, she could say: "You needn't bother about that. I'm not afraid to die."

And before the best intentions can accomplish anything, *women must learn team work.* Men have had a better chance to do this. They have learned it as boys in their team-play. The boy on the rugby field doesn't want to do it all himself. He is willing to take his place and pass the ball on to the next one. This is something that most women have to learn for themselves. The part of the army that goes over the top needs the support of the rest of the army; the crest of the wave would soon fall back without all the body of water back of it.

Women will be able to do a great deal more of the reconstructive work that counts, when some arrangement is made by which every woman can specialize in the thing she can do best. What man would undertake to make his own clothes or clean his own office? What a loss it is to society that a woman who is a good teacher, for instance, should have to give up teaching just because she is married. With the community kitchen in operation, what a happy system it would be for the mother to come home from her work to luncheon just as the father comes from his work, and the children come from school—and to bring in the smaller children from the nursery and all gather together around the table with the meal already cooked sent up in the elevator. And there would be no burnt pies to put out in the garbage pail because the cooking would be done by a specialized cook. . . . It is the time and energy spent in putting down one thing and picking up another, in trying to do a hundred different things in a day, that brings a woman at night to the point of nervousness where she is "too tired out to stand up and too strung up to sit down."



Nellie McClung, writer, lecturer, general campaigner for "a fair chance," "a square deal," for every Canadian.

Relief is not likely to come through any change in the domestic servant situation because too many women in the past have proved to be poor employers. Girls will work all day in a factory sticking labels on pickle bottles, eat rolls and coffee at a lunch-counter and go home at night to a room that, in winter, is of the temperature of a well, and in summer is quite different, rather than go to work in another woman's house—and, like grape-nuts, "there is a reason." When they work in a factory they quit at six o'clock. After that they can go to the movies and if they don't come home before eleven, there's no one waiting with a long face to say: "Where were you?" Before we can hope for any

change in the domestic servant situation, we will have to accord the domestic helper the dignity she deserves.

The enfranchisement of women has brought new responsibilities. Enfranchisement is not enough. Women must have emancipation, a spirit of reconstruction. For people to go back to ease and complacency because the war is over is equivalent to a horse going back into a burning stable—he always has found rest and safety in the old stall; he expects he will find it again. We've heard of horse-sense, but that's not it. What we need is a moral equivalent for war—something to hold us together. One of the best things women can do now is to try to make a coherent Canada, because at present we're a very divided nation.

Canadians in the West found this out in the early days of the war when they came in touch with the people in some of the foreign settlements. The new Canadians had been left too much to themselves; they felt little or nothing of Canadian patriotism. In other sections the feeling was different. Dr. Lawford, a Methodist minister, worked in a solid Austrian district, where the people were mostly Roman Catholic. He didn't try to take away their religion. Curing the "flu" epidemic when an Austrian woman was dying in the improvised hospital, and very much distressed because no priest was within possible distance of reaching her, the Methodist minister asked for a candle and himself administered the sacrament as well as he could after the order of her own church. On different occasions when the priest failed to reach the church on Sunday morning the people asked Dr. Lawford to come in and take the service. . . . And when the war came that solid Austrian settlement raved third of all the municipalities of Alberta in patriotic giving.

We had a similar incident in the early days of the West when a misunderstanding



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I want you to try these pickles and just see if YOU don't think they are the best you ever tasted

"Queen Quality" Pickles

own their deliciousness to the fact that only firm, crisp, best selected specially grown cucumbers, onions and shallots and the best grade of spices and vinegar are used.

Ask your grocer—he has "Queen Quality"

Taylor & Pringle Co., Limited

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Ask for **El Rado** at any toilet goods counter. Two sizes, 60c and \$1.00. Money-back guarantee

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British "founded 1883"



SHORTHAND Is Your Opportunity!
Thousands of successful men and women owe their success to shorthand. The new way to learn shorthand is by the new way—taught by mail within a few months. Write for free sample lesson.
Sharwell Shorthand School, 16 John St., Nutley, N.J.

ing arose between the Indians and the officials of the C.P.R. Company, and the Indians painted their faces and sharpened up their tomahawks and started out to wipe out the C.P.R.; and they could have done it for there were thousands of them. There was only one man who could save the situation. That was a little man in a fur coat whom any of the Indians could have picked up and thrown into the Bow river. But he was Father Lacombe, and the Indians listened to him—not because he made them afraid of the consequences; they were past caring about consequences—but because he had lived and worked with them and buried their dead and consoled their dying and he had their good will. And Father Lacombe traveled over the C.P.R. on a gold pass for the rest of his life.

If the foreigners of Canada are to be taught to be loyal they must have something to be loyal to, and the best thing to be loyal to is a friend. We want to teach them to love our flag, but the only way to make them love the flag is to make them love us. Legislation won't take the place of neighborliness; we need a new spirit in our people.

THE moulding of the new Canadians must begin with the children. Ira Stratton, one of the biggest men in the West who is official organizer of foreign schools of Alberta, has found some opposition here and there in the public opinion that there was no need of educating these foreigners; someone had to do the unskilled labor of the country, they were all right as they were. To which he always replied that he would accept the argument if it could be proved that when Christ said: "Suffer the little children," he meant only Anglo-Saxon children who could speak the English language.

On one occasion Mr. Stratton went into a section where one Polish teacher was struggling with one hundred and ten children. He called a meeting and tried to persuade the people to build a four-room school and add three English teachers to the staff, that every child might have a chance, but the movement was opposed by an influential Polish merchant. When things looked most hopeless, two children came and peeped shyly in at the door, and the organizer who loves children called them in. He brought one little boy up and set him on the table and with his arm around the child said in the broken English that seemed more intelligible to his audience:

"I go through your country; I see plenty church. Church good thing. I see cross on church; cross good thing too. It tells of One who come to earth to die that men might have a chance. I worship Him too. When He was here he talk to men just like you. He say 'You like to go to Heaven when you die; to live with Me in mansion I'm going to build? I'll tell you one way to do it—Give square deal to kid.'"

"After a while I die, Christ say to me: 'Stratton, what you been doing all these years?' I say 'Lord, I do just what you tell me to, I go through to country, say 'Make better schools. Give better chance to Polish boy, Jewish boy, Catholic boy, Protestant boy, German boy—every boy the same chance.' What will you say? Did you give square deal to kid?'"

And they got the new school. Perhaps it was partly because the little boy who had strayed in and been set in their midst was the son of the Polish merchant.

AN important branch of reconstruction work for women is the reconstruction of the amusements of the people. The saddest people in the world are the people with the beaten look in their eyes who have never known anything but hard work, who have never learned to play. Our criminals come from the people who have never had a chance at self-expression. If I were a fortune-teller I would tell everyone the thing we all like to hear and which every wise fortune-teller tells every one of her clients, "You have great capacities, within you



Attacked
with Axes
but still
on the
Job



It lived up to its reputation

THIS Yale Padlock, on guard over a printing shop, was powerfully attacked with axes which cut, dented and battered it, but could not break its grip.

Your "Yale" may never have to meet the test of assault or the malicious attempt to get by. But you know that it is always on guard, sturdy and unyielding, ready to meet the test when it comes.

Correct construction, in both materials and design, assure the reliability and endurance of Yale padlocks and of every other lock bearing the trade-mark "Yale."

"Yale" will not fail to protect.

Go to your hardware dealer for the Yale padlocks you need. You can make sure by SEEING the trade-mark on each one. It is always on Yale products, including Yale Night Latches, Door Closers and Builders' Locks and Hardware.

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for Women and Children

The lightness, softness and bewitching daintiness of the new Ballantyne Slip-ons for this summer will confirm their vogue. Shown here is the

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A Ballantyne Slip-on
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It is one of the many new Ballantyne styles, made in the season's favorite colors and it has the outstanding Ballantyne qualities of superior style, finish and materials.

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Natural History

As the Butterfly—splendid, delicate, pleasing, appreciated, a thing of beauty, a symbol of good taste—so Patterson's Chocolates.

The Butterfly typifies the excellencies of Patterson's Chocolates—the product of master confectioners.

From coast to coast—the Patterson Butterfly is favorably known—it “flew into fame with Patterson's name.”

Patterson's Chocolates are well and truly represented by their emblem of good taste.

Patterson's
TORONTO

A Matter of Good Taste

which have not yet been touched!” And it would be the truth; we are all unexploded shells. . . I am looking forward to the day when we will have municipal theatres and the people will put on their own plays and folk-dances. In the West we hope to soon have the Austrians and Polaks and Ukrainians and the new Canadians from any other foreign country singing their folk-songs and dancing their folk-dances at our fairs for our delight and the salvation of their own souls.

Has it ever occurred to you that the ethical mind of our people is formed by the movies? I am not in sympathy with the attitude of those who never go near the movies; I am a regular attendant myself, but I sometimes come away heavy of heart. With the popular type of picture that makes marriage a joke and family life too flat for anything it is not surprising that when in one city a questionnaire was made to a number of girls under sixteen who were regular movie fans as to what style of picture they liked best, the majority of the girls answered that they liked the picture “where the girl has two fellows, one who is old and rich, and one who is young and handsome and poor, and the girl marries the old one and he dies and she gets all his money and then marries the one she liked all the time.”

But it is better to help than to condemn, better to promote something better than to criticize what we have. When the sweet and beautiful play, “Little Women” was coming to Edmonton, the Women's Institute of the city put a reader in the papers endorsing it. Women might do this with more of the good things. Working on from this beginning why couldn't we have municipal ownership of moving pictures? There's a lot of money in the moving picture business and the money could be turned back for the good of the people in the way of baths, parks and playgrounds.

THE last four years have given us so much that is heroic; we are not lacking inspiration. To begin with, four hundred thousand men were willing to die for Canada; and there were all the individual sacrifices afterwards, like the case of the Canadian boy who had tried thirteen times to escape from a German prison and on the fourteenth time, when he and his two companions were within sixty feet of the Holland border, the flashlight of a German guard was turned on them, and the boy who had tried thirteen times to escape and suffered the incidental punishments sprang on the guard and called to his companions: “I'll hold him, boys

—you beat it” . . . But we mustn't think that boy is dead. That spirit will live on as long as the world stands. The dead are not those who gave their lives for others—the dead are the well-fed, well-dressed, well-housed men and women who care nothing about how other people live. *The uncommon are the dead.*

The time has come for a change of heart in the rather prevalent attitude toward “me and mine.” There are still some women who have about the same consideration for people outside their own families as the mother who brought her little boy to school and said to the teacher: “Now Willie is a very unusual child.” (Every teacher knows how many unusual children are brought to school by their mothers.) “It won't do for you to whip him—he's too high strung. But if Willie should be bad, and he may be, whip the boy next him and that'll scare him.”

We need the bigger outlook, the longer vision. Always after a war there is a moral letting down. The business men of Calgary have asked the Provincial Government to put on a moral campaign, a campaign of educational instruction—and Calgary is no worse than any other city. How bad the morality of the nation is depends on you and me. We have been crying for “men to match our mountains”—we have them in every community. The time is ripe to call in all our reserves, the workers, the spurs and the shirkers, the lifters and the leaners.

And we must try to make of Canada a nation, not a mob. Have you ever stopped to consider that there is no difference in the personnel of a dog-team and a dog fight? There are the same dogs, the same names—the only difference is in their attitude to each other.

Perhaps the greatest guide to the work that lies before us is to be found in the book of Isaiah: “Prepare ye the way of the Lord. Make His paths straight.” It's a wise nation that looks to see how God moves and then takes things out of His way. France, you remember, refused the Reformation and had to take the Revolution. The prophet tells us: “Every valley shall be exalted and every mountain shall be made low.” How is that for equality? I know the word “equality” is a veritable red flag to some people. I also know that if all people were made equal in the morning they would be different by eleven o'clock. But I don't mean equality of achievement, I mean equality of chance. . . . “And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed,” we are promised, “and all flesh shall see it together, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.”

The Romance of Girl Guiding

Continued from page 91

artist's palette is given for achievement in some branch of art work. For studying something of astronomy, the girl receives the astronomer's badge, a button bearing seven stars; for basket-weaving, a basket-worker's badge; for bee-farming, a badge with the sign of a bee hive; for learning to manage a boat, tie knots in rope, swim fifty yards, and know the flags of the Merchant Service and those of the new International code of signals, the boatswain's badge bearing an anchor; for simple carpentry, repairing and making some useful articles of furniture, a carpenter's badge with the sign of a brace and bit; for child-nursing or mothercraft, knowing the general rules for the care of a baby, having bathed and dressed a baby two years old, being able to tell a fairy tale and for kindred accomplishments, is awarded a badge bearing a cross slightly different from that on the ambulance badge. Badges with special signs are awarded for other achievements. The quill and folio indicate accomplishment in clerical and simple business work, a broiler is the sign for cooking, a cycle wheel shows that the girl owns a bicycle in good working order which she is willing to use in the King's service, if called upon at any time in case of emergency. A sickle is

the sign on the dairymaid's badge, indicating that the girl can milk a cow, make butter, and understands the care and preparation of poultry for market. For dress-making her badge bears a pair of scissors; for skill as an electrician, an arrow mark; as an entertainer, a comedy face; as a laundress, a flat-iron; as a trained member of a fire-brigade, a flame; a friend to animals, a horse-shoe; for aviation, an aeroplane; for gardening, a daisy; for geology, a pick and shovel; for gymnasium work, a pair of dumb-bells. Following the same idea, special badges are awarded when the girl has passed the Guide examination and proved herself proficient as a horsewoman, housekeeper, interpreter, knitter, milliner, musician, naturalist; path finder, having a general knowledge of the district so as to be able to guide strangers and having some knowledge of the history of the place and any buildings of historical interest; photographer; pioneer, rifle shot, sick nurse, signaller, surveyor, swimmer, telegraphist.

The Senior Guides, or girls of eighteen or twenty years or older, begin to specialize more in the study of citizenship, art and literature, nature lore, physical training and homecraft. Before the girl wins her citizen's badge

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she must have done acts of voluntary service in her community, understand the present basis of the Parliamentary vote and the responsibility it implies, with the general principles of local Government and the duties incumbent upon women in respect to the Municipal vote, and she must be able to make a five minutes' extempore speech or write an essay on any subject connected with citizenship, set by the examiner, five minutes' grace being given for framing her ideas. To cultivate a taste for art and literature the girls may be taken to picture galleries and concerts; and every company may form its own library.

During the war the girl Guides rendered invaluable service in the innumerable ways that an organization of such broad scope could do. In Great Britain they put themselves unreservedly at the service of the Red Cross and other war departments, and in addition raised money for relief purposes entirely by their own earnings. This is one of their rules. Guides are not allowed to solicit money either for the Company funds or any other purpose—and it naturally contributes to their spirit of independence and resourcefulness. And every girl, and every woman interested in girls, knows that the spirit of independence and resourcefulness and helpfulness and general reaching toward a broader, better womanhood is needed perhaps more to-day than ever during the last five years.

INVESTMENT SITUATION

Continued from page 6

L. G. Beaubien & Co., stock brokers,
Montreal:

Bonds

City of Montreal, 6½%, due Sept., 1923 101
Montreal Tramways & Power, 6½%, due
March, 1924 101
Wabasso Cotton bonds, 6½%, due June,
1947 90

Stocks

Canada Cement, pref. stock, 7% 101½
Shawinigan Water & Power Co., 7% . 124

Wood Gundy & Co., bond dealers, Toronto.

Dom. of Canada Guarantee, 4% bonds (issued by Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Co.) due June, 1962. Price, 79.46 and accrued interest; yielding 5.20%.

Province of Manitoba, 5½% bonds due April 1, 1934. Price, 102.57 and int.; yield, 5¼%.

City of Winnipeg, 5½% bonds, due April 1, 1939. Price, 102.45 and int.; yield, 5.30%.

Province of British Columbia, 5½% bonds, due March 5, 1939. Price, 102.44 and int.; yield, 5.30%.

Government of Newfoundland, 5½% bonds, due July, 1939. Price 102.44 and int.; yield, 5.30%.

Quebec Roman Catholic Schools, guaranteed by City of Quebec; 5½% bonds, due April 1, 1954. Price, 102.36 and int.; yield, 5.35%.

City of Saskatoon, 5% bonds, due Jan. 1 1944. Price, 91.97 and int.; yield, 5.60%.

City of Moose Jaw, 5½% bonds, due June 1, 1939. Price 98.80 and accrued interest; yield, 5.60%.

Town of North Battleford, 5½% bonds, due Jan. 1, 1944. Price, 90.57 and interest; yield, 6¼%.

A. E. Ames & Co., Toronto.

City of Toronto, Separate School, 5% bonds, maturing March 4, 1939, at 101.83 and interest; yield, 5.35%.

City of Verdun, 5½% bonds, due May 1, 1927, 100 and int.; yield, 5½%.

Canadian Northern Western 4½% registered, stock guaranteed by Province of Alberta, due Feb. 16, 1942, at 88.23 and int.; yield, 5.40%.

City of Medicine Hat, Alta., 5% bonds, due Jan. 1934, at 92.06 and interest; yield, 5.80.

Howard Smith Paper Mills, 6%, 1st mortgage sinking fund golds bonds, maturing June 1, 1934, at 93 and int.; yield, 6¼%.

They add: "Should your client be a person with limited means, living on his income, we hesitate about recommending a corporation bond, but we have no hesitation in recommending any of the above mentioned municipal bonds, particularly the first three quoted. If your client has plenty of means, earning an income as well, we have no hesitation in recommending some of the Howard Smith Paper Mills 6% bonds. Attention is also drawn to the long date Victory bonds, the 1933 and 1937 maturities. We regard these for a wealthy investor as the most attractive bond on the market."



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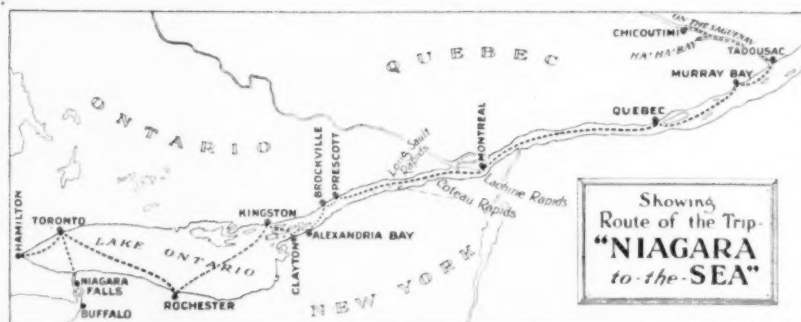
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